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HOW I CONSULTED THE ORACLE OF THE GOLDFISHES.*

What know we of the world immense
Beyond the narrow ring of sense?
What should we know who journey about
The house we dwell in, nor find out,
Masked by a wall, the secret cell
Where the soul's priests in hiding dwell?
The winding stair that steals aloof
To chapel-mysteries 'neath the roof?

It lies about us, yet as far
From sense sequestered as a star
New launched its wake of fire to trace
In secrecies of unprobed space,
Whose beacon's lightning-pinioned spears
Might earthward haste a thousand years
Nor reach it. So remote seems this
World undiscovered, yet it is
A neighbor near and dumb as death,
So near, we seem to feel the breath
Of its hushed habitants as they
Pass us unchallenged, night and day.

Never could mortal ear nor eye
By sound or sign suspect them nigh,
Yet why may not some subtler sense
Than those poor two give evidence?
Transfuse the ferment of their being
Into our own, past hearing, seeing,
As men, if once attempered so,
Far off each other's thought can know?
As horses with an instant thrill
Measure their rider's strength of will?
Comes not to all some glimpse that brings
Strange sense of sense-escaping things?
Wraiths some transfigured nerve divines?
Approaches, premonitions, signs,

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Voices of Ariel that die out
In the dim No Man's Land of Doubt?

Are these Night's dusky birds? Are these
Phantasmas of the silences
Outer or inner? — rude heirlooms
From grovellers in the cavern-glooms,
Who in unhuman Nature saw
Misshapen foes with tusk and claw,
And with those night-fears brute and blind
Peopled the chaos of their mind,
Which, in ungovernable hours,
Still make their bestial lair in ours?

Were they, or were they not? Yes, no;
Uncalled they come, unbid they go,
And leave us fumbling in a doubt
Whether within us or without
The spell of this illusion be
That witches us to hear and see
As in a twi-life what it will,
And hath such wonder-working skill
That what we deemed most solid-wrought
Turns a mere figment of our thought,
Which when we grasp at in despair
Our fingers find vain semblance there,
For Psyche seeks a corner-stone
Firmer than aught to matter known.

Is it illusion? Dream-stuff? Show
Made of the wish to have it so?
'T were something, even though this were all:
So the poor prisoner, on his wall
Long gazing, from the chance designs
Of crack, mould, weather-stain, refines
New and new pictures without cease,
Landscape, or saint, or altar-piece:
But these are Fancy's common brood
Hatched in the nest of solitude;
This is Dame Wish's hourly trade,
By our rude sires a goddess made.
Could longing, though its heart broke, give
Trances in which we chiefly live?
Moments that darken all beside,
Tearfully radiant as a bride?
Beckonings of bright escape, of wings
Purchased with loss of baser things?
Blithe truancies from all control
Of Hylë, outings of the soul?

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The worm, by trustful instinct led,
Draws from its womb a slender thread,
And drops, confiding that the breeze
Will waft it to unpastured trees:
So the brain spins itself, and so
Swings boldly off in hope to blow
Across some tree of knowledge, fair
With fruitage new, none else shall share:
Sated with wavering in the Void,
It backward climbs, so best employed,
And, where no proof is nor can be,
Seeks refuge with Analogy;
Truth's soft half-sister, she may tell
Where lurks, seld-sought, the other's well.
With metaphysic midges sore,
My Thought seeks comfort at her door,
And, at her feet a suppliant cast,
Evokes a spectre of the past.
Not such as shook the knees of Saul,
But winsome, golden-gay withal, —
Two fishes in a globe of glass,
That pass, and waver, and re-pass,
And lighten that way, and then this,
Silent as meditation is.
With a half-humorous smile I see
In this their aimless industry,
These errands nowhere and returns
Grave as a pair of funeral urns,
This ever-seek and never-find,
A mocking image of my mind.

But not for this I bade you climb
Up from the darkening deeps of time:
Help me to tame these wild day-mares
That sudden on me unawares.
Fish, do your duty, as did they
Of the Black Island far away
In life's safe places, — far as you
From all that now I see or do.
You come, embodied flames, as when
I knew you first, nor yet knew men;
Your gold renews my golden days,
Your splendor all my loss repays.

'T is more than sixty years ago
Since first I watched your to-and-fro;
Two generations come and gone
From silence to oblivion,
With all their noisy strife and stress
Lulled in the grave's forgivingness,

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While you unquenchably survive
Immortal, almost more alive.

I watched you then a curious boy,
Who in your beauty found full joy,
And, by no problem-debts distrest,
Sate at life's board a welcome guest.
You were my sister's pets, not mine;
But Property's dividing line
No hint of dispossession drew
On any map my simplesse knew;
O golden age, not yet dethroned!
What made me happy, that I owned;
You were my wonders, you my Lars,
In darkling days my sun and stars,
And over you entranced I hung,
Too young to know that I was young.
Gazing with still unsated bliss,
My fancies took some shape like this:
"I have my world, and so have you,
A tiny universe for two,
A bubble by the artist blown,
Scarcely more fragile than our own,
Where you have all a whale could wish,
Happy as Eden's primal fish.
Manna is dropt you thrice a day
From some kind heaven not far away,
And still you snatch its softening crumbs,
Nor, more than we, think whence it comes.
No toil seems yours but to explore
Your cloistered realm from shore to shore;
Sometimes you trace its limits round,
Sometimes its limpid depths you sound,
Or hover motionless midway,
Like gold-red clouds at set of day;
Erelong you whirl with sudden whim
Off to your globe's most distant rim,
Where, greatened by the watery lens,
Methinks no dragon of the fens
Flashed huger scales against the sky,
Roused by Sir Bevis or Sir Guy,
And the one eye that meets my view,
Lidless and strangely largening, too,
Like that of conscience in the dark,
Seems to make me its single mark.
What a benignant lot is yours
That have an own All-out-of-doors,
No words to spell, no sums to do,
No Nepos and no parlyvoo!
How happy you without a thought
Of such cross things as Must and Ought,—

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I too the happiest of boys
To see and share your golden joys!"

So thought the child, in simpler words,
Of you his finny flocks and herds;
Now, an old man, I bid you rise
To the fine sight behind the eyes,
And, lo, you float and flash again
In the dark cistern of my brain.
But o'er your visioned flames I brood
With other mien, in other mood;
You are no longer there to please,
But to stir argument and tease
My thought with all the ghostly shapes
From which no moody man escapes.
Diminished creature, I no more
Find Fairyland beside my door,
But for each moment's pleasure pay
With the *quart d'heure* of Rabelais!

I watch you in your crystal sphere,
And wonder if you see and hear
Those shapes and sounds that stir the wide
Conjecture of a world outside;
In your pent lives, as we in ours,
Have you surmises dim of powers,
Of presences obscurely shown,
Of lives a riddle to your own,
Just on the senses' outer verge,
Where sense-nerves into soul-nerves merge,
Where we conspire our own deceit
Confederate in deft Fancy's feat,
And the fooled brain befools the eyes
With pageants woven of its own lies?
But *are* they lies? Why more than those
Phantoms that startle your repose,
Half seen, half heard, then flit away,
And leave you your prose-bounded day?

The things ye see as shadows I
Know to be substance; tell me why
My visions, like those haunting you,
May not be as substantial too.
Alas, who ever answer heard
From fish, and dream-fish too? Absurd!
Your consciousness I half divine,
But you are wholly deaf to mine.
Go, I dismiss you; ye have done
All that ye could; our silk is spun:
Dive back into the deep of dreams,
Where what is real is what seems!

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Yet I shall fancy till my grave
Your lives to mine a lesson gave;
If lesson none, an image, then,
Impeaching self-conceit in men
Who put their confidence alone
In what they call the Seen and Known.
How seen? How known? As through your glass
Our wavering apparitions pass
Perplexingly, then subtly wrought
To some quite other thing by thought.
Here shall my resolution be:
The shadow of the mystery
Is haply wholesomer for eyes
That cheat us to be overwise,
And I am happy in my right
To love God's darkness as His light.

James Russell Lowell.

10*th May*, 1889.

THE BACKGROUND OF ROMAN HISTORY.

It seems to me that both the power and the limitation of destructive criticism as applied to the record of long past events are strikingly illustrated in the case of early Roman history. When the rationalizing historians first fell with their all-defacing tools upon that symmetrical and surpassing monument of human genius, the first book of Livy, they had easy work with the scenes whose power had been mightiest for two thousand years to strike "the electric chain, wherewith we all are darkly bound." The evanishment of Romulus in the thunder-cloud, the speechless farewell to their devoted homes of the exiles from Alba Longa, the sublime despair of Lucretia, — we were invited to observe that there were neither files of newspapers nor rolls of parchment containing any contemporary notice of these events, and that the first, at least, was intrinsically improbable. If, through the spite and ambition of unscrupulous relatives, two infant brothers of royal expectations ever were put out to nurse with a woman who deserved the nickname of Lupa, their up-bringing must have been extremely rough; if there were a Numa, and he did have those rustic assignations with Egeria, probably the less said about their *liaison* the better; if two horsemen, white with Campagna dust, did ride up under the walls of Rome, and announce to the anxious non-combatants within the victory of Lake Regillus, it was a mere act of humanity in them to water their horses, and why suspect anything supernatural about the affair?

It is all indisputable, insomuch that one is tempted sometimes ungratefully to wonder whether long toil and many tomes were needful to establish anything so obvious. Fact and fable do become indistinguishable at a certain distance of time by a law as inevitable as that which transmutes the distant mountain range into a thing of aerial beauty; veiling in folds of softest violet every sheer cliff, and yawning chasm, and horrid glen. The charm and refreshment of

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every long outlook over human affairs, that which makes it best worth a toilsome climb, lie in the very fact that it affords a mysterious and in some sort unearthly horizon, and reveals to the eye of sense the real, melting by imperceptible gradations into the ideal. Instruments of human invention, even the most ingenious, can bring but little nearer the "land that is very far off," can disclose but a few of its distinctive features. It is, and must remain, the chosen haunt of poesy and the native country of faith.

Nevertheless that land exists. *Troja fuit.* The most corrosive criticism attacks in vain the deep bases of tradition, the great main facts and common certainties of human existence. The shadowy town upon the distant mountain spur may be drowned in the mist of evening, but it will reappear with the early light. The mere sight of it means courage and forethought. The blue circuit of its defenses, the faintly crenelated outline of its tower-set wall, speak of the will and purpose to defend with life the sanctities of home and kin; the soft air-bubble of a central dome attests that the men of that visionary city looked for somewhat beyond the death they dared to save it from the spoiler.

Now it has always seemed to me that the literary iconoclasts, in their devotion to the "original documents," are apt to attach too great a relative importance to the written record. The letter is their idol, and they become skeptical of everything which it does not substantiate. Yet the letter, at best, is but an afterthought, — a device for perpetuating a drama acted or a story told. We may say of it what the Laureate says of Knowledge: "Let her know her place. She is the second, not the first." In every land of old civilization, moreover, and in some where civilization has been long extinct, there are records in stone, in bronze, in picture language, which, if they cannot supersede the written word, are yet more potent, by themselves, to evoke imagery and lay the bases of conviction. The immediate effect upon the reader's imagination of a book like the elaborate and brilliant treatise of Sir George Cornwall Lewis on the Credibility of Early Roman History is to represent the south Italian territory of a millennium or so before the Christian era as an unfeatured wilderness, pervaded by semi-savages; the effect of a very short sojourn among the tombs of Etruria is to persuade us that at least the extra-Roman Italy of that early day was a realm abounding with riches and illustrious in arms and art; not so much the heir as the peer of Greece. And then when we reflect that the Etrurians themselves were but interlopers there, driven abroad, perhaps, by the identical dispersion which was believed to have scattered so far the leaders on both sides of those who fought under Troy, it does not require any great flight of fancy or stretch of an elastic chronology to suggest that we may handle the very weapons with which the man in possession withstood the Trojan refugee, and turn to the light the jewel which his mistress wore. Or, standing by the rock-hewn couches where the very frames of the men there laid asleep have long since mouldered away out of the empty shell of their rusted armor, we may long to decipher the legends carven all about, and marvel — so simple and natural, at first sight, seems the aspect of the inscrutable character — that they can have baffled curiosity so long. But we suspect that, after all, they might teach us little, and are sure that we may know much, oppressively much, without their aid.

At present, however, we are concerned with only one phase of this fascinating inquiry, — the way, namely, in which it probably presented itself to the mind of a cultivated Roman in the halcyon days of Augustus. How did the heroic past of his own country look to

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him? What hold had it on his heart, what influence over his actions? When Vergil, in the Æneid, had finished the Odyssey of his first six books, where he had necessarily made use for the most part of Homeric material, and addressed himself to his "*majus opus*," the Iliad of the Latin war, we know that he contrived to fuse with consummate art his old and new material; but how much did he himself, and his first readers or auditors, believe of the latter? How real, to him and them, was the tale which he told in the last six books of his epic, with so fresh an inspiration, such kindled fire and heightened poetry, with a depth and breadth of human sympathy unmatched elsewhere by the most sympathetic poet of all time? We speak of the *modern* spirit of Vergil. It has become a commonplace. "Il a deviné," says Sainte-Beuve, "à une heure décisive du monde ce qu'aimerait l'avenir." Did he also appear "modern to the men of his own time"? He makes his demigods intensely human, filling their tale with life, steeping their fate in tears. The deepest student and worthiest heir of his method in our own day has done the same for the heroes of the Round Table. Did Vergil feel as free to do what he would with Æneas and Turnus and Evander as Tennyson did with Arthur and with Launcelot?

We may, I think, take it for granted that in the Augustan age the main incidents of the Trojan war were still regarded, quite simply, as historical. Of the events which followed its close many different versions already existed. The poet might select his subject here, might devise episodes and establish pedigrees, as Vergil did for Augustus,[1] — as a man may write an historical novel to-day, — but it would not answer for him to invent too widely, or deviate too far from the recognized line of tradition. The supposed date of the Asian city's fall was no more distant from the men of that period than the earliest of the dark ages are from ourselves, — a little less remote, in fact, than the mythic events of the Arthurian cycle. The proof is plain, even yet, that primitive Italy was peopled by a succession of colonists from the East, who fought for her fair territory, and were dispossessed in turn of her favorite sites. In the historic times of Rome such proof must have been visible and palpable, on every hand, to an extent which it is difficult for us now to conceive. The final struggles of confederate Latium taxed to the utmost the resources of kings and early consuls, and great Etruria had hardly breathed her last in the century when Cicero thundered, and Cæsar fell, and Vergil sang.

Moreover, while the whole historic vista was actually much shorter then than it is now, it had entered no Roman mind as yet — save that of Lucretius, or some such dark and audacious theorist — seriously to question that the beginnings of all things are divine. A hero's great-grandfather might well be the "*sanguinis ultimus auctor*," in the heavens, of his illustrious race: the earlier the generation, the more free and familiar must needs have been, men thought, its intercourse with the gods, and it was still currently believed that certain spots of earth had been selected from the origin of all things by the favor of divinity and sanctified by its frequent visitation. Even a man like Cicero, born a critic and bred a lawyer, will not have his friend too brutally inquisitive about the antiquities of his own native town. "It is best, dear Atticus, in a case like this, to accept the poet's version of truth, and not insist upon that of an eye-witness."

Bearing these things in mind, and

[1] Establish, not invent. When Julius Cæsar made his *début* as an orator, at eighteen, in the funeral eulogy of his aunt Julia, he dwelt with much complacency on the descent of their family, through Æneas, from Venus; and the watchword *Venus Victrix*, which he gave his soldiers on the morning of the battle of Pharsalia, was also a reminder of his divine origin.

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trying always to realize the imperial Roman point of view, let us go over the tale which Vergil told from the time when its action is transferred to his native shore, with a view to identifying as far as may be its localities and restoring its original atmosphere. It will at least assist us to repeople after a fashion the solitary Campagna of Rome, and to form some idea of the archaic first setting of earth's most famous jewel.

Livy says that it was because Æneas and Antenor alone among the princes of Troy had been in favor of surrendering Helen that the lives of these two were spared, and they allowed to prepare fleets and lead out colonists after the close of the war. Troy, according to the universal tradition, fell in the late summer. The timber was cut upon Ida and the ships of Æneas were built during the autumn and winter, and in the ensuing spring he set sail, —

"Incerti quo fata ferant, ubi sistere detur."

The unsuccessful attempt to found a colony in Thrace occupied some two years. From Thrace the exiles proceeded to Delos to get the advice of divinity concerning their further course. The oracle was enigmatical as ever, merely bidding them seek the home of their earliest ancestors, but not specifying where that home might be. Led by the coincidence of that other Mount Ida, from which their own was supposed to have derived its name, they made trial of Crete, and, having been attacked by pestilence there, were on the point of returning to Delos for further light, when Æneas dreamed that Italy was to be the place of their rest, and out of the mists of old Anchises' failing memory was evoked a prophecy of Cassandra to the same effect. In the vain attempt to establish themselves at Crete and through the disabling storms which followed their reëmbarkation, beside adventures with Harpies and the like among the Ionian islands, two more weary years were consumed by the wandering Trojans; and the fifth of their sad pilgrimage was near its close, when their hearts were melted and the strain of their leader's anxiety for a moment relaxed by the unexpected sound of Trojan speech and the sight of Trojan faces upon the Epirote shore. Helenus, the son of Priam, had become the sovereign of that country, — needless to say by what strange turn of events, — and his consort was Hector's Andromache, redeemed out of her slavery to the Greek Pyrrhus, and restored to her outward rank, but broken-hearted, the humblest and most sorrowful of all reigning queens. Helenus in his pontifical character now expounds the baffling oracle. Italy will indeed receive the wanderers, but not, as they fondly hope, that "low-lying Italy" of the Adriatic shore which is close at hand, almost distinguishable on the western horizon. They must round the long peninsula, touch at Sicily, cross the strait, and take counsel of the Cumæan Sibyl, before they gain their final goal. The death of Anchises in Sicily, the ten months' mourning there, the shipwreck on the African coast and the impassioned episode at Carthage, the return to Sicily for the funeral games, and the descent into the under-world through the mysterious passages of Cumæ occupy two more years, and bring us to the end of the appointed seven.

But note in passing that even the supernatural scenery of the sixth book of the Æneid is not all supernatural. In that strange land of beauty and of terror, the *contorni di Napoli*, things heavenly and things infernal have ever lain contiguous. The unearthly sunshine is there to-day, and there are the burning marl, the purple ether, and the poisonous exhalations. The hill which divides the Avernus from Cumæ is honeycombed even yet by the incessantly ramifying passages out of which the "hundred voices" came, and a transit from one locality to the other under-

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ground was practicable much later than the times of Vergil. Foundations and fallen fragments exist in abundance of those walls — "*cyclopum educta caminis*" — which defended the citadel of Cumæ, the oldest known settlement of the Greeks in Italy; and even the Elysian Fields had their name and site under Cape Misenum, along the silent shores of the Mare Morto. "They are shaded by mulberries," writes beguiling Eustace of the Classical Tour, "garlanded by festoons of vines, fanned by sea-breezes from the south, refreshed by the waves of the Mare Morto, that eat into the shore and form numberless creeks and recesses; and their lonely paths are lined on all sides by tombs intermingled with cypresses. Such a scene, by its secluded beauty, its silence, and its tranquillity, might attract the living, yet it seems to have been at all times abandoned to the dead; and from the sepulchres that adorn it and the undisturbed repose that seems to reign over it, it resembles a region excluded from the intrusion of mortals, and placed above the influence of human vicissitude and agitation: —

'Semota a nostris rebus sejunctaque longa.'"

Re-reading the sixth Æneid with an eye to its existing landmarks, I am tempted to believe that Vergil had imbibed the doctrine at all times taught by sundry of the more mystical sects, and very congenial to the temper of his own mind: that the spiritual world lies all about us, enfolding and interpenetrating that which we behold; invisible only because of the coarseness of our senses, and capable of being glimpsed in moments of high exaltation by means of some subjective change.

"For could I see as in truth they be
The glories of heaven that encompass me,
I should lightly hold the tissued fold
Of this marvelous curtain of blue and gold."

It is a short sail from Misenum to Gaeta, which linked with the glories of "great Hesperia" the name of Æneas's aged nurse, which had looked within Vergil's memory upon Cicero's death, and which has witnessed in our own day the romantic prowess of Garibaldi and one of the crowning triumphs of the new Italia. Once more there are funeral rites to be paid, but those of the old servant are very simple, and the last short stage of the seven years' Odyssey begins. "The Trojans issued from the port of Gaeta." "Adspirant auræ in noctem." "The wind is fair, and falls not with the night. The white moon makes their pathway plain. The great deep shines with a tremulous radiance. They all but graze the shores of Circe's country, where the sumptuous daughter of the Sun fills all the pathless boscage with her perpetual song, driving the swift shuttle through her misty webs, while the burning of fragrant cedar makes firelight in her stately halls."

Here, indeed, we seem to be in full fairyland; yet it should be remembered that in Vergil's time there were pillared temples upon every outlying point between Posilippo and Ostia, with villas, groves, and terraced gardens in almost unbroken line along the shore, and that it may well have happened to the poet himself to round the Circæan cape some summer night, and contrast the red illumination streaming from seaside palaces with the silvery color of the moonlit offing. On the other hand, we learn from Bonstetten that the spells of Circe had not wholly ceased to work at the commencement of the present century, for he could find not a peasant nor yet a soldier courageous enough to explore with him the cave which goes by the enchantress's name. Neptune himself undertook to impel the Trojans past the perils of the place, and the rosy morning found them at the Tiber mouth.

An impetuous rush into the blue main of turbid water, the shadows of mighty trees upon the yellow flood, a vociferous chorus of bird-songs in the

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air, and the rapid flight of all manner of winged creatures, as the strangers drew to land, — how shall we reconcile with the sylvan pomp and freshness of this picture either the sad, unshaded prairies that girdle the Ostia of to-day, or the teeming city wharves of Vergil's time?

Note first the geographical changes of the last two thousand years. Not then, as now, did the delta of the Tiber run with sandy spits far out into the Mediterranean. There was already a delta, although its right or northerly arm, afterward enlarged and deepened by Trajan when he built his famous port, was not then navigable by ships. Between the two streams lay the Isola Sacra, embracing less than half its present area, but noted in all the historic times of Rome for the luxuriance of its vegetation. It was adorned by that famous temple of Apollo from which it derived its name, and whose traces Bonstetten fancied that he had discovered, in 1804, among the rude buildings of a dairy-farm. Vergil had but to abolish the city and the temple and the grand river-side residences, and the scene would have remained umbrageous and fertile, as he supposes Æneas to have found it. Farming had certainly declined during the civil wars, and the small holdings for which the poet had so tender a sentiment were being fast absorbed in great estates, while Ostia grew rich on the excessive importation of grain. But the fashion of the hour, the desire of Augustus, the eloquent plea of the Georgics, were all for the revival and exaltation of agriculture, and the "Ager Romanus" was a smiling territory still.

If Laurentum, the city of Latinus, upon whose kingdom the Fates had ordained that the Trojans should enter so soon, was indeed situated upon a slight elevation some distance inland, the "hundred columns" of its renowned temple and the laurel which grew in the atrium of its royal palace may possibly have been visible to the new-comers above the forest line. At all events, looking northwards beyond the Tiber, they may well have seen, gleaming in the early sun-rays, Fregellæ and Alsium, the nearest of the Etruscan cities with which they were presently to be allied. But the site of Laurentum is warmly disputed, and while the Trojans take their first *al fresco* repast in Latium, and make merry over the fact that they have inadvertently outwitted the Harpies by devouring even the thin wheaten cakes which had served them for trenchers, we will consider a little the theories of different explorers.

All agree that the Latin capital lay about nine miles to the south of Ostia; but some place it near the coast at the mediæval Tor Paterno, a landmark for the entire Latin territory, and others on a higher level several miles inland. Nibby and Gaston Boissier declare for the upper site: the former for the farm of Capo-cotta, the latter for the more dignified Castel Porziano. Bonstetten, on the other hand, and, as it seems to me, with better reason, identifies its site with Tor Paterno. The elder Pliny distinctly says that it lay near the sea, and may very likely have had visible traces to guide him; for when Strabo observes that in the time of Augustus only ruins remained of the great towns of the Æneid, he clearly implies that there was something to be seen. The younger Pliny, too, when he gave the name of Laurentum to his favorite seaside villa, supposed, no doubt, that he was building in the immediate neighborhood of the ancient city; and enthusiasts maintain that the Via Laurentina which led thither from Rome may still be traced by scattered paving-stones as far as that villa of Commodus out of whose fragments Tor Paterno was evidently constructed. There is little to choose, as regards external aspect, between the two theoretic sites, and a considerable section of the mysterious *pineta* which

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constitutes the sole adornment of the now lonely coast for many miles has always kept its name of Sylva Laurentia.

I have followed the poet's own example in digressing, the moment the Trojans are safely landed, for the sake of taking a rapid survey of the physical aspect and political conditions of the country to which they have come. The pedigree of King Latinus is given very succinctly. He was the son of Faunus, who was the son of Picus, who was the son of Saturn, who came to Italy when expelled from heaven by Jove, and gave laws and arts to a "*genus indocile ac dispersum in montibus altis.*" The simply religious mind accepts in silence even now a similar genealogy, and Vergil's mind was essentially religious. In all the more elaborate invocations, as at the end of the first Georgic, where the poet calls, in his own person, on the gods of his fathers and of the soil, "and Romulus, and mother Vesta," to preserve Augustus to distracted Rome, and even more notably in the truly sublime prayer which he puts into the mouth of Æneas, on his arrival, to the "Genius of the place, the primal Earth goddess, the Nymphs and the unknown rivers, Night and her rising constellations, Idæan Jove and the Phrygian mother," I find the accent of a genuine worship, the constraining awe of one who consciously accosts invisible powers. Only the piety of the Roman was a national rather than a personal sentiment, a sort of transcendental patriotism; and it was for the health of the state rather than for the safety of his own soul that he offered sacrifice and wrestled in prayer.

Latinus had no son, and the hand of his only daughter, Lavinia, had been asked by many suitors, of whom the most favored, both by the maiden and her mother, was the prince whose territory bordered that of Latinus on the east, — Turnus, the gallant young ruler of the Rutulians. The chivalrous and fascinating character of Turnus is Vergil's pure invention, and gains immensely both in consistency and charm by this fact. It is curious to observe that wherever, as in the case of Turnus and of Dido, the poet gives free scope to his dramatic instincts and creative imagination, the effect is one of convincing reality. Where he is hampered, as with his formal hero, by the tradition of distinguished piety and the responsibility of foreshadowing Augustus, the result is comparatively lifeless and pale. We may make out a case for the man Æneas by reflection and argument, but the Rutulian takes us by storm. So in that indelible scene, the meeting with Dido in the shades, the self-defense of Æneas for her desertion is all-sufficient by every primitive code of morals, — the destiny he had to accomplish, the everlasting empire to found, — and it is pityingly and deferentially made; but none the less do our sympathies go with his ghostly victim in the unspeakable depth of her queenly scorn.

But though Turnus be an ideal figure, the city of his rule had a very real existence, and there is no question about the site of Ardea. The fortifications of its *arx* may still be traced, huge blocks of uncemented tufa. The town stood high, as its name implies, a half dozen miles further down the coast than Laurentum, and three or four miles inland, encircled on all sides by wooded dells, except where a natural causeway connected it with the table-land which extends to the Alban Hills. It was a name and a site abounding to the Roman mind in romantic associations. Founded by the wandering Danaë, this was the place the Romans were besieging when the tragic end of Lucretia sounded the knell of the monarchy. It was here that Camillus lived in exile, and hence he was summoned by his repentant fellow-citizens to undertake the siege of Veii, while many famous Romans of Vergil's own generation, Cicero's friend Atticus

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among them, had villas in the Ardean territory. The Via Ardeatina, which turns to the left from the Via Ostiensis near the church of St. Paul without-the-Walls, is still one of the great main highways leading southward from Rome, and *Monte di Troja* and *Rio di Turno* are names applied by the very shepherds and charcoal-burners, who haunt the now fever-smitten region, to a hillock and a stream in the neighborhood of the ancient city.

In the depth of the Laurentine forest, near where a cross-road branches on the left from the Via Ardeatina and leads to Pratica, was the fane of the great Latin goddess Anna Perenna; and there is a sulphur spring near by, —

> "Nemorum quæ maxima sacro
> Fonte sonat, sævamque exhalat opaca mephitim," —

which appears, upon the whole, a much more likely position than that on the road to Tivoli for the oracle of Faunus, the "fateful progenitor" of the Latin king. Here, when Latinus inquired concerning the disposition of his daughter's hand, the answer came that she should espouse a stranger; and this response, Vergil says, was the common talk of all the Ausonian cities at the moment when "the children of Laomedon were making fast their vessels to the grassy bank."

The scouting-parties dispatched by Æneas on the morning after his arrival identified Laurentum, and explored for some distance the banks of the Tiber and the "reedy course of the Numicus." But where or what was the Numicus? Was it, as Bonstetten fancies, some lost water-course near at hand, of which the sources have disappeared in the volcanic soil since Vergil's day? Or was it the Rio Torto, which falls into the sea between Ardea and Lavinium, the city which Æneas founded and called by the name of his Italian bride? More probably the latter, though the scouts must have roamed far afield to reach it. Æneas himself perished in the Numicus within four years after his triumphant establishment in Latium, at the hands of Mezentius, the ally and avenger of the Rutulian prince; and the constant association by Vergil of the names of the two rivers may thus be a poetic and not a local one, — the place of his hero's victory and that of his fall.

Having decided to send an embassy to the king at Laurentum, avowing peaceful intentions and requesting his alliance, Æneas marked out and constructed with *fosse* and *vallum* a fortified camp, after the manner of the summer encampments of the Roman army. He called the camp Urbs, one legend says, and adds that the place was known for many generations afterward by the name of Troy. It is, at all events, a spot easily identified, for the indications of Vergil are precise. The camp of Æneas occupied as nearly as possible the site of the wretched little village of modern Ostia. The ancient course of the Tiber, now known as the *Fiume Morto*, led directly past the Ostia of to-day, and curved so as to protect the legendary camp, not only on its right-hand side, looking seaward, but partially also along its front. Behind, in the direction of Rome, the position was defended by that extensive marsh — Vergil calls it a lake — over which the Via Ostiensis is carried by a causeway, the long vista of whose crumbling parapets is now closed by the fifteenth-century castle, which bears at every conspicuous point the leafy escutcheon of that most warlike of pontiffs, Julius II. A stronger military position, according to the standards of primitive warfare, could not well have been selected. The line of Turnus, when he came to invest the camp, described a slight curve, extending from the marsh to the sea on the side of Castel Fusano. But Æneas had free access by the river to the settlement of Arcadian Evander on the Palatine; and the Etruscan allies of both — first masters

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of the *Tuscum Mare* — had equal access to him. These localities once fixed in the mind, the strategy of the Latin war becomes plain.

We know by what celestial wiles the pacific purposes of Æneas were frustrated, and how Turnus, the betrothed of Lavinia, who seems in some sort to have been the vassal of Latinus, a sovereign prince, who did homage, as one may say, for Ardea, was induced to declare war. He summoned his allies, — the contingents from the other cities of the great Ausonian league, which comprised

> "Atina potens, Tiburque superbum,
> Ardea, Crustumerique et turrigeræ Antemnæ."

Let us inquire what these names meant to Vergil, — what pictures they evoked and what memories they awakened. "Potent Atina," the most remote of the five towns, preserves unchanged to our own day its incalculably venerable name. It lies among the Volscian Hills, far south towards Monte Cassino, crowning one of the sheer heights that overlook the lonely valley of the Liris, as Arpino, the birthplace of Cicero and Marcus, crowns another. There were five mountain fastnesses, called Saturnian cities from their supposed founder, all of whose names began with the first letter of the alphabet, and all, to the historic Romans, were monuments of the hoariest antiquity, — Atina, Anagnia, Alatrium, Arpinum, and Arca. We remember how the young Marcus Aurelius, a century and a half later than Vergil's time, was impressed by Anagnia, its crumbling fanes and altars, and the inscription in an unknown tongue above the city gate. Atina is called by different Latin authors *prisca* and *filia Saturni*, and the "oldest city upon earth."

"Haughty Tibur" deserved the epithet still used as a motto upon the arms of modern Tivoli, alike by its airy perch above the plunging Anio, the splendor of its temples, which have not yet wholly perished, and the intractable temper of its inhabitants, who long resisted the Roman rule, and offered an asylum to Roman refugees. Dionysius of Halicarnassus informs us that it was founded before the Trojan war, by three brothers of the royal house of Thebes, from the eldest of whom, Tiburtus, it was named.

Equally ancient was the origin confidently assigned to Antemnæ and Crustumerium. Antemnæ, we are told by Silius Italicus, was the elder of the two, but it was plainly "many-towered" in Vergil's time. Not a trace of it is now visible; nevertheless the site is known. It was Rome's near neighbor, situated only two miles distant to the northeast, on the left of the Via Salara. All that remained of it was probably demolished when Alaric and his host entered Rome by the Porta Salara, in the year 410. Crustumerium lay seven miles further out, on the right-hand side of the same great highway, — and of the Florence railway, — at the base of Monte Rotondo. When Vergil sings in the Georgics the praise of "Crustumerian pears," he calls up a vision of orchards and gardens; but a wild species, with a rosy cheek, still ripens abundantly on the upland slopes hard by. Crustumerium and Antemnæ were both among the Sabine cities which made war upon Rome to avenge the rape of their women, and between the two flowed that fatal river Allia, — a mere brook, as we should say, — where Brennus and his Gauls defeated the Roman army in 390 B. C., and whose name, in the phrase *dies Alliensis*, became synonymous with all misfortune.

But Turnus had other allies beside the princes of the Ausonian league. After digressing to describe the curious equipment of the men of the five cities, "Sing, O ye of Helicon!" resumes the poet; lending, as always, a fresh charm to the hackneyed invocation, "Sing of the heroes into whom our dear Italian land had blossomed even then, of the valor that glowed in her; call up the

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memory of it all, for ye are divine and can remember, while scarce the lightest breath of their fame has fanned these ears of ours!"

After this graceful preamble, with what exquisite skill, what shifting lights and soft gradations, the poet proceeds to mingle fact with fancy, plain topography and history — or what passed for such in his day — with unadulterated myth! Pelasgic Agylla was the home, before his expulsion thence by an indignant people, of Mezentius, the "god-defying," who refused to consecrate the first-fruits of the earth, and of his noble boy, Lausus, "worthy of a better sire." This city was none other than Cære, the modern Cervetri, the imposing head city of Etruria, twenty-five miles from Rome by the Via Aurelia, and mistress, far down into historic times, of a long stretch of seacoast north of Ostia. More of Cære anon, for, in the absence of Mezentius, divine succor came thence to Vergil's hero; but Aventinus, the son of Hercules, born of the priestess Rhea on the hill which bears his name, was hostile to Æneas, and so was Cæculus, the legendary founder of Præneste, — Palestrina, — which to Vergil meant the city that Sylla had rebuilt after the death of Marius there, and adorned with the insolent magnificence of his peerless temple of Fortune. The mother of Cæculus, the weird story ran, was impregnate by a spark from the flame upon her own hearth-stone, and the fiery captain she brought forth led against the Trojans a "rustic legion," gathered from Juno's Gabii, at the base of the Sabine Hills, near the then existent Lake Regillus; from the upper valley of the "gelid Anio" and the "Hernic ledges, bedewed with falling streams;" from the dependent territory of "rich Anagnia" and the lowlands threaded by "Father Amasenus," which, under its perpetual name of Amaseno, still creeps to the sea across the Pontine marsh from its fount in the holy Amsanctus. "Messapus, the horse-tamer, Neptune's offspring," led a contingent from the border-land between the Sabine and the Etruscan territory; from Soracte, with its peaks and dells and the region which it overlooks, — Fescennium, Falerii, the Flavinian fields, the Ciminian lake and mount, and the groves of Capena. I have not space enough here to do more than hint at the wonders, in the way of old remains, which await the patient investigator in all this tract of country. Go to the Cities and Cemeteries of Dennis, if you would learn something of them in detail. Restore to the scenes which he describes what they must have lost through the ruthless waste of two most destructive millenniums, and you will have some idea of the images which crowded Vergil's mind, as he cunningly turned and re-turned, to suit the exigencies of the hexameter, the names which comprise his catalogue. The topmost peak of Soracte, where is now the convent of San Silvestro, was once crowned by a celebrated temple of Apollo. Do you remember the prayer of Arruns, himself "due the Fates" for his prowess, before he winged the spear which proved fatal to the dauntless Camilla? "O Apollo, guardian of holy Soracte, whose chief worshipers are we, for whom are fed the heaps of burning pine, when we tillers of the soil, strong in our piety, walk through the very centre of the flame, and tread on burning coals, deign, O father, to remove from our arms this stain [of defeat by a woman]!"

At the foot of one of the spurs of Soracte was another equally noted shrine, plundered by Hannibal, — that of the goddess Feronia, the Sabine Persephone. There was held yearly the greatest of the old Italian fairs, at which the pilgrims who came to offer the first-fruits sustained, we are told by Strabo, the same fiery test as the votaries of Apollo.

Fescennium gave to Rome her old wild nuptial songs, *carmina Fescennia*.

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The forest at the base of Mount Ciminus was held so sacred that the Roman Senate once forbade a consul to lead his army through it; and at Falerii, in the Campi Falisci, where the primeval oak-woods are interspersed with glades all gay with cystus and broom, there is a massive city wall, quite unbroken, inclosing a triangular space of turf. A rude mask above the arched gateway gives the name of *Porta di Giove* to the principal entrance, but the grassy, flowery waste within contains absolutely nothing save the ruins of a twelfth-century abbey church, roofless, with delicate sculpture about the empty window-frames, and curtained by luxuriant vines. This is *Falerium Novum*, reconstructed on the Etruscan model in the year 232 B. C., after the destruction by the Romans of the ancient city of that name.

Yet other allies rally to Turnus from Nomentum and its neighboring city, Eretum by the Via Nomentana, and from the chill highlands of the Abruzzi, while from the south again, from the borders of that *Lago di Fucino* which has been drained within our own generation, although the Emperors Claudius, Hadrian, and Trajan attempted the work in vain, come the Marsians; the representatives of a yet more primitive race, the Sacrani, arrive from the promontory of Terracina, where the hewn blocks of the venerable temple of Jupiter Anxurus may have been wrought into that palace of Theodoric whose ruins we can still explore; and the men of the Volscian Hills come, following the fair Amazon, who, under one name or another, fights in every mythic war, — the fierce and dazzling apparition of the swift-footed maiden Camilla.

How should the Trojan refugee, with his handful of followers, make head against so formidable a combination? But for the favor of the gods and the foreordained glories of the Roman name it could never have been; nor does Vergil once lose sight of his purpose to throw into the strongest possible relief the supernatural sanction which he conceived to have attended from the first the doings of Jove's chosen people. The method by which he produces his effect is at once very simple and very subtle. Following directly the pompous muster of the native armies, and contrasting equally with the ripe and solid splendors amid which the Augustan poet wrote, comes the picture, so affecting in its austerity, of the simple, solitary, almost defenseless home of Evander, on the Palatine. The legend of Evander's emigration was a persistent one; its date commonly set some sixty years before the Trojan war. But Evander's character, and that of the bright boy Pallas, slain for a sacrifice at the laying of Rome's corner-stone, are happily Vergil's own conception. To the aged king, an exile, like Æneas, and the friend in youth of Æneas's father, the poet lent the qualities ever most congenial to his own delicate moral instincts, — dignity in poverty, a reasoned resignation to the divine will, a serene, unselfish wisdom.

It was "Father Tiber" in person, "issuing from the pleasant streams between the poplar-trees, reed-crowned and robed in flowing green," who invaded the troubled sleep of Æneas, on the night after the war-standard had been displayed from the towers of Laurentum, while the clans were already gathering, and bade him apply for aid to the humble and all but landless potentate whom he would find encamped a score or more miles inland, on the left bank of the sacred stream. The vision, as it dissolved, showed the dreamer his boy Ascanius enthroned at Alba Longa on the hills, and an "eternal Pergamos" founded by his descendants on the site of Evander's cottage hall; whereupon he rose, drank water from the stream out of his hollowed hands, saluted the Laurentine river-nymphs, and went his appointed way.

It is impossible here to follow in de-

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tail the incidents of that fancied visit. Is not the beautiful story written in that eighth Æneid which "every school-boy" reads, and which has been called the most intensely Latin of the entire epic? It merely concerns us, in our hasty excursion over this storied country, to note that when, by the advice of Evander, Æneas proceeds across country —

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum" —

to Cære, to secure the alliance of those revolted Etruscans who had lately expelled their king, we emerge once more from a land of noble dreams into the twilight, at least, of positive history. The especial atrocities which Evander here attributes to the dethroned Mezentius were well-known incidents of Etruscan pirate warfare; and Tarchon, the name of the prince who superseded Mezentius, is identical with that of the royal house which sat on the throne of Romulus for a hundred years, and recurs more frequently than any other in those indelible Etruscan inscriptions which the learned just fail to decipher. The outlawed Mezentius having rallied to Turnus, and strengthened his army by a following of a thousand men, Tarchon, or Tarquin, had a ready welcome for the Trojans, and the new allies returned by sea to the seat of war, but not before Æneas had received at the hands of his divine mother the pictured armor wrought by Vulcan in his forges on Etna. Let me borrow Dennis's description of the spot where the Trojans were halting, the "*ingens gelidum lucus prope Cæritis amnem*," when the mystic gift was bestowed: "The eye wanders up the shrub-fringed stream, over bare, undulating downs, the *arva lata* of ancient song, to the hills swelling into peaks and girt with a broad belt of olive and ilex. There frowned the dark grove of Silvanus, of dread antiquity; and there, on yon red cliffs — the 'ancient heights' of Vergil — sat the once opulent and powerful city of Agylla, the Cære of the Etruscans, now represented, in name and site alone, by the miserable village of Cervetri. All this is hallowed ground; hallowed, not by the traditions of evanescent creeds, nor even by the hoary antiquity of the site, so much as by the homage the heart ever pays to the undying creations of the fathers of song. The hillocks, which rise here and there on the wide downs, are so many sepulchres of princes and heroes of old, coeval, it may be, with those on the plains of Troy; and if not, like them, the standing records of traditional events, at least the mysterious memorials of a prior age, which led the poet to select this spot as a fit scene for his verse. The large mound which rises close to the bridge may be the *celsus collis* whence Æneas gazed on the Etruscan camp. No warlike sights or sounds now disturb the rural quiet of the scene. Sword and spear are exchanged for crook and ploughshare; and the only sound likely to catch the ear is the lowing of cattle, the baying of sheep-dogs, or the cry of the *pecorajo* as he marches at the head of his flock, and calls them to follow him to their fold or to fresh pastures. Silvanus, 'the god of fields and cattle,' has still dominion in the land."

During the absence of Æneas on this embassy to Cære occurred the thrilling episode of Nisus and Euryalus. When that immortal pair of friends found the Trojan camp, in the absence of its leader, closely invested by the army of Turnus, they planned the daring adventure of breaking through the Rutulian lines by night and carrying the news of their danger to Æneas on the Palatine. We all know the brilliant story and its tragical end. They had nearly succeeded, having crossed the sleeping encampment in safety, when the pale glimmer of dawn revealed their gliding figures to a detachment of troops on the march from Laurentum. "They are discovered afar off, rounding the left limit" (of the

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camp), for they had the tour of the great marsh to make before they could strike into the road to Rome. In the Laurentine wood, that forest of dark ilex and dense undergrowth and fallacious footways, unchanged since Vergil described it, they were surrounded and brought to bay. Into this dim labyrinth Nisus plunged to the rescue of his younger comrade, whom he would not survive, and the "happy pair," as Vergil calls them, fell together not far from the spot where Castel Fusano now stands.

It was within the same charmed sylvan circle that Turnus also perished, expiating the slaughter of the youthful Pallas, and with the proudest and most pathetic of all recorded last words upon his dying lips: "Your fiery gibes affright me not, fierce man. It is the gods I fear, and Jove who is my enemy." It is, perhaps, the flitting presence of those three heroic shades which gives their peculiar and solemn enchantment to the desolate lawns about the old Chigi villa; and in all my own wanderings I have seen no spot so suggestive of the mystical phrase "*religio loci*" perpetually recurring under Vergil's pen.

The hand of the passive Lavinia was bestowed upon the conqueror, and he founded a city which he called by her name. All the authorities agree, for once, in fixing the site of Lavinium at Pratica, now a ruinous hamlet midway between Castel Porziano and Ardea, consisting of a score of houses encircled by crumbling mediæval walls. Nibby thinks that the very name Pratica is a corruption of *Pater Indigetes*, that is Æneas; and Bonstetten sees a resemblance in the shape of the deep valley to the north of the circumscribed bit of table-land on which Pratica stands to that in which Turnus vainly prepared an ambush for Æneas.

There are fragments of ancient sculpture about the piazza of the poor little town; one — the pedestal, doubtless, of an ideal statue — which is boldly inscribed Æneas Sylvius, son of Æneas and Lavinia. Tradition says, with a coloring of general probability, that there was no love between Lavinia and her step-son Ascanius; that she fled into the forest through fear of him, before her own child was born (whence the sylvan cognomen); and that this was why, after his father's untimely death, Ascanius withdrew to the hills, carrying the Trojan Penates with him, and founded Alba Longa.

But the Penates behaved strangely; for though he built them a temple and closed the doors, they escaped twice and returned to Lavinium by night. After that no one dared again to attempt their removal. Six hundred men were detailed to return and reside with them, that the Penates might have worshipers, and the earlier town became in the end a kind of sacred city, whose inhabitants were principally priests and their servitors. "There," says Varro, "was the home of our Penates." The temple of the household gods at Lavinium acquired, with the lapse of years, a very peculiar sanctity; the archaic images of the gods themselves being shrouded in the utmost mystery. Down to the very last days of the Republic annual festivals were held there, and pious generals who were about starting on distant expeditions went out to Lavinium and sacrificed for their success. (Crassus did so before starting for the Parthian war.) Dionysius says that in his day there were still many brass statues about the mossy forum, representing the sow, the wolf, and other legends, and that the tomb of Æneas continued to be shown, — "a small hillock planted with trees, admirably arranged, and well worth seeing." The name of the holy burg was changed to that of Lauro-Lavinium, after it had absorbed what remained of the original city of Latinus, and it is last mentioned by Bishop Symmachus in the fourth century of the Christian era as a "*religiosa civitas.*"

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On the outermost seaward promontory of the Alban range stands the curious town which the Romans called Lanuvium. It also claimed an origin from Diomede, and was a conspicuous member of the Latin league. At the close of the Republic it was wealthy and powerful, and intimately associated with many great names and stirring events. It must also then have been very splendidly adorned, so rich is it even now in dishonored fragments of the most delicate sculpture; so numerous and important have been its contributions to almost all the great collections, especially those of the Vatican and the British Museum. But when or how, during the bewilderment of the dark ages, it came to confuse itself with Lavinium, and to adopt its present name of Civita Lavinia, is not exactly known. The cunning, kindly, garrulous folk who go up and down their steep hillside over the most perfectly preserved of Roman paving, and have a nobly sculptured sarcophagus for the basin of the fountain in their central piazza, think lightly of these authentic antiquities, but are as tenacious as people are apt to be elsewhere of their assumed ancestral honors. They show you Æneas's tower, and the stout iron ring, now painted green, upon the westward wall of their city, to which he moored his bark; and if you have so little tact as to point to the distance of the silver sea-line, and respectfully suggest geological objections, they pity and pardon you, a poor *forestiere*, for your ignorance of the fact that in the times of which they speak the sea-waves broke at the foot of their promontory, as they do upon Circello, which they indicate, to-day. You waive discussion then, and willingly content yourself with the outlook from the pseudo-city of Lavinia. For the complete map of Latium is outspread below you, and there is hardly a site celebrated in Vergil's epic but may hence be identified by the naked eye. Southward lies the blue rampart of the Volscian Hills, with the walls and towers of some ancient stronghold gleaming from every outlying spur. Circe's cape runs into the southern sea, and following the dim shore upward toward the northwest, we trace the dark limits of the immemorial forest; we divine, and fancy that we distinguish, among similar elevations, the wooded cliff of Ardea; we clearly sight the perpendicular lines of Tor Paterno. The great dome signifies the city of all the ages; and further northward still, describing an arc which embraces more of imperious association than any other equal space of earth and sky, the eye leaps to the aerial crest of Soracte and the heights above Tibur.

The horizon commanded by Monte Caro, the Alban mount *par excellence*, and common shrine of all the primitive tribes, which bore the great temple of Jove in Vergil's day, is a vastly wider one, only there the perch is too lofty for the features of the landscape to be clearly made out. Doubtless they were all fatally distinct to the celestial vision of Juno, when she watched from that high vantage-ground the muster of the native troops to meet the invader, and saw the final turn of the tide of battle against her own *protégé*. But to the purblind pilgrim of the nineteenth century the prospect from Civita Lavinia is quite sufficiently full and suggestive.

Strange to say, moreover, in all the deeply storied region hereabout, by a law analogous, it may be, to that which makes an old man's recollections of his infancy more vivid than those of his prime, it is the intervening spaces, the middle distance of authentic history, which oftenest appear misty and unreal to the gazer's mind, while the legendary figures, the nursery tales which amused the childhood of the race, take on a supernatural clearness. Roman, barbarian, and Christian armies are alike submerged and pass from view in the red sea of the Campagna sunset, but the mild mother planet of him who "brought

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Troy to Latium and the conquered Penates" fills all the deepening twilight with its lustre; and on the silent ridge of Alba Longa, where the Penates refused to stay, what is the scene reflected in the dark waters of the mountain lake, what the sole voice out of the past which we find echoing there?

"The legions were then brought up to destroy the town. But inside the gates they found none of that confusion and panic which are customary in captured cities. . . . Only sorrowful silence and speechless woe so weighed upon the souls of all, that aimless, forgetting what to take and what to leave, they went hither and thither, appealing one to another, and now stood still upon the thresholds of their homes, and now went over them for a last look." [1]

We clasp the disinherited shadows to our hearts in tearful sympathy; we point to the gray desert across which their cruel captors marched to victory, and solemnly assure them that they are long since avenged, before we so much as remember that it is to the eloquence of a great prose-poet that they owe their persistent vitality, and that the very existence of their city is unproven.

H. W. P. and L. D.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

EMERSON says, "If there is any period one would desire to be born in, is it not the age of revolution, . . . when the energies of all men are searched by fear and by hope?" New England, for many years before the civil war, was the scene of a slow moral revolution, which will never be fully understood until a good deal is known about the private lives of many comparatively humble individuals and families. To contribute to this knowledge is my purpose in offering some reminiscences of that period. Apologies are due to the public when narratives personal to the writer are imposed upon it; and my excuse for the story I have to tell lies in the fact that this very element of personality sometimes helps to make real to readers the environment of a past epoch. It not infrequently happens that though we care nothing at all for Jane or Joseph, we are still very much affected if we are told just what Joseph thought when the earthquake shattered his house in Charleston, or how Jane felt while the shells were flying over Vicksburg. I have no material earthquakes or battles to describe, but I have hoped that interest might attach to an account of the way in which the principles of liberty were handed down from generation to generation in one family, and became part of the vital experience of all its members, even the young children.

In the household which I shall seek to re-create on paper, all daily life had an anti-slavery background, and, to carry the figure farther, this background was painted on a Quaker canvas. The elements of anti-slavery and Quaker beliefs so blended in the characters of the parents, and so conspired together to endow existence with whatever peculiarity it had, that I cannot separate them now and give the reminiscences of one influential factor without those of the other.

My great-grandfather, William Buffum, a man in the early prime of life during our Revolutionary War, was a farmer possessed of property and wielding local influence. He was a member of a society advocating gradual emancipation, while slaves were still held in the North. He sheltered, in a little

[1] Livy, i. 29.

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house on his land, a family of negroes who had escaped from bondage in New York State. They had been in hiding for some time before they came under Mr. Buffum's protection, and a baby had been born during this interval. The father considered this child different from the others, and used to tell his experiences to Arnold, the young son of his benefactor. One can easily fancy the quaintly dressed Quaker lad standing by, his serious eyes growing more thoughtful as the tale proceeded to its end, for the freedman always finished with these words: "An' Pedro love all his chil'en, but he love Cuffy best of all, because Cuffy was born free." This speech sank into the listener's heart, and made an Abolitionist of my grandfather, who grew up and led an active moral and mental life. At his death he left to his descendants a large number of patent papers, ranging in their dates over some fifty years of the republic's history. Those taken out in the beginning of the century bear witness to the fact that governmental business was not very pressing then, since they show that it was the custom for the President, the Secretary of State, and the Attorney-General to sign all such papers. These documents, therefore, which represent little other wealth, past or present, are rich with the autographs of Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, James Madison, and John Quincy Adams.

Arnold Buffum spent some years in Europe between 1825 and 1830. He knew the English Abolitionists, and in Paris he frequented Lafayette's salon. He brought home a story which the Frenchman told him, that Washington never learned to control his naturally violent temper. This statement, imparted to me in my childhood, together with an incident which Lafayette related confirmatory of it, I naturally held in such reverential credence that it prevented me from accepting the calm-souled image of Washington presented by more public chroniclers for the consideration of juvenile minds.

Whether Mr. Buffum discussed the slavery question with Lafayette I know not. The Indian matter was so far a topic of conversation as to lead the marquis to say that he was very much interested in that race when he was in America.

A few years after his return to his native country, Mr. Buffum went, as a matter of course, to Boston, and sought out William Lloyd Garrison in that "small chamber" where, "friendless and unseen," he toiled over his types. The act was the inevitable result of the Quaker's nature, of his principles and his past life. All his experience, inherited and personal, converged naturally in the pathway that led him up those narrow stairs to the printer's room.

Mr. Garrison was thankful enough for Mr. Buffum's sympathy, — the sympathy of a respectable, middle-aged Quaker with the enthusiastic purposes of "a poor young man." It was one of those instances, frequent in history, when the lesser man, by dint of coming at the right time, seems for one brief moment to outweigh the greater one. Time soon restores the correct perspective, and the stature of the real leader looms up in its due proportion. Nevertheless, a light remains on the figure of the other, who dared to be as true, though he was not as great. Thus it was that Arnold Buffum became the first president of the first society ever formed in the United States to advocate the immediate abolition of slavery, and he was also its first lecturer in the field.

Meanwhile, two of his daughters busied themselves in a female anti-slavery society in Fall River, which place was then merely a big village. Somebody proposed that one or two colored women should be admitted as members of this society, and other good ladies objected vehemently thereto. They wanted the slaves to be free, but they did not want

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any negroes to belong to the same association to which they did, or to seat themselves near their white persons while they were bending their philanthropy to bear on the lot of their race. Mr. Buffum's daughters did not share this feeling, being, even in that early day, free from any prejudice against color. One of them was a woman of decided character, who afterwards became the wife of Mr. B., the first mayor of Fall River. This gentleman was at one time a member of Congress, and when Millard Fillmore came to the city, after his presidential term was over, he proposed, having known him in Washington, that he and his wife should go and pay their respects to the ex-dignitary. Mrs. B. refused to go, saying emphatically that she would never shake the hand which signed the Fugitive Slave Law.

Although the Quakers have always had the credit of being anti-slavery, the New England yearly meeting did not show itself to be, in season and out of season, disposed to insist on the abolition of the obnoxious institution after it had been retired to the distant Southern States. Many Friends deprecated the discussion of the matter because it was calculated to stir up strife. A prominent Quaker wrote home from Ohio, while Arnold Buffum was on a lecturing tour in the West, that he ought to be silenced in some way. Finally, the yearly meeting decided that the religious houses belonging to the scattered societies in New England must not be used for secular purposes. This resolve prohibited anti-slavery meetings in them; and then my mother decided that if the slave was to be thus shut out from the church of her ancestors, she must depart with him. She was influenced by the same sort of indignant determination to make common cause with those who needed aid that used to induce Wendell Phillips to walk a steamboat deck all night in company with Frederick Douglass, rather than enjoy in the cabin below the shelter denied to his comrade.

The step which this woman proceeded to take was really heroic, for she was at that time an ardent Friend and a person of intense religious experience, having no sense of separation from the Quakers in theology, sentiment, or moral ideas except as related to this one question of "bearing testimony" against slavery. Quakerism, it must be remembered, is an hereditary religion. The child of a Quaker is held to be born a Quaker, just as the child of Americans is born an American. The instincts of this faith were part of my mother's flesh and blood, brain and heart. Her mind spoke naturally in its formulas, her spirit moved easily to expression in its conventionalities. Such an one might find another faith for her soul, but scarcely another religious language for her tongue to use in this world. It requires nerve, something like physical as well as moral courage, to break a spiritual relation such as was hers to Quakerism. She determined to do it, and thus threw the Society of Friends into an odd dilemma. It was an age of dilemmas for American establishments in church and state.

My mother sent into the meeting a written statement that she resigned her membership. The elders informed her that that availed nothing. The Book of Discipline, which is the code of rules governing Quakers, provided no way for a member to dissolve his connection with the society of his own accord. A person might be expelled or "disowned" for various kinds of ill-conduct, but apparently it had not entered into the minds of the framers of the Discipline that anybody could ever be so misguided as to think the society guilty of ill-conduct, and to wish to sever connection with it. When this was explained to my mother, she replied simply that, by rule or without rule, she had left the meeting, and that she should take no

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further steps about it. She expected then to continue always her regular attendance upon its religious services, but after a while she discovered that her ideas of life and of theology were altering, — an alteration which was aided by talks with the Burleigh brothers and with Theodore Parker, who visited the Rhode Island home, when anti-slavery or other work brought them to that part of the country. She no longer felt much interest in the Quaker meetings, and ceased to go to them. Meanwhile, the puzzled authorities of the society decided that her wish to resign her membership might very reasonably be considered an offense, and so they sent a committee to "deal with her." After their interview, they reported that they did not find her "inclined to make Friends satisfaction," — using a technical Quaker phrase which the "world's people" must interpret as best they may. For this lack of "inclination" the mother of our family was then quietly expelled, as though she had never gone out herself. The father was always an Abolitionist, but in perplexing times equally tender consciences construe duties differently; and while he did not oppose his wife's action, he never felt it incumbent upon him to leave the Quaker meeting.

My father's house in those days was eminently fitted for a purpose to which it was sometimes put, namely, the concealment of fugitive slaves. It was full of unexpected corners and cupboards. It had chambers in odd relation to each other, and there was a room in the attic that was usually locked, where jelly was hidden — was it really *hidden?* — from the children. What fitter sanctuary for a refugee than that? Near to it was a mysterious closet, whose door I think I never saw open more than once; and I cannot now believe that it sheltered nothing more strange than old clothes, or gave protection from no enemy more dangerous than the moth. That was a place, had such been needed, for dusky hunted outlaws. Practically, I presume our poor fugitives generally slept in beds in our best rooms, and ate jelly openly at our own table. I confess I do not remember exactly what was the family custom as to these points, but I should be very much surprised were any diving into the records of this remote period of domestic simplicity to divulge the practice of any less democratic and fraternal habit towards these outcast ones. Was it not Colonel Higginson who said, long afterwards, that he had all his life enjoyed the privileges of the best society, to wit, that of Abolitionists and fugitive slaves? None of that earlier generation of "fanatics" thought it necessary to apologize for such social preferences.

Our village was not on any of the great thoroughfares of the Underground Railway, but on a side track. To speak plainly, it sometimes happened that slaves in Southern ports secreted themselves on vessels bound for Massachusetts harbors, whence they were occasionally conveyed by anti-slavery friends to my aunt, Mrs. B., in Fall River. She would fit them for a further journey, and a worthy Scotchman of the town, Mr. R. A., would take them, concealed in the back part of a carryall, and drive them across the country in the night to our place. If it seemed best, the house doors were locked while the refugees were sheltered, so that no officers of the law could obtain easy entrance; and much advice was given to the children how they must behave if the constables should come and carry the father and mother off to jail. It is needless to say that the little ones promised to be very good if such a thing should occur. Possibly in their relish for martyrdom they almost hoped it would, but tradition is not explicit in this matter. It does report, however, that these young persons felt a great admiration for an Irishman who did chores on the

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place, and who had been heard to say that in such a case he for one would fight before he would let the officers have their unhappy prey. Fighting, real fighting, it must be borne in mind, implied a very energetic expression of unwillingness to these children, since their parents had tried to indoctrinate them with the theories of Quaker and Garrisonian non-resistance. It was rather a harder task to make non-resistants of us all than Abolitionists, but the effort was attended with at least some temporary success; for one of our number remembers gravely asking the mother why she supposed Wendell Phillips had never adopted the extreme doctrine as to the wrongfulness of resisting evil by force. When some explanation was given which sought not to convict Mr. Phillips of any very marked moral laxity, — for in those days Mr. Phillips was on no account to be blamed for anything in a family of simon-pure slavery-haters, — the child, who was about eight or nine years old, made a serious remark to the effect that she did not see what was going to prevent a man who thought it was ever right to kill anybody from killing people almost any time! It would certainly seem as if human slaughter appeared to be a natural sort of occupation, to this youthful person.

After a fugitive had been harbored in our house until it was deemed safe for him to be launched again into the world, my father used to put him on the train and go part way to Worcester with him. There was one conductor on the road who could be trusted with the perilous secret, and the outlaw would be left in his charge, to be started at the junction on the northern train. My parents gave each refugee, as they speeded him away, an addressed envelope, and this posted in the first Canadian town which was reached would come back to tell the friends who waited behind that they need be anxious no longer, for the exile was safe beyond the sad threatening conveyed in those evil days by the waving of the stars and stripes.

One evening there came a ring at our door, and when my father opened it a sudden burst of laughter startled the inmates of the house. The Scotch guide from Fall River stood there with a negro man who had been disguised by my aunt in a bonnet and shawl. The fellow, in spite of his dangerous plight, was so conscious of his ludicrous appearance that he could not contain himself. It was the fugitive who laughed then, but many years later it was the world that laughed at a fugitive of a different hue, who because he had sought to keep other men in slavery was destined to don a woman's clothes and fly before the advancing law.

When the Fugitive Slave Law was passed, many colored persons who had escaped from the South long before, and had lived in peaceful security in the North, felt that they were no longer safe within the borders of the United States. These unfortunate creatures huddled together their poor effects and fled to Canada. One such woman had lived for years in Fall River, when it was reported that the constable who arrested Anthony Burns had been seen prowling about the dwellings of the colored people in town. The Abolitionists became alarmed, thinking she was probably the object of his search, and sent her with three of her children to my parents, who kept her several days, till an older son, who had been at work at a distance, could be brought to go with her to Canada. In fear and terror this mother waited with her babies behind the locked doors of our house, and special plans were made to save her youngest child, should the officers get possession of the others. Finally the unhappy family were started on their journey, and the superintendent of the road going north from Worcester vowed he would put on an extra train to speed them onward, if it were necessary to do

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so, to secure their escape. The envelope came back at last, with the Canadian postmark, but no other tidings were ever received of these victims whom the United States could then only persecute.

Impositions were of course sometimes practiced on the Abolitionists. My parents once sheltered for several days a very charming, lovable young man, nearly white, who they afterwards had reason to think was a desperate criminal that had recently escaped from prison in Albany.

On one occasion two men came together to our place. The colored steward of a coasting vessel which ran between a Southern and a Massachusetts port secreted them on the bark, when it was bound on its homeward journey. He did not expect to go South again, and so dared to do it. He stowed one man in the hold, and kept the other hidden in his own berth. When the vessel reached its destination, he made them promise to remain on board all day, so as to give him time to get away inland, in order that his connection with their presence should not be suspected by the captain, if they were discovered. While they waited in such suspense as may be imagined, the captain went to the cabin to search for a leak. He came to the very berth where the frightened slave lay, and reached across him to feel of the wall. "An' oh," said the fugitive afterwards, "I made myself as flat as I could, but he felt me, an' pulled me out; an' I fell a-beggin' an' a-prayin' of him to let me go." The captain answered not a word, but turned on his heels, and left the dusky creature who was crying to him; and as he went up-stairs he locked two doors behind him. "But God knows," continued the poor fellow, "I could n't go back down dah, an' me a-layin' along-side of dat wharf."

He burst open the doors and fled up the staircase into the cold March sunlight. He sprang off the boat, — the captain ordered the sailors to stop him, but they never stirred, — and, bareheaded, without coat or shoes, the negro darted hither and thither through the town, till he found some colored people, who took him in and cared for him. "An' they fed me," he said, "an' they warmed me, an' they put a coat on me, an' they put shoes on me, an' I dunno what they did n't do to me."

He told his new friends about the other man who was still on the vessel, and in danger of being discovered by the captain, who evidently did not want to run the risk of being branded on the hand, like Jonathan Walker, when he returned to the South. A white man, who was taken into confidence, offered to get the fugitive away, and was told just where he was secreted. The rescuer went down after dark to the vessel, chatted with the captain, poked about the boat, and found the man. One can only fancy the excitement of that moment, and in what quick and agitated whispers instructions were given the negro what to do. It was managed somehow, and not only the white man, but the black man also, left the boat, — a trifling fact which the sulky captain did not notice.

We had in our family for a time as cook an old colored woman named Ellen. She and her son Charles had been slaves in Maryland, but their freedom had been purchased for them. She was a thrifty, useful creature, whom we all liked. The thing I most clearly remember about her is that she used to make a stew of the feet of chickens, which was pleasing to our juvenile appetites. We must have been a stupidly incurious set of youngsters, wholly absorbed in our own ways of living, for notwithstanding our intimacy with her I do not recollect that we ever got her to talk with us about her Maryland life, or tell us stories of her former experience.

Ellen expressed a desire to attend religious services soon after she came to our village, and was recommended to

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go to the Baptist church. She went once, and refused to go again. "Such a cold place!" she said. "I never was in such a cold place." "Why?" asked my mother innocently. "Did n't they have a fire?" "Oh," cried the disgusted negro woman, "mebbe they had a fire, but they did n't have no real religion in them! I did n't hear a single groan there; no, not so much as a grunt!"

A child's ideas of what information people possess as a matter of course vary according to circumstances. One of our small band once mentioned Socrates in Charles's presence, and when he asked who Socrates was made no reply, supposing that he knew and was inquiring in fun, and our mother had to interfere to draw an answer from the little lips. The unimportant fact that the questioner had been a slave in a State where he was not allowed to learn even to read did not seem to the eight-year old Northerner a sufficient cause to make ignorance about the Athenian philosopher presumable in any full-grown person.

My father's business was that of cotton manufacturing. In those days common people in New England had scarcely heard of the labor question. We lived peacefully and prosecuted our affairs calmly, while we condemned our Southern neighbors for sin, and our Northern ones for lukewarmness in regard to that sin, without once suspecting that conditions would ever arise which could cause our relations to human beings to come under criticism almost as sharp as that with which we favored the relations of the slave-holder to his slaves.

There was a refreshing simplicity about the anti-slavery issues as they lay in the minds of Garrisonian Abolitionists. They were very nourishing to the soul, though they sometimes conduced to a spirit of self-righteousness, and induced a habit of disobedience to the old command that we should judge not, lest we be judged. My private opinion is that most of these so-called fanatics, whether with or without good reason for their courage, would have feared no judgment which could have been meted out to them on earth or in heaven. They did not see two sides to any phase of their great question. There was to them one only right and one only wrong in all matters appertaining to it. As for worldly wisdom, they believed the phrase to be a contradiction in terms. There was but one wisdom, and that was not of this world, — it was of God. They were called irreligious because they termed the American church a brotherhood of thieves. The fact was that the certainty of their religious conviction as to right and wrong gave them the cool daring to use such phrases. They held that God cared for consequences when men did their duty. It was strong doctrine for eager, impressible children to imbibe. In our household we took it very seriously. Anti-slavery held the place in our family life which had been withdrawn from the occupancy of church influences, since they had been deemed tainted by the spirit of moral compromise. We made no jest and no play about anything concerned with Abolitionism, — unless it could be considered trifling with the sacred subject to name a pet kitten after Jessie Frémont. But then Garrisonians were so much more ultra than Republicans that tampering with Mrs. Frémont's name scarcely favored an approach to the inner temple of the family political creed. We used to play we were Indians, as we ran through the long aisles of green corn in the fields that stretched down to the river behind our house, but I do not remember that we ever pretended to be fugitives or slave-holders, or played at anything of the sort.

At the period of our family life, as regards our relations to anti-slavery and to Quakerism, which I am best able to

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describe, our nursery and school-room were filled by a group of the younger children of our parents, the older ones having passed

"To where beyond these voices there is peace."

Our habits were simple, and as we did not go to school, but received tuition at home, our development was not affected by a variety of influences which might have opposed and modified that exerted within the domestic shelter. Our garb still bore traces of Friendly fashions. The change from one religion to another is at bottom a very serious thing, but when the first religion has been one like Quakerism, prone to express itself in conventions and mannerisms, the transition period is inevitably marked by whimsicalities of conduct and curiosities in the way of opinion and feeling which, like fogs and dancing lights, obscure or render grotesque the solemn thoughts behind them. Hence there was great question among us whether hats were not too gay for the elder daughter to wear, and bonnets were made for her of drab silk drawn over a frame, and corded in little rows. Bonnets, however, would never stay on her head, but always tumbled to the back of her neck, and before she was ten years old her own preferences were consulted so far that she was allowed to wear hats, with the provision that although they might be trimmed under the brim with scarlet ribbons, the decoration of the crown was to be sober in color. In fact, notwithstanding the objection our parents had to concessions in politics, this child's head-gear was for many years a matter of compromise between conflicting principles.

We had not many pictures on our walls, for strict Quakers do not thus ornament their houses; and one good Friend, in the early years of our gradual departure from the ancient ways, mournfully rebuked my mother for keeping a plaster image, called The Fisher Boy, standing in an empty fireplace. He had come to make what is called a "religious visit," and he said — saintly, ignorant soul that he was — that he could not help, when he saw it, thinking of what "our Saviour said, that thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image," etc. It is perhaps needless to add that our mother did not feel, after this remark, as if she were likely to receive much spiritual enlightenment from the worthy brother. We had some pictures, as far back as I can remember, — an engraving of Correggio's Holy Night, and certain portraits, a print of George Fox, one of Wendell Phillips and of Theodore Parker, and that one of William Lloyd Garrison which bore beneath the likeness the famous sentence, "I am in earnest, I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard."

Our library was not large, but sufficient to insure some culture, though the works of Shakespeare and Milton were not there at first, and those of Young and Cowper were. Shakespeare was, however, soon conceded, and the reading of his plays formed an integral part of the education sought for the children. Anti-slavery literature was, of course, always open to us. Henry C. Wright once questioned one of the girls when she was six years old, and decided that she had already read Uncle Tom's Cabin. She was thenceforth considered a mild prodigy; but she herself was afterwards inclined to think her familiarity with the story at that time arose from diligent study of an illustrated abbreviation of it, part in prose and part in rhyme, prepared for infant minds, rather than from a complete mastery of the original volumes. Certain it is, nevertheless, that at the time she did actually read the novel she was still so young that when she came to Topsy's assertion, "I love candy and sich," she supposed "sich" to be the name of

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some especially delectable sweetmeat. Another book which this same little maid was fond of poring over at odd moments was a kind of anti-slavery catechism, wherein, by means of questions and answers, the cardinal doctrines of the Garrisonian Abolitionists were duly set forth and explained for the benefit of children. She was, in consequence of this occupation, quite able, at a very tender age, to give reasons very satisfactory to herself for believing that the "Union with slaveholders" should be dissolved, and for thinking it wrong to vote under the Constitution as it then stood.

Whittier was naturally the favorite family poet, and even the publication of Hiawatha scarcely obscured this preference. Our mother used to gather us about her, and have us read aloud the Quaker poet's verses in concert with her. This vocal exercise seemed to take the place that singing might have held in a household whose musical faculty had not been prostrated by two centuries of Quakerism and consequent disuse. We also committed his poems to memory, for childish declamation. Some of his lines, whoever pronounces them or in whatever manner they are spoken, still waken in my ear, like a spiritual echo, the young sing-song accents in which I heard them uttered then. And what words they were to sink into the souls of children in times when every word meant an existing fact!

> "Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
> To the rice-swamp, dank and lone,
> From Virginia's hills and waters, —
> Woe is me, my stolen daughters!"

Or the stanzas of the Branded Hand, which epitomize a complete moral philosophy as to the relations of man to man and to God, and declare

> "That he who treads profanely on the scrolls of law and creed,
> In the depths of God's great goodness may find mercy in his need;
> But woe to him who crushes the soul with chain and rod,
> And herds with lower natures the awful form of God."

Soul was, of course, emphasized to the extent of our juvenile ability, in delivering this passage; and not a bad word, either, is it to teach children to treat with reverential emphasis. There is no hint in these lines that the lower classes of human beings are hardly worthy the effort of the higher to save them. "What difference is there," asked a thoughtful young man of me, not long ago, "between a mere man and a brute?" Whittier's verses taught the youth of that earlier generation that "the one sole sacred thing beneath the cope of heaven is man."

When men believe their fellow-beings are little better than beasts they go to their aid reluctantly, lest it be not worth while to do so, or at best with a sort of melancholy tinging their determination. The Abolitionists believed that people were unlike animals, and were well worth saving, and so they possessed not only the courage of the martyrs, but the good cheer of the saints. "His was the happiest life I ever saw," said Wendell Phillips of William Lloyd Garrison.

The rendition of Anthony Burns was the first public event which I remember to have agitated our nursery. My mother wrote a little dialogue, which the two older boys, lads of eight and ten, recited at a village festival called an "exhibition." They personated two school-boys, one of whom was represented as being — perhaps rather unnaturally — unhappy because a fugitive had been returned to slavery from Boston.

"Sumner has got whipped," announced one of the boys on a certain day, and then had to explain very carefully what had happened before a younger child could comprehend the sad and disgraceful story. After that, the newspapers were searched, and much interest was taken by the children in read-

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ing every item about the great Senator's health, especially during the long years he spent in Europe. We were simply delighted at the death of Brooks. I remember rushing into our school-room with a wild cry of joy that "Bully Brooks was dead." The instinct for savage justice is, I fancy, more natural to children than any feeling of sympathy or pity. Hence we were only a trifle awed, and not in the least sorry, when our mother told us rather solemnly that the assassin's death had been very painful. Indeed, whether she meant it or not, I am quite sure I gathered from the tone of her voice the impression that she too considered that pain to be in the nature of divine retribution.

Our juvenile politics were somewhat affected by the Frémont campaign. We read poetry celebrating the exploits in the West of the popular hero, and what little sentiment was developed in us at that tender age was gratified by the romance of Jessie Benton's love. Our grandfather, Arnold Buffum, visited us at this season. He had never felt the force of Mr. Garrison's objections to political action, and was an ardent Republican. He went out into the fields and talked with the harvesters, and when he found one who shared his opinions he pronounced him "a remarkably intelligent man."

The village bestirred itself and got up public meetings. At one of these, my grandfather, while making a speech, fainted in the middle of a sentence, just as he pronounced the word "liberty." My mother, in commenting upon the occurrence, said that very likely her father would never speak in public again, for he was an old man by this time, and she thought it was very fitting that that word should be his last. My small heart swelled to hear such talk, and I felt that my grandfather must be a very important person; and had I had any clear notion what a martyr was, I should certainly have supposed that his fainting in the service of Frémont was something nearly akin to martyrdom.

Under all these influences our oldest boy swerved from strict Garrisonian principles, and went over to the Free Soil party. Being by some eight years too young to vote for his candidate, he contented himself with rigging up a United States flag. It was not customary to buy bunting for children, in those days. The boy got blue cloth, sewed white and red stripes on it, painted the stars in the proper place, and then wrote across the bottom the Frémont motto. He hoisted his banner on the barn. Then his younger brother went to work and made another flag, a large white one, and printed on it the Garrisonian shibboleth, "No Union with slave-holders," and this he placed on the housetop. These two emblems of the divided nature of the family anti-slavery faith floated serenely on the breeze during the campaign which ended in the election of James Buchanan to the presidency.

Several of our friends were interested in Spiritualism, and I heard at this period that a prophecy had been published in some paper to the effect that the struggle then pending would result in the choice of a President who would be a worse tool of slavery than any the country had yet had; that he would not serve out his term, which would be followed or interrupted by a terrible war. I used to grow quite frightened with thinking about this coming war.

Of course all the abolition speakers who declaimed in our neighborhood were our guests, and I believe that the children of the house liked them one and all. Sojourner Truth came once, and arranged for a meeting in the village church. The old colored woman seemed so sure beforehand that she was going to have a large audience that my mother warned her that she must not be too much disappointed if only a few persons came to hear her.

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"Oh, bless yer, chile," retorted Sojourner, "I never troubles myself about no such thing as that. If the Lord sees fit to send me anywheres to speak, an' don't see fit to send anybody to hear, it ain't no concern o' mine."

She told my mother that she had formerly mourned because she did not know how to read, but she had come not to mind it much; "for," she said, "if I could read, I s'pose I should always be saying over the thoughts I 'd read of other people's, an' now I have to think my thoughts out myself, an' I may as well have 'em first hand as anybody."

I first saw William Lloyd Garrison in an anti-slavery meeting in Providence, and the eagerness with which I waited his entrance into the hall testified to the constancy of the teaching which had impressed a very young person with the conviction that she was to see in this then comparatively obscure agitator the really great man of his day. In later years, Mr. Garrison's family and our own were on terms of friendly intimacy. He often visited our home, and the wondering awe with which I at first regarded him gradually grew into filial and familiar affection. No daily life was ever more perfect than Mr. Garrison's, and no one was ever kinder or more lovable both as host and guest. My warmest memories of him, however, belong to a period and to occasions which remove them from consideration in this paper, but still I must refer to the fact that he was with us in our happiest and our saddest hours: that he stood by the coffins of our dead; and that I saw him last, not long before his own death, when he smiled his benediction upon one of our number on the evening of her wedding-day. This leads me also to say that as many of the anti-slavery families of New England had been driven by various phases of their long moral warfare to break connection with the established churches, the leaders of the cause for whose sake they had made of themselves religious outlaws came to fill in their lives very much the same place that ministers had formerly held. If a death occurred, Mr. Garrison, or Mr. Phillips, or some other of the prominent speakers, was sent for to officiate at the funeral. Only such an one could say words which fitly embodied the moral aspirations and the religious hopes of his followers, and only such an one could offer the consolation suitable to men and women who had sacrificed social standing, business prosperity, church communion, and political ambition in behalf of a hated and despised reform. No one but an Abolitionist could enter into the heart of an Abolitionist in the supreme hour of bereavement, or could say, as Whittier did when the young Torrey died, with a full comprehension of what kind of excellence it was which had sunk into the grave, —

> "Be thy virtues with the living
> And thy spirit ours."

Indeed, nobody but an Abolitionist desired the perpetuation of those especial virtues and that unyielding spirit. So the leaders of the cause became quite naturally, and in the best sense of the words, the religious priests of their party. They officiated at Sunday meetings as well as conducted funerals, and doubtless would have performed the marriage ceremonies in anti-slavery families could they have done so legally.

Our acquaintance with Wendell Phillips was never quite on the same footing as that with Mr. Garrison, partly, perhaps, because his wife was a childless invalid, and our family lives did not touch each other; but the charm of his beautiful personality was so strong that it greatly influenced the imagination of anti-slavery youth. He was at once winningly courteous to the little child who interrupted grave talk with some impatient question, and tenderly considerate to the same child when a fit of bashfulness caused it to stand dumb

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and helpless before him, dreading to break in on his conversation with the farewell salutation which politeness required should be made at the hour of bed-time. It was in such simple ways that he won and kept affection, and made his entrance to a house a signal for joy to the children. There was an element in his nature somewhat difficult to understand, which in public declared itself in his apparent calmness while he was pouring forth his fiery eloquence. In private conversation, on the contrary, he permitted an easy play of superficial emotion in his words and manner. I fancy that he held so much in reserve that this minor manifestation of feeling was almost a necessity. However much or little he knew of art in its usual sphere of action, he was personally artistic; that is, there was a quality of beauty in all his moods, and in the speech and gesture with which he made them articulate. There was something graceful not only in his affections, but in his hatreds. He was artistic in oratory, because he not only spoke, but felt, according to some law of harmony, which caused all his passions as well as his moral sentiments to translate themselves into ideal forms.

I never knew him intimately, and I saw most of him during the later years, which for various reasons probably were among the saddest of life. He was susceptible to the influences of society and friendship, and I have seen him several times when he was pleased and once or twice when he was gay; and I recall the gentle smile with which he listened when, on one occasion, I made my baby, who was just beginning to talk, recite a few words from one of his own speeches. A tinge of melancholy often prevailed with him, and sometimes showed itself in ways that were pathetic, as if he had endured so much that he had "come to be grateful for a little thing."

Probably many of those who were boys and girls in anti-slavery families during Mr. Phillips's career formed their ideas of political ethics from his speeches, and some such found in his teaching a moral method which they have been able to apply to the questions that have loomed into prominence in later days. He foreshadowed, indeed, many of the political and ethical problems that have recently become important. He was perhaps the first American of gentle blood and breeding to perceive sympathetically the significance of the infant labor movement. He may have made mistakes in his estimates of certain men or measures connected with it, but no errors in such matters of detail, committed in the vague and confused beginning of a historic period or evolution, are of any consequence, compared with the immense merit of having seen so early that a great idea was struggling into birth. The tendency of his mind was, I think, distinctly opposed to the no-government theories which sway such men as Tolstoï on the one side of the radical party, and P. Krapotkine on the other. Yet their final aims and ideals of life are similar to those by which he was actuated, and one cannot help wondering whether, if he were living now, he would be at all influenced by them. He was a consistent believer in government of the people by the people, yet he said to me, not many years before his death, that the ideal government would be one by an enlightened and conscientious oligarchy, were it possible to get such an oligarchy. He did not think it was possible, because he held that power always demoralized its possessor. He detested mobs, though he believed in revolution. He certainly thought that if men did wrong society had the right to do something about it; hence he was not an extreme individualist, although he had set his individual conscience against the law and the society and the church of his day.

My mother had a habit of preserving newspapers, and our attic was stored

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with rolls upon rolls of old Liberators and Anti-Slavery Standards. I used to turn them over for hours at a time, and read with a fascinated attention the reports of stirring debates and eloquent speeches, and thereby not only learned the anti-slavery history of the country, but got at the very heart of a movement in which I was too young to share. There were others beside myself, among the children of that period, who in some similar way experienced a sort of participation in a struggle which closed just as they were ready to enter into it actively. To such as these there ensued a mental age, even while they were still young in the flesh. Nothing makes the mind feel old like the sense of having been intimately connected with a phase of life that is wholly dead, and these youths had entered into the spirit of the anti-slavery epoch as fully as their elders. They have followed its heroes to the grave, and find it strange,

> "With so much gone
> Of life and love, to still live on."

Sometimes, they almost feel that their keenest interests, their bravest faith and best aspirations, were thwarted by their fate. They were trained for a conflict in which they were not permitted to fight, and like the last knight of the Round Table, when that circle was dissolved "which was an image of the mighty world," they go forth "companionless" to meet "new men, strange faces, other minds."

It was by means of these hoarded newspapers that I became familiar with the wit of Edmund Quincy, who spent his best powers in a series of letters to the Standard. His style was elegant and his mind effervescent, but his heart directed the bubbling action of his brain, and so reform instead of literature received that rare and delicate wine into its chalice.

When John Brown made his attack on Harper's Ferry our quiet household was deeply stirred. Mrs. S., a sister of my mother's, took her eldest son and traveled through shuddering Maryland to Charlestown, and by persistent effort obtained admission to the old man's prison cell. She found that there was no way she could serve him on the spot, except by speaking a few kind words. Deeply impressed by his manner and character, which she said were far finer and grander than she had expected, she returned home, and devoted all her energies for the next few weeks to procuring for him such comforts as the authorities permitted him to have. After his death she continued her friendly ministrations to his young comrades, and concerned herself in a plan to rescue two of them. She became especially interested in Stephens and Hazlitt, who were not executed until the following March. She corresponded with Stephens, and the letters she received from him proclaimed him to be a man of simple, earnest, sincere nature, and of unpretending heroism. She entertained his friends in her home, and speeded on her way a young girl who went to Virginia, and, literally on her knees, vainly besought the governor to pardon him. After the execution of Stephens and Hazlitt, Mrs. S. and her husband had the bodies of the victims brought to their house for funeral honors, and buried on their estate. This action caused Mr. S. to lose Southern trade, a result which did not prove wholly unfortunate, since, when the war broke out, the firm with which he was connected had few non-paying Southern creditors over whom to mourn.

In this connection I find it incumbent on me to make a confession. The only time I remember to have felt shy or shame-stricken over the family peculiarities of political opinion was on that December day when John Brown was hanged. Some of my village comrades asked me who was dead, that we had crape on our door. They asked so simply, and seemed so unconscious that

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anything was happening in distant Virginia which could possibly cause grief in Rhode Island, that I became suddenly abashed with a vague sense that it was a little absurd to be so different from one's neighbors as to put crape on one's door when nobody else did. I hesitated somewhat and made my answer brief, as if I wished to close conversation on that subject. It must, however, be recorded that my explanation was received respectfully, and it may be that my little friends had in their turn a moment of surprise and mortification because they were different from us, and had no sign of lamentation on their own doors.

When the Southern troops fired upon Fort Sumter, childhood ceased in many a Northern home rather prematurely. During the following four years some strong emotion was felt every day, which was caused by something quite outside the trivial events of home life; and such experience could not fail to leave lasting marks on the characters of the boys and girls of that generation. They were never quite careless and light-hearted, like the youths who are nurtured in peace. Their most mirthful meetings were "circles," where the maidens sewed and knit for the soldiers. Their jests often savored of tragic and historic passions, as when my young brother vowed he would not cut his hair till Richmond was taken.

My father was over sixty when the war broke out and threatened him with financial ruin, but he said that he did not care if poverty awaited him in his age, "if only the slaves got free." He was a reserved man, shy of expressing feeling or thought, and the effort of speech on such a matter made his lips tremble. He had a very beautiful face, and it is still easy to fancy the glow upon it when, one September morning, he came eagerly into the house, and shouted up the staircase to the mother and children above the good news that the President had issued the first Emancipation Proclamation.

After that day the Abolitionists were possessed of an assured hope that the country would be saved, and that "after freedom" her bells would "ring peace." That hope, though sometimes obscured, was never wholly darkened again, even on that later April day when once more the father came sadly home, bearing the tidings that Abraham Lincoln had been murdered.

Lillie B. Chace Wyman.

THE BEGUM'S DAUGHTER.

XII.

Hester naturally trembled at thought of the consequences, both to Steenie and herself, of being dragged before her father in his present mood. Despite her entreaties, however, the zealous Rip hurried his prisoners towards the fort.

To all inquirers on the way he bawled out triumphantly, "Papists! C-caught at last — caught hatching a p-plot. See the wretches! They would butcher us — they would fire the t-t-town!"

Upon the green outside the gates they came upon a group of people loitering to discuss the extraordinary state of affairs. Hailing them in clarion tones, Rip proclaimed his discovery. Encouraged by their gaping wonder, he was going on to enlarge upon the importance of the capture, when his eye fell upon a familiar object in the crowd. He stopped short in his bombast. His voice

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stuck in his throat; the martial insolence faded from his eye, the swagger from his gait. Pausing in his march, the hulking, roistering sergeant visibly slunk into an abashed clown before the apparition of a grim little figure which suddenly stepped forth from the throng.

"Zoo!" it began in a corvine croak.

"'T is you — m-my treasure?"

"You are a great soldier!"

"Ei?"

"Already the war is begun, then?"

"N-not yet."

"But Vrouw Litschoe, good woman, keeps up the courage till you go, ei?"

"Th-the church is out early to-to-day," said the disconcerted sergeant, with a puerile attempt to change the subject.

"A great, *great* soldier!" repeated the vrouw, with a withering survey of her spouse.

Finding his muddled wits quite unequal to the occasion, and having from long experience a well-grounded dread as to the result of the dispute, Rip forbore to answer, but with a tipsy assumption of dignity beckoned his wife to a private parley.

"C-come here, my treasure! Co-come to me! I would — hic — talk to ye. Here, I say!" He repeated the invitation in tones ranging through the whole gamut of expression, from rotund command to faltering entreaty, his pleading enforced by insinuating signals of a fat forefinger.

But his inflexible helpmeet disdaining to budge from her position, Mahomet must needs go to the mountain. Edging up to her, therefore, with a very unmartial bearing, he entered upon an undertoned, deprecating explanation, to which the listener, scorning all subterfuge, replied by loud sniffs of disgust.

Meantime, the prisoners looked on with differing emotions. Steenie, too much outraged at the indignity offered them to heed anything else, was impatient at the interruption, but Hester, recognizing in the little vrouw a possible ally, eagerly called her by name.

Tryntie, who had thus far been so taken up with her husband that she had not heeded his following, looked dumfounded at sight of the captives.

"Tryntie, Tryntie, see you! 't is Mynheer Van Cortlandt. We are seized for Papists, — Papists, mind you!"

"Goede Hemel!"

"He — we have done no harm. We were sitting yonder by the sea. What think you my mother will say to see me dragged through the streets for a Papist, — and on the Lord's Day, too?"

"Ye hear, — ye see what ye do!" cried Tryntie, shaking her husband's arm in her consternation.

Gathering himself with much ado, the sergeant stared blankly at his prisoners.

"He affects not to know us, — he is made a fool by the brandewyn. Tell him, Tryntie, tell him we are not Papists."

"Look ye! 't is Hester and Mynheer Van Cortlandt ye have here. They come from the church, — I have seen them there myself."

"These P-Papists, say ye?"

"Do ye take for Papists honest people coming from church? Church, mind ye! 'T is better than Vrouw Litschoe's. A soldier! Ugh! go home to bed!"

The crest-fallen sergeant stood helplessly staring.

"If these be n-not Papists, wh-where be the P-Papists?"

"Go ask the captain; 't is he talks of Papists. Go, I say, and take to him his own child for a Papist: what then comes about?"

"Ei?"

"The sergeant is whipped at the cart's tail and drummed out of town for a drunken fool."

"Wh-where be the Papists, then?" repeated Rip, with tipsy persistence.

"Set these free, and go look for them at the pot-house."

"Set 'em free! — let 'em go free! hear

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ye?" hiccoughed the sergeant, turning angrily to his men. "My vrouw says these be not P-Papists, 'n' she knows. Wh-what are ye doin' wi-with these, ei? Ye 've made a bl-blunder, see? Let 'em g-go, I say!"

It was only after several emphatic repetitions of the order that the guard, who were all more or less deeply indebted to Vrouw Litschoe's, reluctantly obeyed.

Hardly had the liberated pair thanked Tryntie for her good offices, when Hester, recognizing among a group of people just issuing from the gates some members of her own family, whispered aside to her companion: —

"Go — quick! Let them not see us together!"

"And you — you will go back to prison, then?"

"There is no help."

"Where — when shall we meet again?"

"Go, go! They come this way."

"The bouwerie."

Hester looked quickly at Tryntie, who nodded emphatically.

"Find some pretext to go there — soon — to-morrow!" whispered Steenie hurriedly.

In a moment more he was lost in the crowd.

Next day the junker set out betimes to keep his tryst with Hester. On account of the shorter distance, he chose to go by way of the Landpoort.

It was a bright June morning; a fresh wind blew up from the water, the lilacs and apple blossoms in the gardens along the road filled the air with sweetness, and the young man's spirits, buoyed up by so many cheering associations, rose to the pitch of confidence. With youth, health, vigor, an ardent love, a soaring hope, as allies, what could avail against him?

Walking briskly forward, he thought out in detail his scheme for Hester's relief. It seemed there could never be a more favorable time for carrying it into effect than now, while her father's whole mind was intent upon the crisis in public affairs.

Despite his sanguine mood, however, a whole crop of little doubts sprang up in his path like the weeds by the wayside. Would Hester's courage uphold her at the ripe moment? Would his kinswoman receive her, under the circumstances? Could he keep the matter from his own family? Might not Leisler raise a hue and cry which would make any hiding-place impossible? Would Dominie Selyns approve? Last, but first in present interest, would Hester be able to find a pretext for keeping her appointment at the bouwerie?

Absorbed with these riddles, he heeded not, until close upon them, some persons in the highway, evidently engaged in an altercation. Something unusual in the character of the group drew his attention: a number of Indians — the upper end of the island was still swarming with them — seemed to be barring the way of a traveler, whose escort of slaves made loud and vehement protestation.

Drawing nearer, Steenie recognized a well-known and striking object, and a moment's attention made him master of the situation. In the midst of the road stood the begum's palanquin, — a light, graceful kind of litter which Dr. Staats had imported from India for his wife's use, as she could by no means be persuaded to trust herself in the saddle, after the fashion of the Dutch ladies. The Indians, a strolling band of Najacks, accustomed to look upon the blacks with contempt on account of their servile condition, meeting, as they supposed, one of that despised race riding in such state upon the highway, had stopped the little cavalcade to satisfy their curiosity, greatly to the terror and disgust of the lady. But regardless of her fear and repugnance, they coolly persisted in examining her jewels and fingering her garments, with many grunts of perplexity and

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admiration. It was while she was undergoing this ordeal that Steenie approached. Directly she caught sight of him the lady called loudly for aid.

Having heard her complaint, the junker turned upon the savages with an air of authority, announced himself a son of the mayor, reproved them sharply for interfering with the lady, whose rank he duly described, and concluded by warning them, upon pain of bringing their people into disfavor with his townsmen, against repeating the rudeness.

Impressed by the stature and bearing of the new-comer, the Indians, disclaiming all evil intent, went their way.

In view of the daily familiar intercourse then existing between the Indians and the colonists, the whole affair was quite commonplace. The begum, however, chose to look upon it otherwise. It was her first encounter with the red men, and she could not be persuaded they intended anything less than assassination.

Regarding her deliverance as a true feat of knight-errantry, she was eloquent in thanks; more eloquent, indeed, than intelligible to Steenie, who stared at such tropical fervor. In her Oriental zeal nothing would do but to make her gratitude concrete. It must needs have a symbol. Drawing from her finger, therefore, a ring of value, she pressed it upon her benefactor. By no means clear that the ring was not proffered by way of reward, he indignantly declined it. Thereupon she would know the name of one to whom she was under such an eternal obligation. Intent only upon keeping his appointment, Steenie muttered his name and strode away, leaving the lady peering after him from between the parted draperies of her palanquin with a new and quite particular interest.

Rip found himself very heavy, that same Monday morning. It was with much difficulty that his thrifty little wife routed him out of bed in time for breakfast at sunrise. Although coming off sound in limb and wind, he had nevertheless found his campaigning somewhat exhausting. Nerves so long strained to repel the attack of oncoming hosts needed unbending. He felt himself listless. He was in no mood for work. As laws are silent among arms, so, too, for the most part, the arts of peace languish. The ploughshare grows rusty while the sabre gleams. It need scarcely be said that things at the bouwerie were sadly neglected.

Tryntie, well aware of this, had not failed to hint more than once that things were going to rack and ruin. Moreover, with a woman's insensibility to argument, she could not be brought to understand how impossible it is for one to be a warrior to-day and a farmer to-morrow, how painfully the smock cramps the chest high swollen from the shining cuirass, and how ill it consorts with human blood and nature to come back enthusiastically to the half-finished furrow with the clang of cymbals still ringing in the ears. But by every hero and patriot of his own sex, it will be readily understood why, after the cattle were fed and a few necessary chores done, Rip showed no disposition to go afield.

Meantime, the expected visitors, either or both, might arrive at any moment. Once let Rip see them together or suspect the cause of their coming, and all hope of secrecy was at an end. In doubt as to his purposes, Tryntie indulged in a little skirmishing.

"'T is three hours after sunrise."

"Well-nigh."

"You will be late yonder."

"I go not to-day."

"The war is over, then?"

"I had my turn yesterday."

"Zoo! one fights not every day in war?"

"'T is time for that when the enemy comes."

"He stays a long time away, this enemy."

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"Never fear but he comes quick enough when I am killed, and you have to till the bouwerie by yourself!"

"I tremble not for that till it comes."

"Zoo!"

Time was flying; the sun was now nearly four hours high. Tryntie became agitated, although not yet barren of expedients. Having watched Rip pack his pipe for a long smoke and settle himself with a grunt of comfort in the doorway, she began again in some precipitancy.

"There be many down there?"

"At the fort?"

"Mm-m."

"A great crowd."

"Where comes the food from?"

"Who knows?"

"They must needs buy a great store."

"Cartloads."

"We sold not any yet."

"Ei?"

"We have hoof-kaas and rolliches to spare; then there be our apples rotting in the cellar."

Slowly but surely the suggestion did its work. The smoker's eyes kindled with a speculative gleam, his lips contracted into a pucker of resolution. The instinct of the chapman was aroused. Starting up at last, he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and declared energetically, —

"'T is a good thought! I go there."

"'T is late for to-day," suggested Tryntie conservatively.

"Damn! No; it is plenty of time. Get ready the basket. I go now."

Tryntie showed no exultation at the success of her tactics. She quietly packed the basket, and from the doorway watched her swaggering spouse out of sight, as he went striding away on his errand to town.

It was well that Rip took a short cut across the fields, that morning, or he would have met the incautious Steenie plunging along the highway, and thus all Tryntie's trouble would have gone for nothing.

It was, to be sure, a ridiculously early hour for such high, tragic, grave, and tender business as Steenie had in hand, and so he had sense enough to see for himself when he came to the door of the cottage, and found Tryntie still busy over her breakfast pots and pans. He lost nothing in the vrouw's eyes by excess of ardor, it would appear, for she received him with the most respectful deference, brought him a glass of cool buttermilk as he sat in the shaded stoop mopping his forehead, and listened with a flush of pleasure to his praises and thanks for her aid the day before.

"Sh-h! sh-h! in with ye, Mynheer!" called the little dame warningly in the midst of their talk. "Here they come; she, and her brother with her. In with ye, quick, or the cat 's out of the bag."

Hardly had Steenie vanished through the door when Jacob Leisler, Jr., came riding up, with his sister on a pillion.

"Here 's Hester come to stay with ye, huysvrouw, while I go to Sapokanican in search of forage. She is to be home, mind ye, by noon, in case I come not back this way, and you may send Rip with her."

Tryntie received this blunt message with a scant courtesy and not a word of comment. Hester, waiting only until her brother was out of sight, turned with inquiring eye to Tryntie, who answered only by a nod.

"And Rip?"

"Yonder!" with thumb pointing townwards.

Thereupon, without wasting further time in empty compliments, the thoughtful vrouw caught up her offspring, who came creeping to the door, leaving a long wake on the sanded floor behind him, and went back to her pots and pans.

Although the watcher within lost no time in taking her place, it was not until a full half hour had been wasted in preliminaries and incoherent talk that he suddenly bethought him of the object of their meeting.

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"Things go no better at home?"

Hester shook her head.

"He knows of your coming hither?"

"That does he not, else be sure I had never come."

"He keeps guard over you still?"

"No; he takes little heed of any one; he thinks only of yesterday."

"And the failure of his prophecy — Did I not warn you? 'Papists and plots'! Faugh! there is no plotter here but him!"

"He has nothing but threats and curses for his Excellency, for your father and Colonel Bayard; 't is a most bitter hatred he cherishes for all three."

"Never fear but 't is well repaid."

"He grows mightier and mightier at home," continued Hester, rehearsing new causes of grievance as if with deliberate intent to inflame her hearer's mind.

"Curse him for a tyrant!"

"Jacob and mother believe him a great prophet, like them told of in the Bible. They think all he does is right, and that God is behind him."

"They are daft!"

"Heaven knows what he may choose to do next!"

"'T is best not to wait upon his whims."

He looked at her inquiringly; she let him draw what inference he would from her silence.

"'T is best to escape now while we can," he went on, still without evoking an answer.

"You are unhappy there?" he began again, after a little pause.

She nodded.

"Come, then! let us not lose another day! I will take measures at once."

Startled out of her silence by these decisive words, she faltered, in a voice full of doubt and trouble, —

"If I were but assured it is not wrong!"

"Never fear! it cannot be wrong. Tryntie shall go with us to Vlacktebos. I will take counsel of the dominie."

"And the dominie, — think not but that he will go straightway to *him* with the story."

"That will he not."

Absorbed in their discussion, they had unconsciously sauntered out upon the highway, and so, quite regardless of precaution, on towards the town. They brought up at last at the Landpoort.

"What say you?" asked Steenie, anxious for a decision.

"I would have guidance before I can move in the matter."

"'T is not safe; who is there we can trust?"

"I will pray upon it by myself, then, and let you know my mind."

"Do! and as soon as may be Tryntie shall come to you to bring me your answer. Meantime, I will have all things in readiness."

"Hush!"

They were startled by the apparition of a man's head above the city gate.

"What 's this? — the gates locked at midday!" said the junker in consternation.

So it proved. For the first time that very morning, in a passing fit of suspicion, Leisler had stationed guards at the gates, with orders to challenge all passers and inquire into their business.

Indignant at such a tyrannical measure, Steenie answered defiantly. The altercation brought to the spot the captain of the guard, who proved to be no other than the redoubtable Joost Stoll.

One glance showed this astute official the situation. The young people saw themselves detected. Stoll had been a witness of their former humiliation. Taking advantage of this knowledge and of his present position, therefore, he roughly bade them enter, sent Steenie on his way with threats and curses, and gave Hester in charge of an armed escort, to be taken to her father's house.

It was dinner-time, as it chanced, and Leisler was at home. Outraged beyond words by Stoll's report, he sent for the

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refractory girl. She came, looking ready to fall.

The stern father regarded her in grim silence for a whole minute, as if to let her taste in full measure the awe and suspense proper to the moment before the thunderbolt of his wrath descended.

"So," he began at last, "ye dare to look at me? Ye dare to stand before my face? Ye will not mind what I say, ei? Ye will run away from home? Ye will go after that long-legged poltroon, that scurvy cub of a Papist, — ye *will*, I say!"

Hester turned white before the gathering blast, her breath came short and quick, she clutched the chair before her for support; but for all that, there appeared in her streaming eyes and compressed, quivering lips a look of immovable stubbornness, which for the moment invested her face with a startling likeness to the formidable one she confronted.

"By God! we will see!"

The hurtling bolt seemed to shake the ground beneath her and fill the air with whirring stars, yet she made no attempt to move, but stood holding fast to the friendly chair, and never averted her eyes from the fierce glare bent upon her.

"I will teach ye now a lesson ye'll never need to learn again! I will" —

The sentence was never finished. There was a confused noise and movement near at hand. In her bewilderment Hester was only conscious of a slave standing in the open doorway, saying over and over the word *gone*.

"What?" shouted Leisler, starting from his seat.

"The governor!"

"Nicholson?"

"He has run away!"

"When — where?"

"In a ship to London!"

"Quick! let me pass!" And brushing his forgotten daughter from his path, the excited captain strode in hot haste from the room.

XIII.

Partly to see that his ketch was in good sailing trim, and partly, it is suspected, to have an opportunity to wrestle with his anxieties, Steenie went that afternoon for a sail. Chance-led, he took a spin up the North River, without much heeding the conditions of wind and tide. In consequence he spent the afternoon in tacking to get back, reaching the city just before sun-down.

Skirting the western shore of the island on his home stretch, he noticed a solitary figure upon the Copake rocks. Idly scanning it as he came nearer, he recognized Catalina, fishing.

The rocks, originally a continuous ledge, had been wrought by the triturating waves into the semblance of a huge dumb-bell, — two big, rounded knobs connected by a rugged isthmus, over which, at high tide, the water flowed amain. It was on the outer one that Catalina sat.

Knowing that the tide was coming in, the sailor thought proper to warn the little fisher-maid. He hailed her repeatedly, however, without result; she was absorbed in her sport, and the wind was against him.

Presently, having occasion to renew her bait, she looked up. He shouted again with might and main, making at the same time vigorous signs for her to leave the place. Failing to hear his words, misconstruing his gestures, and having no high opinion of him at best, she received his warning with silent contempt, and quietly went on with her fishing. His outburst of vexation at her willfulness ended in a good-humored laugh.

A half hour later, having moored his ketch and landed in the dock, he bethought him again of the disdainful fisher, and went roundabout, on his way home, to look after her.

A glance showed that his warning

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had been well founded. There she was, a prisoner; the narrow path between the rocks being already covered by the tide, whose angry surface presented to the aghast Catalina a barrier as effectual as though it had been fathoms deep.

Finding her retreat cut off, her cries for help drowned by the hurly-burly of winds and waters, she stood looking about her with a pathetic air of helplessness. The sight of the junker aroused her ebbing spirit; she made a move as if to attempt the passage. Steenie shouted, to stop her. Unheeding his warning as before, she boldly persisted. Hardly had she gone a dozen steps when a breaker, rolling in, nearly swept her from the path. She retreated in dismay.

The spectator's face beamed with quiet gratification.

"Shall I come for you?" he called demurely.

"No!" The answer was prompt and emphatic.

Thereupon, without pressing the matter, he lighted his pipe and sat down upon a neighboring rock.

Meantime the day was gone, the afterglow was fast fading from the west, and the prisoner presently began to grow anxious. Again and again she studied the situation, casting seaward and landward wistful, fruitless glances. There was no choice of resources.

At last, when his pipe was smoked out, and the opposite rock began to look like a silhouette against the gray of the sky, hearing no sign of relenting from the stubborn little maid, Steenie threw off his coat and shoes to go to her.

From his look of repressed amusement it was plain he was thinking more of humbling his rebellious captive than of the task before him. His expression speedily changed. He found that he had undertaken a serious business. He had much ado, indeed, to keep his footing, and reached the outer rock somewhat spent in breath.

Drenched and trembling, Catalina stood awaiting him. With contrite promptness she now obeyed his directions. For him, such had been the sobering effects of the transit, he seemed quite to have forgotten his purpose of triumphing.

"Poor little Catalina," he said gently, as he stretched forth his stalwart hand to help her down the slippery rock.

Cunning junker! That one touch of tenderness secured him a swifter triumph than the choicest store of gibes and sarcasm. Hiding her face upon his shoulder, the humbled maiden sobbed aloud.

But there was no time for condolence. Grasping his quaking little companion firmly by both hands, and bracing himself against the undertow, Steenie moved backward step by step along the well-known path.

On a level the water scarcely reached to his waist, but tossed about as it was, and reinforced by an occasional breaker, it seemed to Catalina of formidable depth. With gasping breath and suppressed cries of terror, she watched the combing billows bearing down upon them in the darkness, and clung with desperate hold to her guide as the crest passed them by.

Bidding his terrified charge to hold fast and not be afraid, Steenie kept steadily on. A score of paces and the worst was over. The rest of the way was easy, and presently they came crawling up, safe and sound, out of the maelstrom. Mindful of their dripping state, Steenie was for putting his dry coat upon Catalina. Still gasping, she protested: —

"No! No!"

"'T is only till we reach your door."

"No!"

"I can take it then myself."

"You need to go home. You shall not go with me. I know the way for myself."

"The cats will hunt you for a drowned rat. Come."

"No!"

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"Why not, pray you?"

"I have well-nigh cost you life already."

"What then?"

"'T is enough."

"'T is nothing, so we henceforth swear a peace."

He waited as if for an answer.

"Say, shall we be friends or no?" he persisted, holding out the coat.

Without a word she suddenly stooped, kissed one of his cold, wet hands, and ran away.

Several days afterwards, returning from the neighborhood of the fort, Steenie passed Dr. Staats's house, and bethought him to ask after the fugitive.

Hearing voices in the garden, he loitered to peer over the fence, when a slave came to bid him enter, the begum having seen him from the stoop, where she was at work behind the vines.

Receiving him with every mark of distinction, the lady straightway proceeded to bewilder her guest with lavish and Oriental acknowledgment of his late service. Involved, iterated and reiterated, her song of praise was rehearsed with fugue-like intricacy.

The junker had much ado to keep his face.

"'T was nothing," he said at last in protest. "I but helped her over a deep place."

Disconcerted by this bald bit of prose after all her poetry, the lady studied her visitor attentively.

"I hope she got no harm from the soaking?" he asked.

"You shall see for yourself. Will it please you to come in?" she said, leading the way to the parlor.

Although the slave sent to summon her reported that she was in the garden, Catalina delayed an unconscionable time in coming.

Directly she appeared the cause of the delay was apparent. She had made a toilet.

The begum suffered a fleeting little look of surprise to run the guard of her controlling muscles upon noting this new freak of her harum-scarum daughter.

But if the mother was perplexed at her toilet, the visitor was more puzzled at her behavior. His surprise, moreover, was clearly not altogether an agreeable one; he evidently missed an expected entertainment.

Coming in, she lingered timorously upon the threshold; she courtesied with drooped eyes; she stood in much constraint while stammering forth her greeting.

"I hope you are well, Mynheer, after that — after what you went through?"

"Many thanks for your concern. Never fear for me. I am neither sugar nor salt, to be hurt by a wetting. 'T is you should have dissolved, going home without a coat."

"I took no harm."

"So? All is then for the best. Have you heard, madam," turning to the begum with a quizzical air, "the outcome of our adventure yonder? Catalina and I have sworn a pact. From deadly foes we are become fast friends."

The mother looked with inquiring eyes at her daughter. Catalina flushed, but whether at the words or tone did not appear.

"Eh, is it not so?" demanded the visitor.

"I cannot say."

The questioner's face lighted up. Hopeful of having at last struck out an old-time spark of contradiction, he made haste to fan it.

"Confess, now."

"What shall I confess?"

"That we are fast friends."

"I know not if we be."

"Fie! Here's a pretty going back upon your word!" cried Steenie, with rising hope, as he drew his chair nearer to Catalina.

"There is no going back."

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"What? Will you keep your promise?"

"Yes — no. I gave no promise."

Although these last few answers were scarcely audible on account of the growing embarrassment of the speaker, the pertinacious cross-examiner kept on.

"Will you tell me 't was all for nothing, our peace-making yonder on the rocks?"

"'T is not for me to tell."

"How then?"

"I — you — it is for time to show."

"A going back, — a plain going back. Madam, you shall judge."

The begum, however, proved an indifferent accomplice in badinage. Western humor bewildered her at best. Moreover, she was at the moment profoundly preoccupied with a new thought she had just conceived with regard to the pair before her.

Disconcerted by the grave look of the mother, Steenie turned back to the daughter, but the daughter had flown.

XIV.

For the second time in forty-eight hours chance had stepped in to save Hester from the penalty of her contumacy. All thoughts of lesser matters were naturally overborne in her father's mind by the astounding report just brought to him.

The report, moreover, proved true. It soon came out that the lieutenant-governor, finding his authority gone and seeing no means of regaining it, had been for several days quietly making arrangements for his flight.

Departing, he cast behind him a Parthian shaft: he left the government in solemn form to his three councilors. Had Leisler been gifted with a spark of humor, he would have smiled grimly at such child's play. In truth it filled him with needless rage.

Wrath, however, did not dim his political vision. He saw plainly the consequences of the flight. The whole situation was simplified. Directly the darkened sky cleared, and behold a horizon of possibility opened vast and wide before him. It was an hour of opportunity, of which, needless to say, not a moment was lost.

With the instinct of leadership, he recognized the instant need of fortifying his usurped authority by an appearance of popular sanction. With the directness and resistless energy of a born leader he carried out his purpose.

By a scratch of the pen he changed the name of the fort from *James* to *William*. In a few rude, stirring words, void of grammar or coherence, he proclaimed the government vacant, and called a convention to organize a committee of safety, after the fashion of the Bostoneers.

"Men and brethren," he cried to the assembled delegates, "the trumpet of the Lord has sounded, and the hosts of the enemy are flying before us. Him they called leader has stolen away like a coward, and deserted his post. The finger of God is in it. It means that the reign of tyrants and Papists is over, — over forever. We will have no more to do with Popes and their minions. We are left to our own guidance. In this hour of darkness the voice of the Lord has come to me, saying, 'Get ye up and do your duty!' I obey the call! I give up my business, I neglect my family, I waste my substance, — all for the good of my country. Ay," he went on, with uplifted arm and in a loftier strain, "like the great Cromwell I have been called to save this people from tyrants and oppressors. As God is my witness, I will not fail ye! From this hour forth, by day and by night, I will hunt down your enemies. There shall be no more soft measures. *The sword henceforth must rule!*"

Electrified by these bold words, the astonished delegates answered by a

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mighty shout, which was caught up and prolonged by the expectant crowd without.

His eyes flaming, his strong voice swelling in triumph, the orator continued: —

"The sword, I say, must rule and shall rule until every Papist and aristocrat be driven from the land like that dog Nicholson, or sent to burn in hell fire whence they came! Take heed, then, ye do what belongs to ye in this cause! Take heed ye uphold my arm! Go on speedily, and take such measures as are needful for the common good! Choose ye a committee like them in Boston yonder, who shall have charge to carry out such business as I commit to ye. Do your duty like men, and have no fear. I will see no harm comes to ye."

All the world knows the result of the convention. A committee was chosen for the general direction of affairs under the executive control of Leisler, who by a liberal construction of his powers speedily converted his trust into a virtual dictatorship.

But with no training in public affairs, Leisler found the career he had started on abounding in snares and pitfalls; that instinct does not always avail in state-craft; that knowledge of laws, precedents, ways, and means does not necessarily go with usurped insignia of power. In vain he strove to cut his way through all these red-tape entanglements by force and violence. He stumbled and floundered at every step; he saw too late his own mistakes, and realized with bitterness the ridicule which his ignorance must inevitably awaken.

In this hour of his need, as if heaven-sent, came to him an ally. The whole world might have been ransacked in vain for a coadjutor more fit. Jacob Milborne proved an ancient after his own heart. Accomplished in all wherein Leisler was wanting, he straightway smoothed the path of technical obstructions, masked audacious innovation under a specious cloak of precedent, and saved the dictator from contempt by turning his ill-spelt, ungrammatical bombast into sound sense and good English.

Nor was this all: he proved an inspiration as well as a guide. Born with the itch of revolution and an intolerance of conservatism in his blood, he threw himself heart and soul into the new movement, spurred Leisler on to swifter and bolder progress, and confirmed his wavering faith in the reality of his mission.

What welcome was warm enough for such a man! Leisler did what he could. He treated him with distinction, clothed him with authority, and took him home to his own hearth-stone as an honored member of the household.

Finding such great essential qualities in his new helpmeet, Leisler could well afford to shut his eyes to little shortcomings. It is indeed much to be doubted whether he was ever conscious of such petty drawbacks as a soured disposition, an embittered tongue, a morose and forbidding aspect, in his accomplished lieutenant. If the other members of his family made any such discovery, be sure they kept their own council, neither caring nor daring to run counter to a personage who speedily became next to the head of the household in authority.

As for Milborne, never before in his checkered career had he met with such appreciation. But he was too shrewd to betray himself. He accepted this hospitality, and took his place in the household without any qualms of delicacy. Moreover, as week after week he found himself more firmly established in the favor of his host, he began to realize the value of his own services, and in due time disclosed a purpose of putting a price upon them.

It all came about very gradually and as the natural outgrowth of the situation. Milborne was not likely to act upon impulse, and there is even reason

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to believe he took much time mulling over the matter after it developed in his mind.

A wanderer as he had been upon the face of the earth for so many years, lonely, unsuccessful, friendless, he first discovered the worth of a home and a family circle under Leisler's roof-tree. He naturally began to ask himself if it were too late to set up household gods of his own. Pondering the subject, his gloomful eyes rested upon Mary Leisler. The blooming maiden came and went about her daily tasks, duteous, cheerful, helpful, unconsciously approving herself more and more every day to the watchful elderly eyes of her father's friend.

It may be taken as a proof of the esteem in which he held his guest that Leisler showed neither surprise nor disapproval when the matter was broached to him.

It was not, indeed, a time for him to nurse scruples. Affairs were at a crisis. Notwithstanding the temporary success he had met with, his position was critical. He was hedged about with doubts and dangers. The men he could count upon were few. Here was a chance of binding to his cause an invaluable ally by the double bond of interest and relationship. There is reason enough to believe he welcomed it with eagerness.

His own mind made up, he looked upon the thing as settled. Bluntly, therefore, without preface or preliminary, he broached the matter to Mary.

Consternation at the moment kept the astonished girl silent, while her father went on and discussed the advantages of the union. Thinking, however, that in the end she would assuredly be left free to exercise her own choice in so momentous a business, she waited until such time as she could collect her wits and summon resolution to frame a reply which should not unduly affront her father and his powerful friend.

What then was her alarm to find, upon consultation with her mother, that her consent had been assumed as a matter of course, and that preparations were actually on foot for her marriage with this elderly and morose suitor, who had never spoken a word of love to her, and whom she secretly feared and disliked.

Panic-stricken, she appealed to her mother to put a stop to the business. But Vrouw Leisler, dearly as she loved her daughter, was not in a frame of mind for impartial judgment. She had already been convinced of the wisdom and expedience of the step by her infallible guide.

All other resource failing, Mary turned to her younger sister. She was dismayed at the counsel received. Reasonable as it might be from the standpoint of right and justice, it was shocking to her instincts of reverence, to her training of subordination. In her vacillation she adopted a middle course: she tried propitiation. Hester, as it chanced, stood by when Mary put her head in the lion's mouth, and the incident is of value here solely for its memorable effect upon the witness.

Mary chose a time when her father was smoking his pipe in the chimney nook, after supper, to make her appeal.

"What, ei? ye would not have him? A man of age, of experience, of good habits, of comfortable estate, — as I shall see to it, — is not good enough for ye?"

"No — *no*; 't is *not that*; he is *far* too good, he" —

"'T is his own lookout, that."

"But, father, if it please you — I am so young."

"That 's a fault will mend itself, never fear."

"Yet I — I doubt if I can content so worshipful a gentleman."

"Do your best, — do your best, child, and leave the rest to Providence."

"He is so old" —

"Not older than I."

"He will look for great wisdom in a wife."

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"Then must he bear his disappointment as I did."

"But" —

"Pish! say no more; 't is settled; he has my word."

"But I have no love for him."

"Ei! no love for Milborne? 'T is something in the order of a milksop would stir your liking, I warrant me. Poh! poh! women's gabble! Respect and obey him, — 't is enough to begin with. The rest will follow when ye once come under the yoke."

"But, father, I pray you" — began the sobbing girl.

"Say no more. He shall come himself to talk to ye."

"No! no! no! let him not come! I cannot have him, — I will never marry him!" she concluded, in a passionate outburst.

"By the Lord, but ye shall! Ye shall, I say, and straightway too. Go to your mother and get ready your duds. The day shall be fixed before the sun goes down!"

"Father, — oh, father!"

"He is too good for ye. I pity him to marry such a fool. But such as ye are, ye shall be his wife before the week is out, mark that! Go to your mother! I have no time to spend with your whimseys."

XV.

With so fair a showing of legal right upon their side, it must not be thought that the party at the Stadthuys stood idly looking on at the changes taking place in the province. They did what was in them. They played the part of feebleness and irresolution to the end. They failed not to be wise and bold after the event. Laying futile plots, nursing ineffectual rage, and cursing their ill-luck, they waited supinely for Providence to come to their relief.

And so verily at last it did, — or seemed to. One fine day there arrived a messenger from Boston, bearing a royal proclamation under the sign-manual of the new sovereigns, confirming in office all Protestant incumbents throughout the provinces. The proclamation, dated months before, had been heedlessly withheld in Boston; the result was a revolution in New York.

Here at last was an end of Leisler and his domination. Here was a fiat of the royal lieges whom he himself acknowledged and had so eagerly proclaimed, leaving him without a pretext for further meddling in public affairs, and relegating him to his dingy liquor-shop in the dock.

To their credit be it said, Mynheer Van Cortlandt and his fellow-councilors lost no further time in inaction. For a moment, as it seemed, they rose to the level of statesmanship. In his capacity of mayor, Van Cortlandt called together the aldermen and citizens, and showed them that he could, on occasion, read a proclamation without duress. Speedily the summer breeze blew the echoes of these doings down to the fort. To show how little he was intimidated by the rustle of parchment and the vain wind of words, Leisler straightway flew into a rage, warned the people of another plot, and dubbed the three worshipful gentlemen "popishly affected, lying dogs," — an epithet bearing strong internal evidence of genuineness, even if history had not scrupulously set down for us the exact phrase.

But the three were used to loud words from the fort; they doubtless were prepared for some such outburst at first. They may have taken secret gratification in it; their victory would indeed have been barren without some sign that the stab had reached the quick. With a just confidence they went on, therefore, to exercise the powers confirmed to them. The first step was to get control of the public funds. Forthwith they thrust out the old collector, and put in a commission with Bayard at the head.

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It directly appeared how much their proclamation had availed. Within an hour down came a file of soldiers from the fort, and drove them all out with such violence that Bayard barely escaped with his life. Indeed, hearing during the day that further mischief was intended him, the colonel, under cover of night, stole away to Albany.

Here, then, was a short and sharp lesson for the worshipful councilors upon the difference in effect between governments *de jure* and *de facto*. Lest any misgivings on the subject still lingered in their minds, others were speedily to follow.

But what need of rehearsing familiar history? The fast-following events of those changeful days are well known: how Mynheer Van Cortlandt, when the time came about, was forbidden to hold his mayor's court; how, soon after, he was thrust out of office entirely by the election of a successor; how Madam Van Cortlandt, in the absence of her husband, refused to give up the city seal and insignia, defying Leisler and slamming the door in the face of his threatening emissary; how, in the midst of all, Albany sent frantic appeals for aid in the Indian war; how Leisler, seeing his chance, posted off Milborne with a strong detachment, not to fight Indians, but to bring the stanch little frontier town under his control; how Bayard, a refugee in the town, warned the citizens and defeated his purpose; how soon and how bitterly the bold colonel repented his interference, when, stealing back to New York to visit the bedside of his dying son, he was hunted out of town like a rat, and well-nigh paid the penalty with his life; how, enraged at their failure to find the fugitive, the maddened troopers, looking about for another victim, bethought them of the hapless ex-mayor, who, warned in time, slunk out of his garden gate and fled for asylum to Connecticut.

Thus one by one the old councilors were gone, scattered to the four winds: Nicholson in England, Philipse hiding in his country retreat, Bayard and Van Cortlandt suppliant refugees in Albany and Connecticut.

At last Leisler breathed free. There was no one left to dispute his authority. Not on this account did he for a moment relax his energies. He strengthened his government and kept alive the zeal of his followers by the most extraordinary measures. He filled the air with startling rumors. Wanting facts, he scrupled not to resort to fiction. No hereditary monarch born in the purple, or diplomat trained in the schools, ever showed a greater skill in coloring truths or inventing fables than this same ingenuous deacon.

The field at home being cleared, it was time to give a thought to foreign relations. With the insidious Nicholson in London pouring what slanders he would into the king's ear, there was danger of the royal mind being poisoned, and Joost Stoll must be sent off post haste to prevent it. Honest Joost was not an ideal figure for an ambassador, but it was Hobson's choice. Milborne could not be spared, and there was nobody else who could be trusted; for the doughty ensign, if not learned or polished, or even very intelligent, was at least loyal to his heart's core.

Meantime, an investigation was on foot as to how Bayard and Van Cortlandt had both so successfully evaded the troopers and effected their escape. As the field narrowed, suspicion pointed to Steenie.

Warned in time by a note sent to his mother, — a note written in lines as delicate as a spider's web, and bearing no signature, — the junker got away in safety, but, as it proved, not a moment too soon. The next day the Van Cortlandt mansion resounded with the curses of his chagrined pursuers.

Leaving at such short notice, there was no time to see Hester. Passing the Van Dorn bouwerie, however, he be-

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thought him of Tryntie, and hastily scribbling a few lines on a leaf of his pocket-book, he stopped and handed the crumpled note to the trusty huysvrouw, with a word of caution. Her silent nod inspired him with confidence that it would reach its destination.

Tryntie justified this confidence; she lost no time in executing her errand. It chanced, one day, not long after Steenie's escape, that Ensign Stoll, busy with preparation for his foreign mission, saw the dame trudging before him along the Strand. He knew at once she was going to Leisler's. Thinking nothing of it at first, her odd behavior presently drew his attention. Arriving at the house, she passed the stoop, paused, cast a cautious look about, and slipping quickly through the garden gate shut it carefully behind her.

The suspicious ensign hastened at once to the spot, and peeped over the high wall. Perhaps he felt a moment's mortification upon seeing her walk quietly to the kitchen door and hand in a basket of eggs. If so, his triumph was the greater, a few moments later, upon beholding the pretended egg-peddler hurriedly exchange signals with some unseen watcher at an upper window, draw a letter from her bosom, and hide it quickly in the thick foliage of a flowering shrub.

Stoll's worst suspicions were confirmed: Hester was then in communication with the refugee, or, worse still, here was another popish plot.

Returning to the fort, he went at once to report the whole matter to the commander-in-chief; but that busy person was occupied with more momentous business, and could not be disturbed. Preparations for his mission to England, meantime, so engrossed the ensign's attention that nearly a week went by before he made his report. As may be imagined, Leisler was highly incensed.

That very day, as it turned out, while returning home from the fort, he came upon Tryntie in the street. The discreet vrouw affected not to see him, and would have passed without a salute but that the captain, enraged at sight of her, bawled out: —

"Here, ye, stop! Stop, I say! 'T is ye, is it, teaches that hussy of a girl to disobey? Hark ye, a word in your ear. If I find ye sneaking about my house again, — mark now what I say! — as hell owns ye, I 'll have ye whipped at the cart's tail!"

To the amazement of the arrogant captain, who latterly brooked no opposition to his supreme will, this scrap of womankind turned upon him, and, her white-gray eyes flashing with a spirit as fierce as his own, cried: —

"Will ye? Will ye so? Try it an' ye dare? Shame, shame upon ye, to keep your own child shut up like a malefactor, and for nothing!"

"Silence, ye bitch!"

"That will I not. Who are ye to stop my mouth, — who but old Jacob Leisler that sold brandewyn in the dock? And who made ye anything better? Ye are taking great airs and manners. Wait! Wait till the king hears of ye!"

"Away! Away with her to the stocks!" roared Leisler to the crowd that was rapidly gathering.

"I 'll leave the print of my nails on the man who dares!" retorted the dauntless vrouw, fairly quivering with rage. "Mark, old hog-driver! ye shall know what one vrouw thinks, and many another too, if they dared but speak their minds."

"Will nobody seize her, — will nobody take her, I say?" thundered Leisler, glaring about upon the crowd.

But none of his retainers were at hand, and it was only too plain that the sympathies of the bystanders were with the woman.

"No, that will they not," went on the virago, boldly taking a stride towards Leisler, and shaking her bony finger as

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she talked. "They are honest men. There 's none of your thieves and rascals here to do your bidding. Ye 're afraid of a woman, one woman, when ye have not your bullies at hand to protect ye. But ye shall hear the truth!"

"Have done, — have done, ye hag, or by" —

He paused, and lifted the heavy hilt of his sword as if to strike.

"Do!" cried the transported vrouw, advancing upon him tauntingly with arms akimbo. "Strike, strike, ye butcher! ye brawler! ye peace-breaker, tyrant, and hog-driver! Bah-h-h! a deacon, an elder, a teacher in the house of the Lord! — Out upon ye!"

"Away with her, I say!" cried Leisler, fairly choking with rage.

"I tell ye a day of judgment is coming. Think not to escape; ye shall pay for your wickedness."

At this moment the sound of heavy footsteps and the clanking of weapons were heard down the street. Recognizing the familiar tramp of his men-at-arms, Leisler called aloud for them to come to his aid.

"Ei! Ei! Call for help, big brat! shout! split your throat! Ye tremble! ye 're afraid of one woman! Afraid, I say!" she repeated, drawing still nearer, and with a look so threatening that the perplexed commander involuntarily shrank back. "Ah-h-h, I have a mind to tear your eyes!"

Happily for the dignity and safety of the luckless official, several soldiers came bursting through the crowd at this juncture.

"Take this she-devil," gasped Leisler, "and give her the ducking-stool! Now, — now, at once! Take her, I say, and duck her till her damned tongue can never wag again!"

Startled at first by the unexpected order, and doubtful perhaps of their right to usurp the functions of the schout, the soldiers hesitated. Presently, however, fearful of exciting still more the wrath of their outraged captain, they seized and dragged away the defiant Tryntie, who continued to scold vociferously all the way to the dock.

So vigorous, moreover, was the resistance of the wiry, determined little woman that it required the combined efforts of four strong men to carry out the captain's order.

Close upon the edge of the dock the instrument of torture stood ready. It was a simple contrivance, consisting of a stout plank laid across a block. To the end of the long arm of the lever overhanging the water was fixed a stool, upon which, after a long struggle, Tryntie was securely lashed.

At a given signal she was plunged into the water. Coming up gasping and choking, she no sooner caught her breath than she used it with vigor in bitterly upbraiding her tormentors, calling down upon them and their master the heaviest curses of Heaven.

Cheered by the crowd, the plucky vrouw continued the unequal contest as long as she could speak. Even at the end it was only the flesh which succumbed.

Down, and down, and down again she was plunged, until, exhausted by the repeated shocks, she sank half lifeless in her seat.

Then only they released her. Willing hands, a score or more, were stretched forth from the crowd to support the hapless creature as she came staggering up the dock, her clothes dripping, her lank hair falling on her shoulders, her eyes sunken, her skin blue and corpse-like; while a hoarse murmur of disgust and indignation followed Leisler's henchmen as they moved away, which would have sounded ominously in ears not deaf to all signs and portents.

Edwin Lassetter Bynner.

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A POET OF FRENCH CANADA.

In Mr. Hamerton's charming book, Human Intercourse, occurs an anecdote about a Frenchman who, on hearing mentioned the name of an English artist of some distinction in his own country, exclaimed, "Son nom n'est pas connu au Salon; donc il n'existe pas." Exclusiveness of this kind is no doubt commendable as a principle, but its results are far from pleasant to any one thus kept outside the pale. Unfortunately, colonies are too often made to assume this position, much against their strong young wills. When their energies are for a moment turned away from what is supposed to be their legitimate function of trade, the recognition they get is small and grudgingly doled out by the mother country. England, with her boundless stores of literature, naturally looks upon her transatlantic colony as by nature intended to supply prize beef and to be seamed with railways. She is more than satisfied if the beef is sound and the railways are kept in good repair. Indeed, so far as other things are concerned, Canada seems to hold the place of a modern Nazareth, out of which no good can be expected to come; and if it so happens that the *quelques arpens de neige* do occasionally show something worth reading and thinking about, it is almost certain to be treated as a useless form of colonial produce for which there is no demand. In the United States it fares little better with the Canadian writer, for his critic, who often possesses his own share of American self-assertiveness, is only too glad of a chance to throw into relief the productions of a literature still *en bas âge* by contrast with one still younger. Canada, thus placed between the comparative indifference of England and the positive coldness of the United States, has been forced to fall back upon her own resources of self-praise, almost destructive of true critical standards. The Canadian press represents the country as teeming with inglorious Miltons, and the party cry of "Canada First" becomes the watchword of a school of provincial writers whose strongest point is the richness of laudatory adjectives to be given to the members without stint. In the colony, the lack of a large and cultivated reading public allows the reviewer to praise in what terms he pleases, while the critics of periodicals in other countries, not free from the provincialism of large cities, seem to treat *de haut en bas* anything out of the acknowledged circle of the highest literary life. The Canadian poet's lot is thus by no means a happy one; and it is with the hope of striking a fair average between the fulsome praises of Canadian journalism, on the one hand, and the almost complete silence of the outside English press, on the other,[1] that the writer has undertaken his task. First, let us cast a rapid glance at the actual condition of French Canada, to see whether a fit home for poetry can be found in so ice-bound a province. Secondly, we shall examine the poetical work of one who deserves to be known beyond the bounds of his own country.

I.

Where else in America can one look for conditions, past and present, better adapted to poetic themes and a certain degree of literary culture than in New France? Quebec, in spite of a climate as severe as that of St. Petersburg, incloses in its now crumbling walls a history more varied and better known

[1] The only notice of M. Fréchette's work known to me is to be found in The Catholic World, a publication unknown, except by name, to numbers of English readers.

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than that of any other city in America; and no historical panorama is richer in contrasts than that which, beginning with Cartier, Champlain, and Laval, brings us down to Wolfe, Montcalm, and Lévis, with the bronze face of the savage as a perpetual background. Companies of traders, cowled monks, Sulpician bishops, Jesuits, royal governors and intendants, English generals and nobles, one after another, have played their part in this fortress of the west, while around the incidents of their rule has slowly collected a mass of story, tradition, and legend. The original facts of these tales, although obscured by successive repetitions through the gossip of generations, still retain much of their early freshness; and when related by a graybeard *habitant* to a group around a winter fire, they carry one's thoughts back to the days when the white banner of the Bourbons fluttered on the ramparts of the citadel, when the *taille* and *corvée* still embittered the peasant's bread. Feudal burdens have long since passed away. Intendant Bigot, whose name is even yet a curse in the country, would have less chance of peculation nowadays; but during all *régimes*, notwithstanding every change, one power has never for a moment slackened its grasp. The Church of Rome, more frowning than ever, keeps a firm hand on this country, now almost her last stronghold. The orders of Sulpicians, Récollets, and Jesuits, finding their influence slowly on the wane in Europe, sent out to French Canada detachment after detachment of priests and missionary monks; by these means gradually bringing the whole province under their sway. In all their absorbing work of settling the country, of establishing parishes and bishoprics, of exacting tithes for the building of churches and monasteries, they never entirely forgot the pressing educational wants of the people, and they gave them such instruction as the reactionary views of the orders would admit. In the numberless monastic establishments which dot the valley of the Lower St. Lawrence with their sombre piles of brick and stone, and to which Heine's epithet of *écoles polytechniques de l'obscurantisme*, alas, so fitly applies, there is, in spite of the waste of time and energy over patristic latinity and the metaphysics of the schools, a spirit of studious and peaceful culture of a certain kind. It has been much the fashion of late with English-speaking Canadians to discuss the ecclesiastical influences upon education in Quebec, as though their sole result must be philosophical views as vicious as those of Aquinas, expressed in scholastic rhetoric. But, apart from the stupefying air of mediævalism which the student breathes in the Romish seminaries and colleges of Lower Canada, something better must doubtless be gained from a thorough training in Latin and an intercourse with priests, of whom at least a fair proportion may be called cultivated men. The time spent in other institutions upon mathematics and pure science is there devoted to endless Latin themes, the tedious subtleties of formal logic, and other studies of a distinctly literary kind. Hence a certain finish in matters of style and taste, which leaves upon the writing of French in Canada a stamp too often absent in English of analogous nature. The local newspapers, for example, being addressed to different nationalities, are necessarily written in one language or the other; and it is not too much to say that the French journalists possess on the whole a fuller knowledge of their language and write with purer diction than their English rivals. The reason of this is that while the former have for the most part followed the *cours de rhétorique* of a provincial college, the latter often seem to have received no training at all except in a newspaper office.

If we now turn our attention to the circumstances of public life in Quebec,

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an incentive for a cultivated man to devote himself to literature appears in the pettiness of a political career. For while in a broader arena politics may lead to generous action and self-sacrifice, a mere game of in and out, in which the smallest of personal ambitions and jealousies are ever prominent, can offer no temptation to a poet. Thus, although many an able man has wasted his talents in the acrimony of debate or in the columns of a third-rate local press, the truly representative writers of Canada have given their energies to more enduring and dignified work. Some of them, it is true (and among them we must place the subject of this article), have for a time written in party newspapers; but the best of them have always withdrawn before it was too late. Finally, we must take into account the real isolation of a large and growing community, whose religious prejudices, fomented by a somewhat unscrupulous hierarchy, have served to accentuate the natural difference of language and race which prevents them from mingling freely with their English neighbors. Severed in this way from the general interests of their own country, and *a fortiori* from those of the outside world, with an intellectual horizon of which the Index Expurgatorius forms the boundary, the writers of French Canada have been fain to seek in the history and traditions of their province a field offering fair scope for the exercise of mental power. Now and again an independent spirit shakes off prelatical supremacy, but a stern law of taboo makes him an outcast among his own people, who literally boycott him; or it drives him into the ranks of the English, where, in the course of a generation, race and language disappear. As may be expected, therefore, men of talent who, from policy or from conviction, remain in the bosom of the Church find their safest and pleasantest activity in a region where the priest ceases to interfere. The folk-tales of the early settlers, the struggles of the infant colony and its heroes, the strife between the French and the English, — all these become for them subjects of inspiration; and as a successful treatment of prose fiction would demand a greater strength of construction and sense of literary perspective than a clerical education can impart, it is natural that these stories should find expression best of all in short narrative poems, often of semi-lyrical nature. Thus, when one examines the literature of New France, it appears that, with the single noteworthy exception of Garneau, the historian, the men of more than usual ability and culture have devoted their gifts (if they have not wasted them in the consuming fire of party journalism) to the writing of national poetry.[1] It might be thought by careless persons that because the country is young its voice cannot have passed out of the stage of boyhood; but to show that one singer, at least, has touched a manly and commanding note is the object of what is to follow.[2]

II.

De Banville, in one of his charming Esquisses Parisiennes, tells of a prize offered by a rich and eccentric Englishman to the man who practices the most extraordinary profession imaginable, and after a long contest it is assigned "à un poète lyrique qui vit de son état." Canada is neither very eccentric nor very conspicuously wealthy, so that what rewards she can afford to

[1] It may be well to state, as an example of the Church's power in Quebec, that certain strictures on the Jesuits contained in the first edition of Garneau's History of Canada were withdrawn in the second; not, indeed, from the discovery of facts casting new light on the machinations of that holy order, but simply from the pressure put upon the author by the clerical power in the country.

[2] Louis Honoré Fréchette. Pêle-Mêle, Montréal, 1877; Les Fleurs Boréales, Les Oiseaux de Neige, Paris, 1881; Légende d'un Peuple, Paris, 1887.

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give are oftener bestowed upon successful politicians than upon poets, however deserving. In spite of the praise given in plenty to his earliest verses, M. Louis Honoré Fréchette found himself driven into journalism for some years; and the lack in Canada of a large appreciative public induced him to entrust the first edition of Les Fleurs Boréales to a Parisian publisher. Its appearance was soon followed by the commendations of the French Academy and a crown of honor. His last volume, Légende d'un Peuple, was brought out in the same way, and enjoyed the favor of a eulogistic preface from the pen of M. Jules Claretie. So well was M. Fréchette received in Paris that he had at one time almost made up his mind to settle there, in the hope of a suitable return for his work. One could hardly help thinking that he had at last wearied of the Canadian mistress, whose smiles were slow in coming, and that in leaving her he remembered the truth of the saying, "Pour quitter la maîtresse, il faut quitter la ville." However, this purpose has not been carried out, for the poet has returned, laden with honors, to his Canadian home, probably intending to show his countrymen that he is still alive to feelings of patriotism which he has sung so often and so well.

His poems fall naturally into two classes: one treating of national, that is French Canadian subjects; the other consisting of verses which might have been written in any country, with due regard to local colors. The former are found almost entirely in Légende d'un Peuple, to the contents of which must be added two or three from Les Fleurs Boréales. They perpetuate the remembrance of the nobler days of our country, when patriotism had not degenerated into mere provincial sentiment and race hatred, when the antagonism between English and French was as legitimate a feeling in Canada as on the battle-fields of Blenheim and Ramilies. But they do much more than this. Beginning with the solitudes of the primeval forest, broken only by the red man in pursuit of his game, they retrace in a long series of pictures the history of a colony brilliant even under a cloud of obscurity. As it comes down through successive ages, this epic in short poems shows in three epochal divisions the development of the country from wilderness into settlement, from settlement to the strife of the occupants, and from the victory of the English race to events still painfully fresh in the memory of Canadians.

"O notre histoire, écrin de perles ignorées,"

says the poet; and with the most finished art he arranges the jewels of his casket, disposing each so as to bring out its best and purest glitter. But although in his superb historical pictures grouping, light and shade, and other matters of technique are attended to even in their minutest details, it is evidently with the forerunners of civilization that he best loves to dwell, — with the men impelled by that spirit

"Which bids men be and bear and do
And die beneath blind skies or blue."

Only such a profound knowledge of history as this poet possesses can give one an adequate idea of what was done by our forefathers in their struggle of centuries against the treachery of the Indian, the rigor of the climate, and the advance of a foreign race. M. Fréchette, learned and patient as a monk, has expended all his energy and poetic gifts in immortalizing the courage and strength of the heroes who proved what was the stuff of which the old Gallic temper was made. Cartier, La Salle, Jolliet, Daulac, the missionary martyrs, and others usually left "unnamed among the chronicles of kings" stand first with him; and though generals and statesmen get a full share of praise, it is with humbler men that he chiefly loves to linger. In a poem addressed to his friend, l'Abbé Tanguay,

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he commends him for setting right "the thanklessness of history," but to M. Fréchette himself all thanks are due for thus placing in their niches of fame men so long neglected. Such were Daulac, Cadieux, and Sauriol. Daulac was the leader of a little band of men who defended Montreal against an attack of the Iroquois. Intrenched at the head of a rapid on the Ottawa which the canoes had to pass, these seventeen brave fellows suddenly found themselves surrounded by a yelling horde; their ambuscade had been discovered. After three days' resistance, Daulac alone was left. Seizing a keg of gunpowder, he hurled it, kindled, at the assailants; but falling short, it exploded, and showed the savages this horrible picture: —

"Sur un monceau de morts et dans le sang qui bout,
Un seul des assiégés était resté debout,
Et tragique, hagard, devenu fou, farouche,
Les yeux fixes d'horreur et l'écume à la bouche,
Afin de les soustraire aux vainqueurs courroucés,
Une hache à la main achevait les blessés!"

A volley ends the tragedy, and the Indians, overcome by the dauntlessness of the pale-face, put off their plan of massacre. Once more the colony was saved.

The story of Cadieux is a touching one. He and a party of trappers, richly laden with furs, were descending the Ottawa in canoes, when one of the men declared, just as they had camped for the night, that Iroquois scouts were in the neighborhood. Defense is impossible; some brave man must sacrifice his life by putting the enemy on a wrong trail. Cadieux is ready; and the poet sets off his devotion by a description of the hero: —

"Nul d'entre d'eux ne savait raconter mieux que lui,
Ni rendre, avec des chants rythmés sur la pagaie,
Le voyage plus court et la route plus gaie.
Il était même un peu père de ses chansons;
Et poète illettré, sans aucunes leçons
Que les strophes du vent qui berce la feuillée,
Le jour sur l'aviron, le soir à la veillée,
Dans la naïveté d'une âme sans détours,
Aux échos du désert il chantait ses amours."

As Cadieux fires a farewell shot on his way up the stream, the canoes are launched in a most dangerous part of the river. Hearken to the description of the descent of Sept-Chutes: —

"Tout disparaît soudain dans l'ombre et dans l'écume:
Emportée au courant qui tournoie et qui fume,
Dans le bouillonnement des lames en rumeurs,
Chaque embarcation fuit avec ses rameurs.
Les hardis canotiers luttent dans la tempête;
Le coup d'œil en arrêt, le bras sûr, tenant tête
Au choc tumultueux des flots échevelés,
Ils guident sans pâlir les canots affolés,
A travers les écueils qui sans cesse surgissent.
Bondissant au sommet des vagues qui mugissent,
Ou plongeant tout à coup dans les écroulements
Des remous en fureur, ces dompteurs d'éléments
Sur l'abîme fougueux passent comme des rêves:
Pendant que derrière eux sur la pente des grêves,
Les grands pins chevelus, pleins de brume et de bruit,
Comme des spectres noirs s'enfoncent dans la nuit."

Cadieux, it is supposed, eluded all pursuit, for some time after his body was found, unmutilated, in a shallow, uncovered grave, beside which had been planted a rude wooden cross. A few verses rudely scrawled on a piece of bark found in the dead man's hand are still sung in the country under the name of Complainte à Cadieux.

In the sinister episode of Sauriol the author shows how a long warfare with the Indians had developed in the white man the love of complete if treacherous revenge. The ruins of a tavern on the outskirts of Montreal were once the scene of a capitulation signed by Vaudreuil in the presence of Amherst, the owner of the tavern, and his son Jean. The city is given up, but these two men have not sur-

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rendered. Jean, seizing his gun, takes to the woods, whence, secretly supported by his father, he keeps up for months a solitary guerrilla war on the new English garrison. Day after day, with the regularity of the Angelus, a shot is heard, and a redcoat rolls over into the dull green waters of the moat, or falls dead into the arms of another sentry. So constant is this, and so fruitless are the *battues* of the neighboring woods organized by Amherst, that the garrison, in terror of this one man's unerring shot, hardly dare to stray outside the town. But the approach of winter with its snowfall at last betrays Sauriol, for his footsteps are traced to his hiding-place, — the cave of a she-bear that he has killed. Surrounded by his foes, his courage does not flinch.

"Messieurs, dit-il, avant que nous partions ensemble,
Ecoutez bien ces mots que je dis sans remord;
Je suis un meurtrier, je me condamne à mort:
Mais vous, les agresseurs! vous, nation vorace!
Oui, vous, les éternels ennemis de ma race!
Bourreaux de mon pays, vous mourrez avec moi!
Il dit, et, froidement, sans hâte, sans émoi,
Tire son pistolet dans le baril de poudre;"

and some thirty fresh victims, with himself, are added to the list of the slain.

"Le lendemain matin, parmi les corps gisants,
Sur les débris glacés d'un désastre qui navre,
On trouvait un vieillard dpenché sur un cadavre
Qu'il semblait à son cœur presser avec transport . . .
On s'approcha de lui; le pauvre homme était mort."

The horrible and the pathetic seem to rouse the sympathies of M. Fréchette as nothing else can. Le Drapeau Fantôme is an illustration of the skill with which he depicts a touching incident. On a pine-covered cape near the Sault Sainte Marie, whose musical name our neighbors now vulgarize in the "Soo," the French formerly held a fort, left in charge of a small body of men at about the time of the cession of Canada to England. The guards die of neglect and old age, with the exception of Cadot, an old sergeant. Refusing to believe in the departure of the main body of the French troops, he remains alone for long years, undisturbed except by the *voyageurs*. He even defies a party of English soldiers sent to take the fort. Year after year rolls by, while the poor old soldier faithfully goes his solitary rounds, hoping against hope, and finally dying like an abandoned animal. The deep pathos of this poem, which finds an echo in the occasional slow movement of its verses, would only be spoiled by quotation.

Here and in Jean Sauriol, we begin to see the feeling that underlies the later work of M. Fréchette, — a strong attachment to France and French influence in Canada, with a corresponding hatred of everything English. "Underlies" scarcely expresses the intensity of the spirit which animates many poems, and forms the sole inspiration of others. There is nothing *fleurdelisé* in this sentiment; it is purely national, though at times a little vague. The poet's rich vocabulary can hardly supply him with epithets enough with which to brand the name of Bourbon and the counselors who encouraged that dynasty in their contempt for Canada. Voltaire's unlucky expression is once more dragged out and pilloried; Louis XV. is described as "*satyre au Parc aux Cerfs, esclave au Trianon;*" and Madame de Pompadour is "*gueuse,*" "*femme lubrique,*" and what not. With the advance of the work, the expression becomes, if possible, harsher; the acme being reached with the treatment of the last period, — that which comprises French Canadian history from the rebellion of 1837 to the outbreak in the northwest provinces, nearly four years ago. In Saint Denis, Spes Ultima, and other poems the old race hatreds are

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encouraged, national differences are envenomed, and the poet's strength is employed in embittering the heart of the Frank against the Saxon. Pushed so far as it is in his last writings, those which discuss the unfortunate Riel affair, the feeling becomes positively rabid and absurd. Fancy a poet so lost to taste as to speak of the Orangemen in such verses as these: —

"Lâches buveurs de sang! pieds plats et fronts étroits
. . . . . .
. . . la potence seule a réjoui votre âme."

The misnomer of *dernier martyr* applied to Riel, a mere raiser of sedition, contumacious to the last, would be laughable, were it not a sign of the stormy feelings still agitating the breasts of the French Canadian people. M. Fréchette may at some future day have the mixed pleasure of being charged with the grave responsibility of provoking ill-will which the last disturbances in Canada brought into most regrettable activity. Far be it from any one's intention to cast upon him undeserved imputation, for it is impossible not to be struck with the genuineness of the feeling which inspires these poems; the language, too, is often noble and stirring; but it may be asked whether a broader and less selfish spirit would not have tried to see another side to the question, and would not have attempted, if only in one poem (for Le Drapeau Anglais does not count), to show the English view of all the trouble. But our writer prefers most chirurgeonly to rub the sore, when he might have brought the plaster. A partisan, it is true, whether pamphleteer or poet (M. Fréchette is both), rarely deliberates; the flattering sensation of aping Tyrtæus is much too tempting. No one who has read Canadian history to any purpose can be ignorant of the truth. In the treatment of the French Canadians there was at one time much oppression; there was crying injustice; there was favoritism shown to the dominant race; there was contempt of the most galling kind for the conquered; and too often concessions were made with bad grace. Still, much has been done by the more tolerant men of English blood (Lord Durham, Lord Dorchester, and many Canadians) in attempting to weld the conflicting races and creeds into a homogeneous mass. This it is which a great number of French Canadians — *le parti national* — not only resist, but with grossest selfishness persistently ignore in all their writings. Rightly jealous of religion and language, they allow this commendable feeling to sour into the worst forms of prejudice, the result of which is wrangling and perpetual discontent on both sides. Poems like several in Légende d'un Peuple must bear a large share of the blame, if efforts to consolidate this divided people into a nation have till now met with very imperfect success.

The same want of balance occurs in M. Fréchette's treatment of the leaders in the rebellion of 1837. The poem of Papineau, in Les Fleurs Boréales, is fairly representative. Now, Papineau, like several of his fellow-rebels, was amnestied, and soon after his return to Canada withdrew to Montebello on the Ottawa, where he seems to have spent his declining years in dreaming over the past and framing vast schemes for the future of his race.

"Gloire, succès, revers, douleurs sans trêve,
Tout un monde endormi s'éveillait comme un rêve;
Il lui semblait entendre, au milieu des rumeurs,
Appel désespéré d'un peuple qui s'effare,
Son grand nom résonner, ainsi qu'une fanfare,
Au dessus d'immenses clameurs."

The tone of this is too high-pitched. Such eulogy on such a man is overdrawn, if not tumid. One thing for which Papineau was not distinguished in that parody on rebellions was courage. He did not take part in a single engagement; and when the cause be-

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came hopeless he rapidly crossed the frontier, leaving, as usual in such cases, several far less guilty men to suffer the penalty of high treason. Most of the leaders did the same; he was merely *primus inter pares*. In fact, the end of the rebellion, so far as its chiefs were concerned, is a rather pungent satire on its pompous *début* — the old, old tale of the chestnuts in the fire. To celebrate the coryphæus of this movement in the following verses, —

"L'on eût dit que déjà sa tête glorieuse
Rayonnait d'immortalité;"

to speak of his death as

"cet astre qui s'éteignait,"

or

"Ce n'était pas la mort, c'était l'apothéose,"

is to employ the most grandiose manner of Hugo on a very unworthy subject. When Hugo writes of Napoleon, he tells us that the numbers throng in crowds upon his fiery lips; but when M. Fréchette falls into the same mannerism in describing the leader in a provincial struggle, whose name in certain circles raises a smile of not altogether quiet contempt, why, "c'est tout simplement faire *boum, boum!*" How much greater is the reader's pleasure on turning from this blistered writing to a poem entitled Vive la France! in which love for the old land is unspoiled by any expression of hatred towards England. The facts of the narrative are simply that a few warm-hearted Canadians offered their services to the French consul at Quebec to aid the cause of France after Bazaine's base surrender of Metz. They were humble working-folk, but in a moment of generous ardor they became heroes. Surely one does not think less of their offer because the law of nations would not admit its being accepted. Listen to the simple, heartfelt words of their spokesman: —

"Monsieur le consul, on nous apprend là-bas
Que la France trahie a besoin de soldats.
On ne sait pas chez nous ce que c'est que la guerre;
Mais nous sommes d'un sang qu'on n'intimide guère,
Et je me suis laissé dire que nos anciens
Ont su ce que c'était que les canons prussiens.
Au reste, pas besoin d'être instruit, que je sache,
Pour se faire tuer ou brandir une hache;
Et c'est la hache en main que nous partirons tous;
Car la France, monsieur, la France, voyez-vous.
. . . . . .
Oui, monsieur le consul, reprit-il, nous ne sommes
Que cinq cents aujourd'hui; mais, tonnerre! des hommes
Nous en aurons, allez! Prenez toujours cinq cents,
Et dix mille demain vous répondront, Présents!"

The note is strong and true; never has this poet's hand struck firmer. When in humble places he finds a generous impulse, a thrill of honest love or enthusiasm, or an act of self-sacrifice, his genius answers with a sympathetic burst, and a noble poem is written. Higher praise it is impossible to find; for when a poet's inspiration rises with the moral strength of his theme, and when, on the contrary, the meanest passions and strife of men can stir him up only to brassy verses and language which is little better than the veriest billingsgate of literature, it tends to show that heart and judgment are after all in their right place, and that his wanderings from the narrow way of true poetry must be pardoned fully and freely.

Another example of the best that M. Fréchette can accomplish in this vein is the poem La Découverte du Mississippi, which stands first in Les Fleurs Boréales. Its breadth of conception and loftiness of tone convey a strong suggestion of Les Orientales. Whom, indeed, have those fire-laden verses not inspired? So complete is their influence that it is seen even to the adoption of Hugo's familiar swinging stanza.

"Le grand fleuve dormait couché dans la savane,
Dans les lointains brumeux passait la caravane

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De farouches troupeaux d'élans et de bisons.
Drapé dans les rayons de l'aube matinale
Le désert déployait sa splendeur virginale
Sur d'insondables horizons."

Fertile in historic suggestion, the stream calls up a host of names, but first of all Jolliet.

"Le voyez-vous là-bas, debout comme un prophète,
Le regard rayonnant d'audace satisfaite,
La main tendue au loin vers l'Occident bronzé,
Prendre possession de ce domaine immense
Au nom du Dieu vivant, au nom du roi de France,
Et du monde civilisé!
. . . . . .
"Deux siècles sont passés depuis que son génie
Nous fraya le chemin de la terre bénie
Que Dieu fit avec tant de prodigalité;
Qu'elle garde toujours, dans le plis de sa robe,
Pour les déshérités de tous les coins du globe,
Du pain avec la liberté!"

Yes, to those sturdy pioneers all honor is due, — to the men whose dauntless courage led to the opening up of the western world. It was time that a fine tribute was offered to the memory of Jolliet and of Cavelier de La Salle in his unknown grave. Note, too, the happy manner in introducing the names suggested by the stream: —

"O grand Meschacébé! Voyageur taciturne,
Bien des fois au rayon de l'étoile nocturne,
Sur tes bords endormis je suis venu m'asseoir;
Et là, seul et rêveur, perdu sous les grands ormes,
J'ai souvent du regard suivi d'étranges formes
Glissant dans les brumes du soir.

"Tantôt je croyais voir, sous les vertes arcades,
Du fatal de Soto passer les cavalcades,
En jetant au désert un défi solennel!
Tantôt c'était Marquette errant dans la prairie,
Impatient d'offrir un monde à sa patrie,
Et des âmes à l'Eternel!"

The poet at one time used to spend many hours on the sedgy banks of the slow-moving river, and there, during the intervals of his work, he found the *motif* for what is after all his finest single conception. No pen had before made a special subject of this inland tide, now laden with vessels, but in far-away days disturbed only by the paddle of the red man. So much history lay concealed in the now flourishing western country that one cannot but marvel at the suggestive power which could condense it into the limits of one short poem. The historic sense of M. Fréchette is so marked (except when he writes of the "Anglo-French duel") that light and shadow, perspective and artistic effect, all find due notice in this masterly production. Each great discoverer gets his share of notice and praise.

Such, then, are the poems which win for their author the name of national poet, — a title which he may perhaps be willing to accept at the hand of one in whom he has instilled a living interest in his country and its history. For, instead of wasting time and strength on foreign topics, as Crémazie and other French Canadian poets have done, he has seen in the annals of his native land a wealth of poetical subjects little suspected by those whose knowledge of Canadian history has been formed in the class-room, under a dry and prejudiced pedagogue. That he should defend his own side is not surprising, but that his fire and conviction have not led to much false impressionism is indeed remarkable. From the first almost to the last the balance of judgment is preserved, and such exceptions as have been mentioned above, regrettable though they be, serve to give greater vividness to the general excellence of the work. Indeed, his good sense is throughout so noticeable that the more rabid writers in Quebec utterly repudiate M. Fréchette's claim to the honor of a national or representative Canadian poet. Can the reader guess why? At the beginning of this article reference was made to the strength of the clerical element in Quebec, but no definite idea was given of the degree to which the province is priest-ridden. To

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outsiders it is hardly possible to convey in words an adequate conception of the grinding power of the Church in this country. Suffice it to say that in many of the most barren parts of the province — in the Saguenay district, for example — the traveler sees, in the midst of a collection of hovels, churches and *presbytères* which would do credit to thriving towns; and to one whose human sympathies are active the contrast between the unctuous *curé* and his etiolated parishioners is at once significant and discouraging. The Church flourishes in followers and defenders as well as in purse. Now, M. Fréchette's reading in history has taught him that the influence of the priest, whether single or in cohorts, has never been in the direction of liberty and enlightenment. He has found, as must every candid student find, that, notwithstanding their boasted martyr-monks and their zealous bishops, their endeavors have always been towards temporal power, which, once obtained, degenerates into ecclesiastical tyranny of the most inflexible kind. Could a man of true feeling, a lover of freedom political and intellectual, find any inspiration in the chronicles of the Church of Rome in Canada, except in so far as a few isolated heroes reminded him that the man was not invariably absorbed in the priest? Save a few touches about the first monks butchered by the Indians, not a line is given to the memory of the Church on this side of the Atlantic. M. Fréchette is far too honest to praise where he does not feel, and he deserves no small credit for having passed over in almost complete silence the acts of an organized despotism with which he has evidently not the faintest sympathy. Had the Church been the loser in her struggles, he would doubtless have had much to say of her patience and bravery; but seeing that her success has led to systematic oppression and a policy of obscurantism, he cannot, with his principles of liberty, find one word in her favor as an institution. The devotee, who sometimes takes to review-writing, is shocked at such a sin of omission, for a writer in La Revue Canadienne has recently made a desperate effort to prove that M. Fréchette is no national poet.

The remaining poems are contained partly in Les Fleurs Boréales, partly in Les Oiseaux de Neige, and in a small collection entitled Pêle-Mêle. They are for the most part short copies of verses written for friends, for special occasions, for albums; they naturally show the merits and the defects of such writings. Scrupulously finished in metre and diction, they reach a high level of stylistic excellence, and might be held up to many a provincial verse-writer as models of neat form. Rarely does a writer, trained by himself rather than by the criticism of enlightened reviewers, succeed in attaining so high a standard as does M. Fréchette in most cases. But a poet who has, like him, adopted without question the principles of the Romantic school, who openly confesses to *Hugolatry*, is bound to pay strict attention to details of execution; and the reader need not be reminded of the variety demanded of a writer of French verse. He displays in these compositions, written many years ago, a thorough knowledge of versification that proves his study of the greatest of modern masters. Details would be superfluous, but any reader would at a glance be struck by the turns and mannerisms, the diction and technique, so familiar to every one from his first reading of Hugo. The hiatus, the shifted cæsura, the full stop in the middle of the verse, the broken couplet, the abuse of the note of exclamation, are perhaps less noticeable in the early work than in Légende d'un Peuple, upon the style of which a word will presently be said; but the stanzaic form, the sway of the verse, the flashing epithet and simile, are everywhere, brilliant examples of the wish to write in keeping with the magnificent model. An excel-

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lent specimen is found in La Dernière Iroquoise, a hideous tale of Indian cruelty. The squaw has stolen a white child. Before tearing it to pieces and dancing around the remains in a style which would have delighted Dante, she breaks out into a frenzied address to the St. Lawrence, calling to the spirit of the river to remember the past, when the Indian was sole lord of forest and stream.

"Fleuve, te souvient-il de ces jours sans nuage,
Quand dressant au printemps son wigwam sur la plage,
L'Iroquois sur tes bords venait chasser le daim ?
De nos courses sans fin te souvient-il encore
Quand le vol cadencé de l'aviron sonore [1]
Emportait nos canots bondissant sur ton sein ?

"Te souvient-il encore de la brune Indienne
Dont la voix se mêlait, sonore, aérienne,
Aux mille murmures du soir,
Quand elle suspendait à la frêle liane,
Et balançait au vent sa mouvante nâgane,
Berceau d'un guerrier à l'œil noir ?"

In spite of the highly poetized expression, the Indian is not treated as a hero of romance; there is no trace of Cooperism. The poet is far too well aware, as all Canadians are, of the general moral worthlessness of the red-skin to be carried away by single cases of good conduct into vague admiration for the race. Still, savage pride and persistence are worth preserving, even though one may think America happy in reducing the Indian's hold upon the land, while deploring the method and its results. Such examples of aimless and beast-like vengeance are only too common in the history of this continent.

Without further multiplying quotations, it is worth noting that here and there our poet breaks out into flashes of poetic imagery, now vivid, now graceful. In La Liberté occurs the following: —

"De saints espoirs ma pauvre âme s'inonde,
Et mon regard monte vers le ciel bleu,
Quand j'aperçois dans les fastes du monde
Comme un éclair briller le doigt de Dieu !"

Again, in a sonnet on the Thousand Islands, we find them described as

"Chapelet d'émeraude égrené sur les eaux."

Any one who has seen the lovely group will feel the fitness of this delicate figure. Touches of this sort are frequent in M. Fréchette's lighter work. So far as sonnets go (and pity it is that every verse-writer feels bound to engender sonnets), the less said is perhaps the better. A cluster of purely descriptive ones, entitled L'Année Canadienne, in which a sonnet stands for each month and tells of Canadian duties or pleasures, with several odd ones originally written for albums, which might have been left to fulfill their blameless function in peace, complete his tale. Mr. William Morris once declared that "a mediocre sonnet is more hateful to gods and men than any other versified mediocrity, . . . and complete success is not common, even where the thought is not over deep." Learning and practicing a dictum of this kind are only second to formulating it; but a good second is not always attained, — certainly not by M. Fréchette in this instance. It is well to remember that an indifferent sonnet is scarcely more acceptable than an indifferent egg. Let us hope that the forthcoming volume, Feuilles Volantes, will not be marked by weakness in sonnet-writing.

The later work, Légende d'un Peuple, shows little of that exquisiteness of finish so characteristic of the early poems. the attention to trifles which suggests a morning spent in chasing a rhyme or a sounding epithet. Vigorous alexandrines are the form of the national poems, in which greater stress is laid upon clear, forcible expression than upon chiseled metres or elaboration of language. What is lost in smoothness is atoned for by

[1] It is a pity to spoil a smooth line with a banality of criticism, but the paddle is not *sonorous;* it is silent. Besides, the epithet is repeated in another connection some verses below.

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manlier vigor; and these poems are apt to please, not so much by single excellence as by a harmonized strength, which the readers of his more youthful poetry were far from suspecting possible from his pen. If it is no injustice to M. Fréchette, one may venture to refer to an analogous change in the manner of Victor Hugo.

But, it may be objected by a reviewer of this review, what does all this prove? — for it cannot be said from this showing that the Canadian poet is the originator of a new school. Perfectly true; but it is not given to every one to be a great inventor. Some things are much better than that form of self-seeking vanity which displays itself in eccentricities, or in paradoxical theories of poetry with applications touching the burlesque. One of these better things is to follow the lead of a master greater than one's self, a duty which M. Fréchette has assumed with a modest confidence that has assured him success. He has played no tricks with metre or rhyme; he has not even invented a new and fantastic stanza; but the materials he found to hand have been employed patiently and conscientiously, in the hope of a reward which posterity is certainly preparing for him, and of which he has already reaped the first-fruits.

And now, as readers of critiques generally expect a *bonne bouche*, let us see what our poet has to offer in the shape of almost the only love poem he has ever published, the purest, sweetest verses that have left his pen. The theme of Renouveau, which is inscribed to his wife, is as old, perhaps, as the poetic art, but perfection of form covers the weakness of age. A walk in the autumn woods, with the sight of a deserted nest, brings up a flood of recollections of past happy springtides. That happy season of pairing stands out in contrast with the present, gray with the sere of falling leaves. Then, in the old days, —

"Le soleil était chaud, la brise caressante;
De feuilles et de fleurs les rameaux étaient lourds,
La linotte chantait sa gamme éblouissante
Près du berceau de mousse où dormaient ses amours.

"Alors au souvenir des ces jours clairs et roses,
Qu'a remplacé l'automne avec son ciel marbré,
Mon cœur, — j'ai quelquefois de ces heures moroses, —
Mon cœur s'émut devant ce vieux nid délabré.

"Et je songeai longtemps à mes jeunes années
Frêles fleurs dont l'orage a tué les parfums;
A mes illusions que la vie a fanées,
Au pauvre nid brisé des mes bonheurs défunts.

. . . . . .

"O jeunesse, tu fuis comme un songe d'aurore, . . .
Et que retrouve-t-on quand le rêve est fini?
Quelques plumes, hélas, qui frissonnent encore
Aux branches où le cœur avait bâti son nid."

Time, however, passes a soothing hand over these sorrows, when the poet seeks his home: —

"O Temps, courant fatal où vont les destinées,
De nos plus chers espoirs aveugle destructeur,
Sois béni! car, par toi, nos amours moissonnées
Peuvent encore revivre, ô grand consolateur!

. . . . . .

"Au découragement n'ouvrons jamais nos portes;
Après les jours de froid viennent les jours de mai;
Et c'est souvent avec ses illusions mortes
Que le cœur se refait un nid plus parfumé."

Does not this "love of old loves and lost times" remind one, even in its consolation, of the immortal Tristesse d'Olympio? What more can be wanted to show that the poet can feel not only the thrill of patriotism which unites him with his own people, but also that wider-reaching sympathy which makes him a singer for humanity? It is on these grounds that I venture to place M. Fréchette definitely before the American reading public as the first landmark in the history of Canadian literature.

Paul T. Lafleur.

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LAW AND POLITICAL FACT IN THE UNITED STATES.

"Under the shell there was an animal, and behind the document there was a man." — TAINE.

I.

LAW.

To say that the United States have produced a great many lawyers, but very few politicians, is to utter what to most minds will seem a startling paradox. And, taking the word "politicians" in its ordinary, every-day sense, the paradox will be real as well as seeming. Not so, however, if by this word is understood masters in the science of politics. In this sense, politicians among us have been, as stated, extremely few; but two or three at the utmost. Many of our public and literary men have, it is true, published treatises on the government of the United States, American institutions, etc., but in these treatises they have uniformly considered everything from the lawyer's standpoint; have construed the facts of history as facts under law, and as, from the nature of things here, necessarily under law. What these writers understand by the term "law," as they employ it, is a rule of conduct prescribed by the people as such unto the people. The idea of law as a rule of conduct prescribed to the people by some determinate, political superior they put altogether aside. They find endless satisfaction, therefore, in the use and repetition of such expressions as "self-government," "political equality," the "supremacy of law," etc.[1]

For all of this there exists an explanation, and that quite clear and satisfactory. The United States as such came into being as a protest against the unjust and oppressive acts of a determinate, political superior, to wit, the Parliament of Great Britain. They came into being, moreover, at a time when the idea of a determinate, political superior as the real source of law in a state was, on the continent of Europe, passing somewhat into ill-repute; when, indeed, in France, the abolition of all political authority was deemed a consummation of the not distant future; when the words "liberty," "equality," "fraternity," were on everybody's lips. In setting about a political organization among themselves, therefore, the American States, through their representatives, resolved upon attempting one in which the objection of a determinate, political superior should be obviated; in which the ruled should be also and as such the rulers; in which law, as set forth in a fundamental charter or written constitution, should — the antithesis of ruled and ruler having been done away with — be of itself supreme.

Says Mr. J. C. Hurd, alluding to the views of these representatives of the States — the "venerable founders" of

[1] The phrases "self-government," "government by consent," etc., are constantly made use of to characterize the American political situation by those who, denying (openly or tacitly) the existence here of the relation of sovereign and subject, make law of itself supreme. These phrases, therefore, as used in this article are intended to bear the only sense they can bear to one who denies the existence of sovereign and subject in the United States, viz.: the sense of government of the people by the people as such, that is, by them as mere population, as unorganized mass. These phrases used in the sense of government of the people as such (as mere people) by the people as organized, as possessing a political character, import quite as fully the relation of sovereign and subject as would such phrases as "monarchical government," "aristocratical government," etc. The people as such, as mere population, may be quite as despotically governed in a pure democracy as in a pure autocracy.

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our government — concerning their work when completed: "They believed, or rather imagined that they believed, that they had got rid of the relation of sovereign and subject for themselves and for us; that abstract justice was quite enough to serve all their political uses and ours, and that the eternal antagonisms, law and consent, were thereafter to form a state to be like a perpetual-motion machine, going on forever, without expenditure of force, without the effort of personal will supported by force; and that writing fairly engrossed upon parchment, tagged with a lump of seal-wax, and called the Constitution, would govern, in spite of their wills, those by whose wills it was to continue as law." [1]

The groundwork of principles upon which both the views and conduct of these same representatives and founders were based is tersely yet comprehensively set forth in the Declaration of Independence, thus: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; . . . that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government," etc. Reared under the influence of ideas such as these, — ideas which have become traditional with the masses of our people, and against which it is therefore political heresy in no slight degree to contend, — it is certainly evident why publicists in the United States have never thoroughly inquired as to the existence here of a determinate, political superior by virtue of which law itself exists, but have accepted unquestioningly the dogma of law, supreme, all comprehending, and operating *proprio vigore*.

That there is in this no misstatement of the attitude of the public mind in the United States I shall endeavor to show by citations from public documents, the deliberately expressed opinions of the United States Supreme Court, representative lawyers, statesmen, and publicists.

First, by citations from public documents.

Of these, the one first naturally suggested is the Declaration of Independence, a pertinent extract from which has already been given.

Passing next to the Constitution, Article X., we read: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the States are reserved to the States respectively or to the people." In the form of this declaration is revealed the currency of the belief in the possibility of a sovereignty under law and existing by virtue of it.

Says the constitution of the State of Massachusetts: "The legislative department shall never exercise the executive or judicial powers or either of them; the executive shall never exercise the legislative or judicial powers or either of them; the judicial shall never exercise the legislative or executive powers or either of them: to the end that it may be a government of laws, and not of men." Here also, and even more pointedly, is announced the belief in law as the possible supreme factor in government, the regulator of sovereignty.

Again, the United States Revised Statutes, section 1756, prescribe an oath for a person taking office: that he will "support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic, and will bear true faith and allegiance to the same;"

[1] Theory of our National Existence, page 298. To this valuable work the reader is referred as perhaps the ablest commentary yet written by an American on the political system of the United States.

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and, on being naturalized a citizen of the United States, the foreigner is sworn to "support the Constitution of the United States, and renounce allegiance to every foreign prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty." In these requirements of an oath of allegiance and fealty to the Constitution, the idea of that instrument as a self-existent entity and power is carried to its furthest limit.

But let us pass to our next line of citations.

Mr. Justice Wilson, of the United States Supreme Court, says in the famous case of Chisholm *vs.* Georgia, decided in 1793: "Let a State be considered as subordinate to the people; but let everything else be subordinate to the State." "The only reason, I believe, why a free man is bound by human laws is that he binds himself." "In one sense, the term sovereign has for its correlative subject. In this sense, the term can receive no application; for it has no object in the Constitution of the United States. Under that Constitution there are citizens, but no subjects." "The principle [announced by Blackstone] is that all human law must be prescribed by a superior. This principle I mean not now to examine. Suffice it at present to say that another principle, very different in its nature and operations, forms in my judgment the basis of sound and genuine jurisprudence; laws derived from the pure source of equality and justice must be founded on the consent of those whose obedience they require."

Mr. Chief Justice Jay, of the same court, says in the same case: "Every state constitution is a compact made by and between the citizens of a State to govern themselves in a certain manner; and the Constitution of the United States is likewise a compact made by the people of the United States to govern themselves, as to general objects, in a certain manner." "It will be sufficient to observe briefly that the sovereigns in Europe, and particularly in England, exist on feudal principles. That system considers the prince as the sovereign, and the people as his subjects. . . . No such ideas obtain here: at the Revolution the sovereignty devolved on the people; and they are truly the sovereigns of the country, but they are sovereigns without subjects (unless the African slaves among us may be so called), and have none to govern but themselves; the citizens of America are equal as fellow-citizens and as joint tenants in the sovereignty." "I wish the state of society was so far improved, and the science of government advanced to such a degree of perfection, as that the whole nation could in the peaceable course of law be compelled to do justice and be sued by individual citizens."

Views substantially identical with the above are to be found expressed by Mr. Justice Story and Mr. Justice Johnson in Martin *vs.* Hunter, decided in 1816, and by Mr. Chief Justice Marshall in Cohens *vs.* Virginia, decided in 1821. Says Mr. Justice Johnson: "Force which acts upon the physical powers of man, or judicial process which addresses itself to his moral principles or his fears, are the only means to which governments can resort in the exercise of their authority. The former is happily unknown to the genius of our Constitution except as far as it shall be sanctioned by the latter."

Mr. Chief Justice Marshall affirms: "A constitution is framed for ages to come, and is designed to approach immortality as nearly as mortality can approach it. Its course cannot always be tranquil. It is exposed to storms and tempest, and its framers must have been unwise statesmen indeed if they have not provided it, as far as its nature will permit, with the means of self-preservation from the perils it is sure to encounter." "'As far as its nature will permit' is an unfortunate qualification," remarks Mr. J. C. Hurd, "in a theory

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which elevates constitutions into the rank of sentient existences."

Coming to a more recent time, we find the judges of our highest national court reiterating the declarations of their predecessors in office. Thus Mr. Chief Justice Chase, in the case of Texas *vs.* White, decided in 1868, speaks of each of the United States as "a political community . . . established by the consent of the governed." Elsewhere in the same case, he observes: "The preservation of the States and the maintenance of their governments are as much within the design and care of the Constitution as the preservation of the Union and the maintenance of the national government. The Constitution in all its provisions looks to an indestructible Union composed of indestructible States." In this statement, the sovereignty in the United States, wherever located and whether divided or a unit, is treated, it will be noticed, as a sovereignty under law.

The following is asserted by Mr. Justice Strong in the legal-tender cases, decided in 1870: "This was the origin of the amendments [that is, the first ten amendments to the Federal Constitution], and they are significant. They tend plainly to show that, in the judgment of those who adopted the Constitution, there were powers created by it neither expressly specified nor deducible from any one specified power or ancillary to it alone, but which grew out of the aggregate of powers conferred upon the government, or out of the sovereignty instituted." "Some powers that usually belong to sovereignties were extinguished, but their extinguishment was not left to inference. In most cases, if not in all, when it was intended that governmental powers commonly acknowledged as such should cease to exist, both in the States and in the federal government, it was expressly denied to both, as well to the United States as to the individual States." "The Constitution was intended to frame a government, . . . a government supreme in some particulars over States and people." Here again is made prominent the idea of sovereignty under law, — of sovereignty dependent on and existing by virtue of a constitution, a charter.

The same idea is emphasized by Mr. Chief Justice Waite in Lamar *vs.* Browne, decided in 1875. He says: "It is quite true that the United States, during the late war, occupied a peculiar position. They were, to borrow the language of one of the counsel for the plaintiff, 'both belligerent and constitutional sovereign;'" that is, sovereign by virtue of the Constitution.

Again, in the United States *vs.* Cruikshank, decided in 1875, the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence, of government by consent, is reasserted by the chief justice. But citations enough from the opinions of the United States Supreme Court have been given to show clearly the settled attitude of the court on the point under consideration.

Let us turn, therefore, to the opinions of representative lawyers.

The editor of the Boston Monthly Law Reporter, writing in 1864, declares: "The people are by our Constitution clothed with the power of self-government; it is their franchise. If this franchise, this right of governing, belonged to a single person called a prince or duke, and he had rebelled against his suzerain, can there be any doubt that he would have forfeited to his superior his franchise, his right of government? . . . The people here stand in the place of the duke, and shall they not [if they rebel] forfeit their franchise, their right to govern themselves?"

In the above is illustrated, first, the idea of the Constitution as a self-existent entity and power, clothing the people with a certain right; and, second, that of government by consent, self-government. The counterpart of the suzerain alluded to is clearly the Constitution.

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As showing the firm grasp which the idea of law *per se* has upon the American mind, and as well, at the same time, the failure of that mind to appreciate the possibility of occurrences on American soil wholly outside of and above law, — revolutionizing, perchance, the very source of law, — may be cited the following from Judge Isaac S. Redfield: "The results of the war [of the Rebellion], then, may be not inaptly considered under the figure of a judgment in an action in a court of justice; for such, in fact, is war more than anything else; . . . and it must follow as a result of this that war has conclusively demonstrated that secession is rebellion and treason," etc.

Said Mr. Reverdy Johnson in the debate in the Senate on the ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment: "When will the Constitution be amended by the ratification of three fourths of the States that are represented? Who is to decide that? . . . If, in point of law, the States that are now represented are the States to whom is to be referred the constitutional amendment proposed by Congress, then the Constitution of the United States will be altered in that respect; but if it is to be submitted to more than the States that are represented in Congress, that is to say to all the States, the question will be open, whether Congress declares it or not, and that is a question of constitutional law which Congress cannot decide by any declaration. It may go for what it is worth that in the opinion of Congress (if that should be the action of Congress) the Constitution may be amended by the ratification of three fourths of the represented States; but whenever the question arises before the judiciary, it will be governed by other considerations. It must be governed by what is the meaning of the Constitution in that particular, and be governed by what the courts shall decide is the condition of the States that are not represented." The idea here again is that of law all comprehending, — an idea which leaves absolutely no place for political action, properly so called, but which would bring sovereignty itself, the creator and maintainer of law, to the bar of law for judgment. Evidently, whether or not three fourths of the States have at any time ratified an amendment to the Constitution is to be settled by the action of the law-making power in recognizing or refusing to recognize the amendment as adopted. "If," as has well been said, "the Supreme Court could determine at any time after 1861 how many States composed the Union, as matter of law, it might have decided at the beginning whether there were thirteen or a greater or a less number."

The following from Judge Thomas M. Cooley will conclude the citations from opinions of representative lawyers: "The Declaration of Independence made them [the colonies] sovereign and independent States by altogether abolishing the foreign jurisdiction, and substituting a national government of their own creation." The elevation of law to a place above sovereignty in the United States, it would seem, then, was a feat performed at a date even earlier than that of the adoption of the Constitution.

Next in order are citations from the views of representative statesmen.

The first to be given is very brief, yet the whole American idea of law is embraced in it. Says Alexander Hamilton in the Federalist, "A law, by the very meaning of the term, includes supremacy." Here the thought of supremacy, of sovereignty as preceding law and determining it, is completely negatived. Of the two things, law and supremacy, law is treated as the larger, and as including supremacy.

Said Mr. Webster in the reply to Hayne: "If the old Confederation had contained a clause declaring that resolutions of the Congress should be the supreme law of the land, . . . and that

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a committee of Congress or any other body created by it should possess judicial powers extending to all cases arising under resolutions of Congress, then the power of ultimate decision would have been vested in Congress under the Confederation, although that Confederation was a compact between States; and for this plain reason, — that it would have been competent to the States, who alone were parties to the compact, to agree who should decide in cases of dispute arising on the construction of the compact." This citation embodies the doctrine of government by consent, of self-government, — the idea of the *contrat social* applied in the case of states instead of individuals; the fundamental doctrine of the French people at the time of the American Revolution, and at the present day the prevalent doctrine in the United States. It involves the supposition that, by stipulation in writing, sovereigns, be they individual persons or individual states, can surrender their sovereignty, the same to be exercised against themselves by some agent of themselves provided for in the written stipulation, — a supposition hardly less absurd than that of hoisting one's self by one's boot-straps. To this supposition, however, is directly attributable the American dogma of law, self-existing, self-acting.

No school of politics in the United States has entirely escaped this idea, not even the extreme state-rights school of Calhoun. This appears from the whole tenor of Mr. Calhoun's famous speech on the Constitution, delivered in 1833, in reply to Mr. Webster. His argument for nullification is not on the ground that sovereign states cannot surrender their sovereignty to an agent by compact among themselves, but on the ground that by the terms of the Federal Constitution the States of this Union have not done so. That the terms of the Constitution are appealed to is proof of the acceptance of the doctrine of sovereignty created by consent, by stipulation.

Passing to a more recent period, we are able to quote the following from Mr. Garfield: "It should be noticed that the word sovereignty cannot be fitly applied to any government in this country. It is not found in our Constitution. It is a feudal word, born of the despotism of the Middle Ages. . . . There is no one paramount sovereign in the United States. There is no person here who holds any title or authority whatever except the official authority given him by law." "The sovereignty of this people was first lodged in the revolutionary Congress, and it continued there until the 1st day of March, 1781, when they lodged it in the Articles of Confederation. . . . On the 21st day of June, 1788, a new lodgment of this sovereignty of the American people was made. It was then lodged in this Constitution," etc.

Expressions similar to the above abound in the speeches of American statesmen of the war and reconstruction period, but further citations are not required.

It is from publicists, next to the United States Supreme Court, that the most deliberate opinions are to be had concerning the relations of law and sovereignty in this country. The first of these to be taken up is naturally Story, whose Commentaries on the Constitution have ever been a veritable Bible on law and politics to a preponderating class. He says: "The understanding is general, if not universal, that, having been adopted by the majority of the people, the Constitution of the State binds the whole community *proprio vigore*," etc. "In general the import is that the people ordain and establish, that is in their sovereign capacity meet and declare, what shall be the fundamental law for the government of themselves and their posterity." "This (as has been justly observed by the Feder-

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alist) results from the very nature of political institutions. A law, by the very meaning of the term, includes supremacy." One is reminded by the above of the statements of Judges Wilson and Jay in Chisholm *vs.* Georgia. The same ideas are emphasized, to wit, self-existent law and self-government.

In accordance with the idea of law as self-existent and self-maintaining writes Francis Lieber: "A living common law is, as has been indicated, like a living common language, a living common architecture. It has the principle of its own organic vitality, and of formative as well as assimilative expansion within itself." "The civil law excels the common law in some respects, . . . but as to . . . the independence of the law, the principles of self-government, and the supremacy of the law, the common law is incomparably superior." Here law is not recognized as a rule of action set by a determinate, political superior, but as a natural growth, vital within itself. Law, as defined by Lieber, is what, by one of an opposite school, would be defined as positive morality only.

Says Dr. Theodore Woolsey in his Political Science: "It [the Constitution] creates a state formed by a league," etc. "As if there were not something higher and greater than the separate States created by the Constitution." Remarks of a like tenor are to be found throughout the writings of Mr. George T. Curtis, Professor Draper, and others. The climax is capped, however, in a work not composed by an American, but reflecting largely American ideas, — Von Holst's Constitutional and Political History of the United States. This work declares: "It was a terrible victory [that of South Carolina in the nullification controversy]; the vanquished have been terribly scourged for the defeat suffered through their sin, and the victors have been shattered to pieces by the result of the accursed victory. But conquered and conquerors brought down punishment upon themselves because they did not understand one thing, or, if they understood it, would not live up to it, — sovereignty can only be a unit, and it must remain a unit, the sovereignty of law."

II.

POLITICAL FACT.

During the time that, in France, "Jean Jacques was promulgating his new evangel of a *contrat social*, explaining the whole mystery of government, and how it is contracted and bargained for to universal satisfaction;" and that, in America, "on Bunker Hill, democracy was announcing in rifle volleys, death-winged, under her star banner, to the tune of Yankee-doodle-doo, that she was born, and, whirlwind-like, would envelop the whole world," — to borrow two expressive sentences from Mr. Thomas Carlyle, — widely different political ideas were gaining ascendency in England. A Fragment on Government, by Jeremy Bentham, was on the eve of being published. This work resumed the discussion of sovereignty and law at the point where it had been dropped by Hobbes, in the Leviathan. Before quoting from it, however, the following from Hobbes himself will be of advantage: —

"The multitude . . . united in one person is called a commonwealth, in Latin *civitas*. This is the generation of that great leviathan, or rather, to speak more reverently, of that mortal god, to which we owe, under the immortal God, our peace and defense. For by this authority, given him by every particular man in the commonwealth, he hath the use of so much power and strength conferred on him that by terror thereof he is enabled to perform the wills of them all to peace at home, and mutual aid against their enemies abroad." "His power cannot, without his consent, be transferred to another;

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he cannot forfeit it; he cannot be accused by any of his subjects of injury; he cannot be punished by them; he is judge of what is necessary for peace and judge of doctrines; he is sole legislator and supreme judge of controversies; . . . to him it belongeth to choose magistrates, counselors, commanders, and all other officers and ministers." "I define civil law in this manner: Civil law is to every subject those rules which the commonwealth hath commanded him by word, writing, or other sufficient sign of the will to make use of for the distinction of right and wrong; that is to say, of what is contrary and what is not contrary to the rule. . . . Laws are the rules of just and unjust; nothing being reputed unjust that is not contrary to some law." "The legislator in all commonwealths is only the sovereign, be he one man, as in a monarchy, or one assembly of men, as in a democracy or aristocracy." "The sovereign of a commonwealth, be it an assembly or one man, is not subject to the civil laws; for, having power to make and repeal laws, he may when he pleaseth free himself from that subjection by repealing those laws that trouble him, and making of new; and consequently he was free before." "When long use obtaineth the authority of law, it is not the length of time that maketh the authority, but the will of the sovereign signified by his silence, for silence is sometimes an argument of consent; and it is no longer law than the sovereign shall be silent therein."

In these passages, manifestly, no countenance or quarter is given the idea of law as a self-existent entity, operating *proprio vigore*, — a something above sovereignty, limiting and controlling it. On the contrary, law, as here defined, is the command of the sovereign; that is, its essence. The nature of the command, viewed from an ethical standpoint, is not to be taken into consideration. Consequently there is no such thing as an unjust law, in the sense of a law being any the less law because unjust, according to some criterion of morals. To distinguish between law in the political sense and law in the sense of the order of nature, Hobbes employs the qualifying word "positive" as descriptive of the former. Thus early in politico-legal discussion the phrase "positive law" takes on its scientific character.

But to return to Bentham. The Fragment on Government opens with a vigorous polemic against the dogma of the social contract, of sovereignty instituted by consent. Thus, among other passages: "The king, fifty years ago, promised my great-grandfather to govern him according to law. My great-grandfather, fifty years ago, promised the king to obey him according to law. The king just now promised my neighbor to govern him according to law. My neighbor just now promised the king to obey him according to law. Be it so. What are these promises, or all or any of them, to me? To make answer to this question, some other principle, it is manifest, must be resorted to than that of the intrinsic obligation of promises upon those who make them." "The indestructible prerogatives of mankind have no need to be supported upon the sandy foundation of a fiction."

Bentham's own account of political society, therefore, avoids all fictions, all hypotheses as to origin, and looks simply to fact. It is as follows: "When a number of persons (whom we may style subjects) are supposed to be in the habit of paying obedience to a person or an assembly of persons of a known and certain description (whom we may call governor or governors), such persons altogether (subjects and governors) are said to be in a state of political society." Hence "an act of political obedience is any act done in pursuance of an expression of will on the part of a person governing." The essential idea here is that of sovereignty and subjec-

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tion; of law as the expressed will of the sovereign, and so of sovereignty antecedent to and above law.

The popular definition of democracy (popular in Bentham's day as well as in our own), as the government of all by all, receives at Bentham's hands this severe treatment: "Now all is a great many; so many that, I much doubt, it will be rather a difficult matter to find these high and mighty personages power enough, — so much as to make a decent figure with. The members of this redoubtable commonwealth will be still worse off, I doubt, in point of subjects, than Trinculo in the play, or than the potentates whom some late navigators found lording it, with might and main, . . . over a Spanish settlement. There were three members of the government, and they had one subject among them all. Let him [Sir William Blackstone] examine it a little, and it will turn out, I take it, to be precisely that sort of government, and no other, which one can conceive to obtain where there is no government at all. Our author [Blackstone], we may remember, had shrewd doubts about the existence of a state of nature. Grant him his democracy, and it exists in his democracy."

The American idea of self-government, — that is, of the people in subjection to themselves as mere population, — it will thus be seen, received its *reductio ad absurdum* almost contemporaneously with its birth.

The most thorough and accomplished expositor of the idea of positive law, however, was Mr. John Austin, whose work, The Province of Jurisprudence Determined, marked an epoch in the science. The following passages contain his definition of sovereignty, his definition of positive law, and his explanation of their relations to each other: —

"The superiority which is styled sovereignty and the independent political society which sovereignty implies is distinguished from other superiority and from other society by the following marks or characters: (1.) The bulk of the given society are in a habit of obedience or submission to a determinate and common superior: let that common superior be a certain individual person or a certain body or aggregate of individual persons. (2.) That certain individual or that certain body of individuals is not in a habit of obedience to a determinate human superior." "Or the notions of sovereignty and independent political society may be expressed concisely thus: If a determinate human superior, not in a habit of obedience to a like superior, receive habitual obedience from the bulk of a given society, that determinate superior is sovereign in that society, and the society (including the superior) is a society political and independent. To that determinate superior the other members of the society are subject, or on that determinate superior the other members of the society are dependent." "Every positive law, or every law simply and strictly so called, is set by a sovereign person or by a sovereign body of persons to a member or members of the independent political society wherein that person or body is sovereign or supreme. In other words, it is set by a monarch or sovereign number to a person or persons in a state of subjection to its author." "It follows that the power of a monarch, properly so called, or the power of a sovereign number in its collegiate and sovereign capacity, is incapable of legal limitation. For a monarch or sovereign number bound by a legal duty would be subject to a higher or superior sovereign, contrary to the hypothesis involved in the definition of the terms monarch and sovereign number." "Monarchs and sovereign bodies have attempted to oblige themselves or to oblige the successors to their sovereign powers. But in spite of such attempts, the position that sovereign power is incapable of legal limitation holds without exception."

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Emphasizing the thought that the source of positive law being necessarily supreme politically, it must also be determinate — that is, certain and come-at-able, — Austin points out that while there are laws which emanate from sources not politically supreme, such as rules set by parents to children, masters to servants, etc., there are no laws which emanate from sources that are not determinate. Hence such rules of conduct as the so-called laws of honor and of fashion among individuals and of comity among nations, proceeding as they do from sources uncertain and indeterminate, are not laws at all. They are simply rules of positive morality, rules set by general opinion. Thus: "A law imposed by general opinion may be the cause of a law in the proper acceptation of the term. But the law, properly so called, which is the consequent or effect utterly differs from the so-called law which is the antecedent or cause. The one is an opinion or sentiment of an uncertain body of persons, of a body essentially incapable of joint or corporate conduct. The other is set or established by the positive or negative conduct of a certain individual or aggregate."

It is in connection with the discussion of positive morality, of rules set by public opinion merely, that Austin defines the meaning of the term "unconstitutional" as applied to an act of the sovereign. "When," he says, "an act of a sovereign is styled unconstitutional, in that more general sense of the word, what is meant is, I believe, this: that the act is inconsistent with some given principle or maxim; that the given supreme government has expressly adopted the principle, or at least has habitually observed it, and that the principle is conformable to the general opinion and sentiments of the community, which are shocked by the act in question; or that the principle is useful and the act pernicious; or that the principle is approved and the act disliked by the speaker without any reason of which he can give an account. . . . Now against a monarch properly so called, or against a sovereign body in its collegiate and sovereign capacity, constitutional law, whether expressly adopted by the sovereign or his predecessors or not, is positive morality merely: . . . consequently, although an act of the sovereign which violates constitutional law may be styled with propriety unconstitutional, it is not an infringement of law simply and strictly so called, and cannot be styled with propriety illegal."

The following is Austin's exposition of civil liberty: "Political or civil liberty is the liberty from legal obligation which is left or granted by a sovereign government to any of its own subjects." This liberty, he says, moreover, has been "erected into an idol and extolled with extravagant praises by doting and fanatical worshipers. But it is not more worthy of eulogy than the political or legal restraints which are implied by the words πόλις and *civitas*. The final cause or purpose for which government ought to exist is the furtherance of the common weal to the greatest possible extent. And it must attain this purpose not less by imposing restraints than by conferring rights or liberties. As I shall show hereafter, political or civil liberties rarely exist apart from corresponding legal restraints. . . . Political liberty is, therefore, fostered by that very political restraint from which the devotees of the idol liberty are so fearfully and blindly averse." "Every supreme government is free from legal restraints, or (what is the same proposition dressed in a different phrase) every supreme government is legally despotic. The distinction, therefore [between free and despotic governments], cannot mean that some governments are freer from restraints than others; nor can it mean that the subjects of the governments which are denominated free are protected against their governments by positive law."

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Austin distinguishes broadly two forms of sovereignty as manifested in the world: the sovereign one, or monarch, and the sovereign aggregate, or aristocracy, — the latter being the generic expression for both oligarchy and democracy; an oligarchy existing when the proportion of the sovereign number to the number of the entire community is extremely small, and a democracy when such proportion is large. Several political societies or states, however, either monarchies or aristocracies, may unite together and form either a composite state or a system of confederated states. "In the case of a so-called composite state or supreme federal government," says Austin, "it will easily be seen that the common or general government is not sovereign or supreme; and also that no one of the several governments is sovereign or supreme, even in the general society of which it is the immediate chief. For if the general government were supreme, each of the several governments considered in that character would be purely subordinate; and if the several governments were severally sovereign, they would not be members of a composite state, although, as I shall show presently, they would form a system of confederated states. The sovereignty of each of the united societies, and also of the larger society arising from the union of all, in fact resides in the united governments as forming one aggregate body; that is to say, as signifying their joint pleasure, or the joint pleasure of a majority of their number, agreeably to the form determined by the federal compact. By that aggregate body the powers of the general government were conferred and determined; and by that aggregate body its powers may be revoked, abridged, or enlarged." "The supreme government of the United States of America agrees (I believe) with the foregoing general description of a supreme federal government. I believe that the common government, or the government consisting of the Congress and the President of the United States, is merely a subject minister of the United States' governments. . . . I believe that the sovereignty of each of the States, and also of the larger state arising from the Federal Union, resides in the States' governments as forming one aggregate body; meaning by a State's government, not its ordinary legislature, but the body of its citizens which appoints its ordinary legislature, and which, the Union apart, is properly sovereign therein." "A system of confederated states cannot be distinguished by any definite mark from a number of independent governments connected by an ordinary alliance. All that can be said is that the compact is intended to be permanent, and that the ends and purposes of the compact are more numerous and complicated than those of a simple alliance."

The essential ideas of Austin have received the sanction of the strong names in recent English juridical literature: of Sir Henry Maine, Fitz-James Stephen, and Frederick Pollock. Thus Maine enforces the idea that sovereignty can reside only in a determinate, human superior. "Nor again," he says, "can sovereignty be said to reside in the entire community, — an error . . . to which French [and, he might have added, American] writers on public law seem especially liable. Their meaning may perhaps be that no body of individuals except the entirety of the people ought to be recognized as superior; but a dogma like this is something very different from the statement of a fact, and the truth is that no government corresponding with the description exists in the world. All polities are either monarchies or oligarchies, since even in the most popular women and minors are excluded from political functions." Fitz-James Stephen says, apropos of supreme power, of sovereignty: "Liberty, from the very nature of things, is dependent upon power, and it is only under the

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protection of a powerful, well-organized, and intelligent government that any liberty can exist at all."

In a word, the ideas of Austin and of the whole English school of jurists are that law exists in strict subordination to political fact, — the fact of supreme, despotic power lodged in a determinate, come-at-able, natural person, or in a determinate, come-at-able aggregate of natural persons; that political fact or sovereignty precedes law, creates law, and sustains law.

III.

RESULTS.

Let us proceed next to an examination of the effect in the United States, upon thought and action, of the wide rejection here of the idea of political fact, and of the equally wide acceptance of the opposite idea of law, — law above sovereignty.

One very perceptible effect is the opinion countenanced by the language and spirit of the Declaration of Independence, that the only sovereignty in the United States is that of the people as such, as mere unorganized mass. This opinion ignores the palpable political fact in the United States that the American people *en masse*, the unorganized American people, exercise no political power whatever, neither rule themselves nor anybody else; that the only rulers here are the organized political peoples of the States united, the electors in each State acting together. Each State determines for itself, outside a general restriction as to color, what shall be the qualifications for its electors; and the different bodies of electors so qualified, acting together, exert power, — sovereign power. Never since the adoption of the Federal Constitution (nor before its adoption, for that matter) has the whole American people exercised political power. This is a verifiable fact of history. Yet, in the very face of this fact, we find such a writer as Professor John N. Pomeroy asserting that the people themselves, the entire mass of persons who compose the community, are the true nation, the final, permanent depositary of all power. "It is certainly unnecessary," he says, "for Americans to argue in favor of the correctness of this principle. Our whole political structure, our whole civilization, is based upon it." It is doubtless true that, upon this principle, — the principle of universal sovereignty, — courts, publicists, and statesmen have all along agreed in assuming our whole political structure to be based. But there is the very difficulty, there is the very head and front of our offending. We have laid down a principle, in the Declaration of Independence for example, and then persisted in construing history in the light of it. We have put law before political fact; have assumed that sovereignty, in obedience to our principle, exists in the entire mass of the American people; and then refused to recognize the fact that it does not exist there at all, and never has, but exists in the organized political peoples, the electors of the States united.[1]

The fact of the existence in the United States, as elsewhere, of a determinate, political superior (consisting here of the electors of the several States acting together) substantiates the opinion of both Austin and Maine that sovereignty nowhere resides in the entire community, men, women, and children, as a mere unorganized body; and also the opinion

[1] A fresh evidence of the prevalence in the United States of the view that the sovereignty here resides in the unorganized totality of our citizens is supplied in the following passage from the oration delivered by Mr. Chauncey M. Depew on the anniversary of Washington's inauguration to the presidency: "The grand central idea of the Declaration of Independence was the sovereignty of the People. It relied for original power, not upon states or colonies or their citizens as such, but recognized as the authority for nationality the revolutionary rights of the people of the United States."

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of Austin that the sovereignty in the United States is an oligarchy, the States united.

Again, the effect of the acceptance of the idea of law, of law above sovereignty, in the United States is perceptible in the opinion — at variance, in its explicit recognition of the fact of sovereignty, with the opinion just considered and not as widely entertained — that sovereignty is divisible; that it can be cut up and parceled out in accordance with the terms of some plan embodied in a written constitution. It is the common language of the United States Supreme Court that certain powers incident to sovereignty have under our Constitution been reserved to the States, and certain others delegated to the United States. Thus says Mr. Chief Justice Taney, in Ableman *vs.* Booth: "The powers of the general government and of the State, although both exist and are exercised within the same territorial limits, are yet separate and distinct sovereignties, acting separately and independently of each other within their respective spheres."

Mr. G. T. Curtis has well set forth this idea of the divisibility of sovereignty in his various discourses and writings. His language in one place is: "I have said that the framers of our Constitution reached the conclusion that political sovereignty is divisible; and I regard this central truth, which, in the sense in which it is to be understood, is an American discovery, as the key to all correct interpretation of our political system." Judge Cooley has expressed himself in similar terms in his Constitutional Limitations.

The political fact, however, is that sovereignty in the United States has never been divided. It has always been exercised by the political peoples of the several States acting together, through the instrumentality of a general government, subdivided into departments, legislative, executive, and judicial. In the language of Mr. J. C. Hurd, "The powers held by the States severally cannot, under any theory of the Constitution, be sovereign in any sense, when the use made of them by the state governments is subject to the judgment of any department of another government holding the other powers of sovereignty."

Had not the American mind from the start been filled with the idea of sovereignty under law, the dogma of the divisibility of sovereignty, in accordance with the terms of some particular charter of government, would never have gained currency. It would have been seen that everywhere sovereignty is a unit above law and determining law; and the accepted opinion to-day would be that of Hobbes and the English jurists, namely, that "to divide the power of the commonwealth is but to dissolve it."

Still another effect of the American idea of law is the tendency with us (already alluded to) to lay down some principle or maxim, and then persistently to construe all fact in the light of it. In the Declaration of Independence, for example, the principle is formulated that all government derives its just power from the consent of the governed, the universal sovereignty doctrine; and in consequence, from that time to this, we have busied ourselves in studiously ignoring the fact that universal sovereignty does not exist now, and never has existed, in the United States. Our principle is belied by our conduct, but we reassert it constantly in learned treatise and popular address. Judge Jameson and Professor Pomeroy devote each many pages to its exposition, and the stump orator has worn it literally threadbare.

It is the same with other principles and maxims. Is a so-claimed fundamental truth of democracy announced by Madison or Hamilton in the Federalist, our habit is to endeavor to square the history of the past one hundred years into harmony and conformity

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therewith, rather than to make that history the test of the genuineness of the so-claimed truth.

It seems to be our idea that so long as the Constitution of the United States receives, in its more obvious respects, the usual application, the sovereignty here must necessarily reside where it resided at the start and be what it then was. This idea is the fruit of the larger and more comprehensive idea that law is above sovereignty, in the United States, and holds the latter in its place. Attention to the opposite idea, that sovereignty is above law and creates law, would suggest the reflection that for the Constitution to receive, in its more obvious respects, the usual application to-day is not necessarily for it to receive that application by the grace of the same sovereign as in former days. The new sovereign, if there be one, may be keeping alive, more or less completely, the laws set by his predecessor. Yet it is none the less important that we find out if there be a new sovereign. His advent may have been revealed to close observers by political straws unnoticed by the people generally, or, if noticed by them, deemed without significance. It is thought by some, by one at least, that the assumption more and more by the Supreme Court of the United States to pass upon political questions, mistaking them for questions of law, is an indication of a shifting of the political centre of gravity here from an oligarchy, consisting of the States united, to a pure democracy, acting through the general government.

But whether this be an opinion well founded or not, one thing is certain, and that is that where the sovereignty in the United States resides to-day, and in what it consists, can be discovered only by examining the facts of history; and that, moreover, in their own light, and not in the light of principles and maxims formulated by the fathers of the Constitution, and dear to our hearts on that account. Political fact, not law, must be our criterion.

Thus far have been considered more especially those effects of the American idea of law which have been exhibited in opinion. Still more startling effects of this idea have been exhibited in conduct.

At the close of the war of the Rebellion in the United States, a number of cases came before the Federal Supreme Court, among them Texas *vs.* White, White *vs.* Hart, and Keith *vs.* Clark, in the decision of which it was necessary to state the condition of the rebellious States, politically, after the passage by them of the ordinance of secession. That condition, according to Austin's description of the United States as an oligarchy, consisting of States united, — a description in complete accordance with fact, — was manifestly of States which had laid aside their statehood, their political personality, and become territories, geographical expressions: the sovereignty in which they had once participated remaining unimpaired in the non-seceding States, the States continuing in union; it being no more lessened or weakened than would be the sovereignty of an oligarchy of natural persons by the retirement of a portion of the members, and continuing just as supreme over the territories once States as, in the case of natural persons, it would continue over the persons once oligarchs.

But, instead of so stating the condition of the seceded States in accordance with political fact, the court proceeded to state it in accordance with a fundamental maxim of the American idea of law, namely, that of the divisibility of sovereignty. It was remembered that, from the days of the Constitutional Convention and the Federalist down to the present, the several States, as well as the United States, had been acknowledged possessors of sovereignty in some sense. It would never do to say that, while in secession, the Confederate States were

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mere territories, mere geographical expressions; for, in that event, they were in no sense sovereign severally. The announcement was accordingly made (and no announcement has been more applauded by the American people) that we were an indestructible Union of indestructible States; that is, a sovereignty composed of sovereignties. In point of sentiment, this proposition met the case very completely. It recognized the actual sovereignty of the Union, and likewise the traditional sovereignty of the States. The radical saw in it a triumph for nationalism, and the conservative a guaranty against such a triumph for nationalism as must result in the absorption of the States. Both were, therefore, satisfied.

In point of logic, however, this proposition did not meet the case at all. One of the admitted consequences of rebellion is treason on the part of somebody; but if the States of the American Union are indestructible as such, individual citizens of a State can rarely be traitors save to that State. The State itself cannot be in rebellion, for so long as it is admitted to be a State it is a political personality, entitled to all political privileges; subject to conquest, but not amenable to criminal law. Indeed, under the proposition that we are an indestructible Union of indestructible States, the possibility of treason to the United States is to a great extent eliminated from our polity.

Again, under this proposition, a State being unable to lay aside its statehood (a contradiction in terms, by the way, for a State such by compulsion is not a State at all), the war of the Rebellion was waged, not against belligerent persons, but against belligerent States, — belligerent political organizations; and the European view of that contest as essentially an international one, a view at which it has been the habit of loyal sympathizers to carp and become highly incensed, is fully sustained.

The Supreme Court, it is hardly necessary to say, has not deemed it expedient to accept the whole of these logical consequences of its famous apothegm concerning the nature of the Union and the States. It has accepted them in part, and in part — the larger part — not. Its course has been vacillating and contradictory. Indeed, it could not be otherwise, under its fixed determination to interpret the war in the light of sentiment and tradition, instead of in the light of political fact. It is not less than public misfortune that the idea of law is so inwrought in the American consciousness that by jurists, publicists, and statesmen alike the effort is to test history by maxims, not maxims by history.

Other instances of the effect upon conduct of the American idea of law might be given, such as the recognition and partial enforcement by the United States Supreme Court, in the cases of *ex parte* Siebold and *ex parte* Clarke, of the doctrine that the general government (the agent) may insure its perpetuity against the desire of the States in union (the principal and sovereign) by compelling them to send representatives to Congress, on the ground that the Constitution, as law above sovereignty, looks to such perpetuity, but space will not permit.

The truth of the remark introductory to this article, that while the United States have produced very many (and, it might have been added, very able) lawyers, they have produced but few politicians in the exalted sense of the word, has already, I think, been demonstrated.

Has it not also been made to appear that, for national self-comprehension and guidance, of politicians, in such sense, we stand sorely in need?

Irving Berdine Richman.

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THE FRENCH ALLIANCE AND THE CONWAY CABAL.

THE history of the Revolutionary War may be divided into four well-marked periods. The first period begins in 1761 with the resistance of James Otis to the general search-warrants, and it may be regarded as ending in June, 1774, when the acts for changing the government of Massachusetts were intended to take effect. This period of constitutional discussion culminated in the defiance of Great Britain by the people of Boston when they threw the tea into the harbor; and the acts of April, 1774, by which Parliament replied to the challenge, were virtually a declaration of war against the American colonies, though yet another year elapsed before the first bloodshed at Lexington.

The second period opens with June, 1774, when Massachusetts began to nullify the acts of Parliament, and it closes with the Declaration of Independence. During this period warfare was carried on only for the purpose of obtaining a redress of grievances, and without any design of bringing about a political separation of the English people in America from the English people in Britain. The theatre of war was mainly confined to New England and Canada; and while the Americans failed in the attempt to conquer Canada, their defensive warfare was crowned with success. The fighting of this period began with the victory of Lexington; it ended with the victory of Fort Moultrie. New England, except the island of Newport, was finally freed from the presence of the British, and no further attack was made upon the Southern States for more than two years.

The essential feature of the third period, comprising the years 1776 and 1777, was the struggle for the State of New York and the great natural strategic line of the Mohawk and Hudson rivers. Independence having been declared, the United States and Great Britain were now fighting each other single-handed, like two separate and foreign powers. It was the object of Great Britain to conquer the United States, and accordingly she struck at the commercial and military centre of the confederation. If she could have thoroughly conquered the State of New York and secured the line of the Hudson, she would have broken the confederation in two, and might perhaps have proceeded to overcome its different parts in detail. Hence in this period of the war everything centres about New York, such an outlying expedition as that of Howe against Philadelphia having no decisive military value except in its bearings upon the issue of the great central conflict. The strategy of the Americans was mainly defensive, though with regard to certain operations they assumed the offensive with brilliant success. The period began with the disasters of Long Island and Fort Washington; it ended with the triumph of Saratoga. As the net result of the two years' work, the British had taken and held the cities of New York and Philadelphia and the town of Newport. The fortress of Ticonderoga, which they had likewise taken, they abandoned after the overthrow of Burgoyne; and in like manner they retired from the highlands of the Hudson, which the Americans now proceeded to occupy with a stronger force than before. In short, while the British had lost an army, they had conquered nothing but the ground on which they were actually encamped. Their attempt to break through the centre of the American position had ended in total defeat, and it had now become clear to discerning minds that there was very small chance of their

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ever being able to conquer the United States.

The fourth period, upon which we are now entering, begins with the immediate consequences of the victory of Saratoga, and extends to the treaty of 1783, whereby Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the United States. The military history of this period ends with the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, in October, 1781, just four years after the surrender of Burgoyne. Except as regards the ultimate triumph of the American arms, the history of these four years presents striking contrasts to the history of the two years we have just passed in review. The struggle is no longer confined to the arms of Great Britain and the United States, but it extends in some measure over the whole civilized world, though it is only France, with its army and more especially its navy, that comes into direct relation with the final result in America. Moreover, instead of a well-aimed and concentrated blow at the centre of the American position, the last period of the war consisted partly of a straggling and disorderly series of movements, designed simply to harass the Americans and wear out their patience, and partly of an attempt to conquer the Southern States and detach them from the Union. There is, accordingly, less dramatic unity in this last stage of the war than in the period which ended at Saratoga, and it is less susceptible of close and consecutive treatment; but on the other hand, in richness of incidents and in variety of human interest it is in no wise inferior to the earlier periods.

The first consequence of Saratoga was the retreat of the British government from every one of the positions for the sake of which it had begun the war. The news of Burgoyne's surrender reached England just before Parliament adjourned for Christmas, and Lord North immediately gave notice that as soon as the holidays were over he should bring in measures for conciliating the Americans. The general feeling in England was one of amazement and consternation. In these days, when we are accustomed to contemplate military phenomena of enormous magnitude, when we have lately carried on a war in which more than two million men were under arms, and more than two million dollars were expended every day, we must not forget how different was the historic background upon which events were projected a century ago. Those were not the days of submarine telegraphs and Cunard steamships, and in trying to carry on warfare across three thousand miles of ocean the problem before George III. was far more arduous than that which the great Frederick had solved, when, acting on interior lines and supported by British gold, he overcame the combined assaults of France and Austria and Russia. The loss which Great Britain had now suffered could not easily be made good. At the same time it was generally believed, both in England and on the continent of Europe, that the loss of the American colonies would entail the ruin of the British Empire. Only a few wise political economists, "literary men," like Adam Smith and Josiah Tucker, were far-seeing enough to escape this prodigious fallacy; even Chatham was misled by it. It was not understood that English America and English Britain were bound together by commercial and social ties so strong that no question of political union or severance could permanently affect them. It was not foreseen that within a century the dealings of Great Britain with the independent United States would far exceed her dealings with the rest of the world. On the contrary, it was believed that if political independence were conceded to the Americans, the whole stream of transatlantic commerce would be diverted to other parts of Europe, that the

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British naval power would forthwith decay, and that England would sink from her imperial position into such a mere insular nation as that over which Henry VIII. had ruled. So greatly did men overrate political conditions; so far were they from appreciating those economic conditions which are so much more deep-seated and essential.

Under these circumstances, the only people in England who were willing to concede the independence of the United States were the Rockingham Whigs, and these were now in a small minority. Lord Rockingham and his friends, with Burke as their leader, had always condemned the harsh and stupid policy of the government toward America, and they were now ready to concede independence because they were convinced that conciliation was no longer practicable. Lord Chatham, on the other hand, with his section of the Whig party, while even more emphatically condemning the policy of the government, still clung to the hope of conciliation, and could not bear to think of the disruption of the empire. But with the Tory party, which had all along supported the government, the war was still popular, and no calamity seemed so great as the loss of the American colonies. Most of the country squires believed in crushing out rebellion, no matter where it occurred or for what reason, and this view was almost unanimously taken by the clergy. In the House of Lords none were so bloodthirsty as the bishops, and country parsons preached from all the texts of the Old Testament which refer to smiting Jehovah's enemies hip and thigh. The trading classes in the large towns, and the few manufacturers who had come upon the scene, were so afraid of losing the American market that they were ready to vote men and money without stint. The town of Manchester even raised and equipped two regiments at its own expense. Thus while the great majority of the British nation believed that America must be retained at whatever cost, a majority of this majority believed that it must be conquered before it could be conciliated or reasoned with; and this was the opinion which had thus far found favor with Lord North and controlled the policy of the government.

We may imagine, then, the unspeakable amazement of the House of Commons, on the 17th of February, 1778, when Lord North arose in his place and moved that every one of the points for which Samuel Adams and his friends had zealously contended, from the passage of the Stamp Act to the breaking out of the war, should at once be conceded forever and without further parley. By the bill which he now proceeded to read, the famous Tea Act and the act for changing the constitution of Massachusetts were unconditionally repealed. It was furthermore declared that Parliament would renounce forever the right of raising a revenue in America; and it was provided that commissioners should be sent over to treat with Congress, armed with full powers for negotiating a peace. Pending the negotiations the commissioners might proclaim a truce, and might suspend the operation of any act of Parliament relating to America which had been passed since 1763. They might also proclaim complete amnesty for all political offenses.

So complete a political somersault has seldom been turned by an English minister, and the speech in which Lord North defended himself was worthy of the occasion. Instead of resigning when he saw that his policy had proved a failure, as an English minister would naturally do, he suddenly shifted his ground, and adopted the policy which the opposition had urged in vain against him three years before, and which, if then adopted, would unquestionably have prevented bloodshed. Not only did he thus shift his ground, but he declared that this policy of conciliation was really

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the one which he had favored from the beginning. There was more truth in this than appeared at the moment, for in more than one instance Lord North had, with culpable weakness, carried out the king's policy in defiance of his own convictions. It was in vain, however, that he sought to clear himself of responsibility for the Tea Act, the oppressive edicts of 1774, and the recent events in America generally. The House received his bill and his speech in profound silence. Disgust and dejection filled every bosom, yet no one could very well help voting for the measures. The Tories, already chagrined by the bitter news from Saratoga, were enraged at being thus required to abandon all the ground for which they had been fighting, yet no way seemed open for them but to follow their leader. The Whigs were vexed at seeing the wind taken out of their sails, but they could not in honor oppose a policy which they had always earnestly supported. All sat for some moments in grim, melancholy silence, till Fox, arising, sarcastically began his speech by congratulating his Whig friends on having gained such a powerful and unexpected ally in the prime minister. Taunts and innuendoes flew back and forth across the House. From the Tory side came sullen cries that the country was betrayed, while from among the Whigs the premier was asked if he supposed himself armed with the spear of Achilles, which could heal the wounds that itself had made. It was very pointedly hinted that the proposed measures would not be likely to produce much effect upon the Americans unless accompanied by Lord North's resignation, since, coming from him, they would come as from a tainted spring. But in spite of all this ill-feeling the bill was passed, and the same reasons which had operated here carried it also through the House of Lords. On the 11th of March it received the royal signature, and three commissioners were immediately appointed to convey information of this action to Congress, and make arrangements for a treaty of peace.

The conciliatory policy of Lord North had come at least two years too late. The American leaders were now unwilling to consider the question of reunion with the mother country upon any terms; and even before the extraordinary scene in Parliament which we have just witnessed, a treaty had been made with France, by which the Americans solemnly agreed, in consideration of armed support to be furnished by that power, never to entertain proposals of peace from Great Britain until their independence should be acknowledged, and never to conclude a treaty of peace except with the concurrence of their new ally. The French government had secretly assisted the Americans as early as the summer of 1776 by occasional loans of money, and by receiving American privateers in French ports. The longer Great Britain and her colonies could be kept weakening each other by warfare, the greater the hope that France might at some time be enabled to step in and regain her lost maritime empire. But it was no part of French policy to take an active share in the struggle until the proper moment should come for reaping some decisive material advantage. At the beginning of the year 1778 that moment seemed to have arrived. The capture of Burgoyne and the masterly strategy which Washington had shown, in spite of his ill-success on the field, had furnished convincing proof that the American alliance was worth having. At the same time, the announcement that Lord North was about to bring in conciliatory measures indicated that the British government was weakening in its purpose. Should such measures succeed in conciliating the Americans and in bringing about a firm reunion with the mother country, the schemes of France would be irretrievably ruined. Now, therefore, was the golden opportunity, and France was not slow to seize it.

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On the 6th of February the treaty with the United States was signed at Paris. By a special article it was stipulated that Spain might enter into the alliance *at her earliest convenience.* Just now, too, Frederick the Great publicly opened the port of Dantzic to American cruisers and prohibited Hessian soldiers from passing through his dominions to the seaboard, while he wrote to Franklin at Paris that he should probably soon follow the king of France in recognizing the independence of the United States.

Rumors of all these things kept coming to England while the conciliatory measures were passing through Parliament, and on the 13th of March, two days after those measures had become law, the action of France was formally communicated to the British government, and war was instantly declared.

The situation of England seemed desperate. With one army lost in America, with the recruiting ground in Germany barred against her, with a debt piling up at the rate of a million dollars a week, and with a very inadequate force of troops at home in case of sudden invasion, she was now called upon to contend with the whole maritime power of France, to which that of Spain was certain soon to be added. And to crown all, the government had just written its own condemnation by confessing before the world that its policy toward America, which had been the cause of all this mischief, was impracticable as well as unrighteous. At this terrible moment the eyes of all England were turned upon one great man, old now and wasted by disease, but the fire of whose genius still burned bright and clear. The government must be changed, and in the Earl of Chatham the country had still a leader whose very name was synonymous with victory. Not thus had matters gone in the glorious days of Quiberon and Minden and Quebec, when his skillful hand was at the helm, and every heart in England and America beat high with the consciousness of worthy ends achieved by well-directed valor. To whom but Chatham should appeal be made to repair the drooping fortunes of the empire? It was in his hands alone that a conciliatory policy could have any chance of success. From the first he had been the consistent advocate of the constitutional rights of the Americans; and throughout America he was the object of veneration no less hearty and enthusiastic than that which was accorded to Washington himself. Overtures that would be laughed at as coming from North would at least find respectful hearing if urged by Chatham. On the other hand, should the day for conciliation have irrevocably passed by, the magic of his name was of itself sufficient to create a panic in France, while in England it would kindle that popular enthusiasm which is of itself the best guarantee of success. In Germany, too, the remembrance of the priceless services he had rendered could not but dispel the hostile feeling with which Frederick had regarded England since the accession of George III. Moved by such thoughts as these, statesmen of all parties, beginning with Lord North himself, implored the king to form a new ministry under Chatham. Lord Mansfield, his bitterest enemy, declared that without Chatham at the helm the ship of state must founder, and his words were echoed by Bute and the young George Grenville. At the opposite extreme of politics, the Duke of Richmond, who had long since made up his mind that the colonies must be allowed to go, declared, nevertheless, that if it were to be Chatham who should see fit to make another attempt to retain them, he would aid him in every possible way. The press teemed with expressions of the popular faith in Chatham, and every one impatiently wondered that the king should lose a day in calling to the head of affairs the only man who could save the country.

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But all this unanimity of public opinion went for nothing with the selfish and obdurate king. All the old reasons for keeping Chatham out of office had now vanished, so far as the American question was concerned; for by consenting to North's conciliatory measures the king had virtually come over to Chatham's position, and as regarded the separation of the colonies from the mother country, Chatham was no less loath than the king to admit the necessity of such a step. Indeed, the policy upon which the king had now been obliged to enter absolutely demanded Chatham as its exponent instead of North. Everybody saw this, and no doubt the king saw it himself, but it had no weight with him in the presence of personal considerations. He hated Chatham with all the ferocity of hatred that a mean and rancorous spirit can feel toward one that is generous and noble; and he well knew besides that, with that statesman at the head of affairs, his own share in the government would be reduced to nullity. To see the government administered in accordance with the policy of a responsible minister, and in disregard of his own irresponsible whims, was a humiliation to which he was not yet ready to submit. For eight years now, by coaxing and bullying the frivolous North, he had contrived to keep the reins in his own hands; and having so long tasted the sweets of power, he was resolved in future to have none but milksops for his ministers. In face of these personal considerations the welfare of the nation was of little account to him.[1] He flew into a rage. No power in heaven or earth, he said, should ever make him stoop to treat with "Lord Chatham and his crew;" he refused to be "shackled by those desperate men" and "made a slave for the remainder of his days." Rather than yield to the wishes of his people at this solemn crisis, he would submit to lose his crown. Better thus, he added, than to wear it in bondage and disgrace.

In spite of the royal wrath, however, the popular demand for a change of government was too strong to be resisted. But for Lord Chatham's sudden death, a few weeks later, he would doubtless have been called upon to fill the position which North was so anxious to relinquish. The king would have had to swallow his resentment, as he was afterwards obliged to do in 1782. Had Chatham now become prime minister, it was his design to follow up the repeal of all obnoxious legislation concerning America by withdrawing every British soldier from our soil, and attacking France with might and main, as in the Seven Years' War, on the ocean and through Germany, where the invincible Ferdinand of Brunswick was again to lead the armies of Great Britain. In America such a policy could hardly have failed to strengthen not only the loyalists and waverers, but also the patriots of conciliatory mould, such as Dickinson and Robert Morris. Nor was the moment an inopportune one. Many Americans, who were earnest in withstanding the legislative encroachments of Parliament, had formerly been alienated from the popular cause by what they deemed the needlessly radical step of the Declaration of Independence. Many others were now alienated by the French alliance. In New England, the chief stronghold of the revolutionary party, many people were disgusted at an alliance with the Catholic and despotic power which in days gone by had so often let loose the Indian hell-hounds upon their frontier. The treaty with France was indeed a marriage of convenience rather than of affection. The American leaders, even while arranging

[1] "This episode appears to me the most criminal in the whole reign of George III., and in my own judgment it is as criminal as any of those acts which led Charles I. to the scaffold." (Lecky, History of England in the Eighteenth Century, vol. iv. p. 83.)

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it, dreaded the revulsion of feeling that might ensue in the country at large; and their dread was the legitimate hope of Chatham. To return to the state of things which had existed previous to 1765 would no doubt be impossible. Independence of some sort must be conceded, and in this Lord Rockingham and the Duke of Richmond were unquestionably right. But Chatham was in no wise foolish in hoping that some sort of federal bond might be established which should maintain Americans and British in perpetual alliance, and, while granting full legislative autonomy to the colonies singly or combined, should prevent the people of either country from ever forgetting that the Americans were English. There was at least a chance that this noble policy might succeed, and until the trial should have been made he would not willingly consent to a step that seemed certain to wreck the empire his genius had won for England. But death now stepped in to simplify the situation in the old ruthless way.

The Duke of Richmond, anxious to bring matters to an issue, gave notice that on the 7th of April he should move that the royal fleets and armies should be instantly withdrawn from America, and peace be made on whatever terms Congress might see fit to accept. Such at least was the practical purport of the motion. For such an unconditional surrender Chatham was not yet ready, and on the appointed day he got up from his sickbed and came into the House of Lords to argue against the motion. Wrapped in flannel bandages and leaning upon crutches, his dark eyes in their brilliancy enhancing the pallor of his careworn face, as he entered the House, supported on the one side by his son-in-law, Lord Mahon, and on the other by that younger son who was so soon to add fresh glory to the name of William Pitt, the peers all started to their feet, and remained standing until he had taken his place. In broken sentences, with strange flashes of the eloquence which had once held captive ear and heart, he protested against the hasty adoption of a measure which simply prostrated the dignity of England before its ancient enemy, the House of Bourbon. The Duke of Richmond's answer, reverently and delicately worded, urged that while the magic of Chatham's name could work anything short of miracles, yet only a miracle could now relieve them from the dire necessity of abandoning America. The earl rose to reply, but his overwrought frame gave way, and he sank in a swoon upon the floor. All business was at once adjourned. The peers, with eager sympathy, came crowding up to offer assistance, and the unconscious statesman was carried in the arms of his friends to a house near by, whence in a few days he was removed to his home at Hayes. There, after lingering between life and death for several weeks, on the 11th of May, and in the seventieth year of his age, Lord Chatham breathed his last.

The man thus struck down, like a soldier at his post, was one whom Americans no less than Englishmen have delighted to honor. The personal fascination which he exerted in his lifetime is something we can no longer know; but as the field of modern history expands till it covers the globe, we find ourselves better able than his contemporaries to comprehend the part which he played at one of the most critical moments of the career of mankind. For simple magnitude, the preponderance of the English race in the world has come now to be the most striking fact in human history; and when we consider all that is implied in this growing preponderance of an industrial civilization over other civilizations of relatively archaic and militant type, we find reason to believe that among historic events it is the most teeming with mighty consequences to be witnessed by a distant future. With no other historic personage

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are the beginnings of this supremacy of the English race so closely associated as with the elder William Pitt. It was he who planned the victories which gave England the dominion of the sea, and which, rescuing India from the anarchy of centuries, prepared it to become the seat of a new civilization, at once the apt pupil and the suggestive teacher of modern Europe. It was he who, by driving the French from America, cleared the way for the peaceful overflow of our industrial civilization through the valley of the Mississippi; saving us from the political dangers which chronic warfare might otherwise have entailed, and insuring us the ultimate control of the fairest part of this continent. To his valiant and skillful lieutenants by sea and land, to such great men as Hawke, and Clive, and Wolfe, belongs the credit of executing the details; it was the genius of Pitt that conceived and superintended the prodigious scheme as a connected whole. Alone among the Englishmen of his time, Pitt looked with prophetic gaze into the mysterious future of colonial history, and saw the meaning of the creation of a new and greater Europe in the outlying regions of the earth; and through his triumphs it was decided that this new and greater Europe should become for the most part a new and greater England, — a world of self-government, and of freedom of thought and speech. While his political vision thus embraced the uttermost parts of the globe, his action in the centre of Europe helped to bring about results the importance of which we are now beginning to appreciate. From the wreck of all Germany in that horrible war of religion which filled one third of the seventeenth century, a new Protestant power had slowly emerged and grown apace, till in Pitt's time — for various reasons, dynastic, personal, and political — it had drawn down upon itself the vengeance of all the reactionary countries of Europe. Had the coalition succeeded, the only considerable Protestant power on the continent would have been destroyed, and the anarchy which had followed the Thirty Years' War would have been renewed. The stupid George II., who could see in Prussia nothing but a rival of Hanover, was already preparing to join the alliance against Frederick, when Pitt overruled him, and threw the weight of England into the other side of the scale. The same act which thus averted the destruction of Prussia secured to England a most efficient ally in her struggle with France. Of this wise policy we now see the fruits in that renovated German Empire which has come to be the strongest power on the continent of Europe, which is daily establishing fresh bonds of sympathy with the people of the United States, and whose political interests are daily growing more and more visibly identical with those of Great Britain. As in days to come the solidarity of the Teutonic race in its three great nationalities — America, England, and Germany — becomes more and more clearly manifest, the more will the student of history be impressed with the wonderful fact that the founding of modern Germany, the maritime supremacy of England, and the winning of the Mississippi Valley for English-speaking America were but the different phases of one historic event, coherent parts of the one vast conception which marks its author as the grandest of modern statesmen. As the lapse of time carries us far enough from the eighteenth century to study it in its true proportions, the figure of Chatham in the annals of the Teutonic race will appear no less great and commanding than the figure of Charlemagne a thousand years before.

But Chatham is interesting to Americans not only as the eloquent defender in our revolutionary struggle, not only as standing in the forefront of that vast future in which we hope to play so important a part, but also as the first Brit-

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ish statesman whose political thinking was of a truly American type. Pitt was above all things the man of the people, and it has been well said that his title of the "Great Commoner" marks in itself a political revolution. When the king and the Old Whig lords sought to withstand him in the cabinet, he could say with truth, "It is the people who have sent me here." He was first to discover the fact that the development of trade and manufactures, due chiefly to the colonial expansion of England, had brought into existence an important class of society, for which neither the Tory nor the Old Whig schemes of government had made provision. He was the first to see the absurdity of such towns as Leeds and Manchester going without representation, and he began in 1745 the agitation for parliamentary reform which was first successful in 1832. In the celebrated case of Wilkes, while openly expressing his detestation of the man, he successfully defended the rights of constituencies against the tyranny of the House of Commons. Against the fierce opposition of Lord Mansfield, he maintained inviolate the liberty of every Englishman to publish his opinions. He overthrew the abuse of arbitrary imprisonment by general warrants. He ended the chronic troubles of Scotland by taking the Highlander into his confidence and raising regiments from them for the regular army. In this intense devotion to liberty and to the rights of man, Pitt was actuated as much by his earnest, sympathetic nature as by the clearness and breadth of his intelligence. In his austere purity of character, as in his intensity of conviction, he was an enigma to the skeptical and frivolous age in which he lived. Cromwell or Milton would have understood him much better than did Horace Walpole, to whom his haughty mien and soaring language seemed like theatrical affectation. But this grandiose bearing was nothing but the natural expression of that elevation of soul which, lighted by a rich poetic imagination and fired by the glow of passion beneath, made his eloquence the most impressive that has ever been heard in England. He was haughty and soaring in outward demeanor only as his mind habitually dwelt with strong emotion upon great thoughts and noble deeds. He was the incarnation of all that is lofty and aspiring in human nature, and his sublime figure, raised above the grave in the northern transept of Westminster Abbey, with its eager outstretched arm, still seems to be urging on his countrymen in the path of duty and of glory.

By the death of Chatham the obstacles which had beset the king were suddenly removed. On the morning after the pathetic scene in the House of Lords, he wrote with ill-concealed glee to North, "May not the political exit of Lord Chatham incline you to continue at the head of my affairs?" North was very unwilling to remain, but it was difficult to find any one who could form a government in his place. Among the New Whigs, now that Chatham was gone, Lord Shelburne was the most prominent; but he was a man who, in spite of great talents, never succeeded in winning the confidence either of the politicians or of the people. He was a warm friend to the American cause, but no one supposed him equal to the difficult task which Chatham would have undertaken, of pacifying the American people. The Old Whigs, under Lord Rockingham, had committed themselves to the full independence of the United States, and for this the people of England were not yet prepared. Under the circumstances, there seemed to be nothing for Lord North to do but remain in office. The king was delighted, and his party appeared to have gained strength from the indignation aroused by the alliance of the Americans with France. It was strengthened still more by the positive refusal of Congress to treat with the commissioners sent over by Lord

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North. The commissioners arrived in America in June, and remained until October, without effecting anything. Congress refused to entertain any propositions whatever from Great Britain until the independence of the United States should first be acknowledged. Copies of Lord North's conciliatory bills were published by order of Congress, and scattered broadcast over the country. They were everywhere greeted with derision; at one town in Rhode Island they were publicly burned under a gallows which had been erected for the occasion. After fruitlessly trying all the devices of flattery and intrigue, the commissioners lost their temper; and just before sailing for England they issued a farewell manifesto, in which they threatened the American people with exemplary punishment for their contumacy. The conduct of the war, they said, was now to be changed; these obstinate rebels were to be made to suffer the extremes of distress, and no mercy was to be shown them. Congress instantly published this extraordinary document, and it was received with somewhat more derision than the conciliatory bills had been. Under the circumstances of that day, the threat could have but one meaning. It meant arson along the coasts at the hands of the British fleet, and murder on the frontiers at the hands of Indian auxiliaries. The commissioners sought to justify their manifesto before Parliament, and one of them vehemently declared that if all hell could be let loose against these rebels, he should approve of the measure. "The proclamation," said he, "certainly does mean a war of desolation: it can mean nothing else." Lord Rockingham denounced the policy of the manifesto, and few were found in Parliament willing to support it openly. This barbarous policy, however, was neither more nor less than that which Lord George Germaine had deliberately made up his mind to pursue for the remainder of the war. Giving up the problem of conquering the Americans by systematic warfare, he thought it worth while to do as much damage and inflict as much suffering as possible, in the hope that by and by the spirit of the people might be broken and their patience worn out. No policy could be more repugnant to the amiable soul of Lord North, but his false position obliged him passively to sanction much that he did not like. Besides this plan for tiring out the people, it was designed to conduct a systematic expedition against Virginia and the Carolinas, in order to detach these States from the rest of the confederacy. Should it be found necessary, after all, to acknowledge the independence of the United States, it seemed worth while at least to cut down their territory as much as possible, and save to the British Crown these rich countries of rice, and indigo, and tobacco. Such was the plan now proposed by Germaine and adopted by the ministry of which he was a member.

The scheme for tiring out the Americans could not seem altogether hopeless. Though from a military point of view the honors of the war thus far remained with them, yet the losses and suffering had been very great. The disturbance of trade was felt even more severely in America than in England, and it was further exacerbated by the evils of a depreciated currency. The country had entered into the war heavily handicapped by the voluntary stoppage of importation which had prevailed for several years. The war had cut off New England from the Newfoundland fisheries and the trade with the West Indies, and the coasting trade had been nearly annihilated by British cruisers. The problem of managing the expenses of a great war was something quite new to the Americans, and the consequent waste and extravagance were complicated and enhanced by the curse of paper money. Congress, as a mere advisory body, could only recommend to the

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various States the measures of taxation which were deemed necessary for the support of the army. It had no authority to raise taxes in any State, nor had it any power to constrain the government of a State to raise taxes. The States were accordingly all delinquent, and there was no resource left for Congress but to issue its promissory notes. Congress already owed more than forty million dollars, and during the first half of the year 1778 the issues of paper money amounted to twenty-three millions. The depreciation had already become alarming, and the most zealous law-making was of course powerless to stop it.

Until toward the close of the Revolutionary War, indeed, the United States had no regularly organized government. At the time of the Declaration of Independence a committee had been appointed by Congress to prepare articles of confederation, to be submitted to the States for their approval. These articles were ready by the summer of 1778, but it was not until the spring of 1781 that all the States had signed them. While the thirteen distinct sovereignties in the United States were visible in clear outline, the central government was something very shadowy and ill-defined. Under these circumstances, the military efficiency of the people was reduced to a minimum. The country never put forth more than a small fraction of its available strength. Everything suffered from the want of organization. In spite of the popular ardor, which never seems to have been deficient when opportunities came for testing it, there was almost as much difficulty in keeping up the numbers of the army by enlistment as in providing equipment, sustenance, and pay for the soldiers when once enlisted. The army of 80,000 men, which Congress had devised in the preceding year, had never existed except on paper. The action of Congress had not, indeed, been barren of results, but it had fallen far short of the end proposed. During the campaigns of 1777 the army of Washington had never exceeded 11,000 men; while of the 20,000 or more who witnessed the surrender of Burgoyne, at least half were local militia, assembled merely to meet the exigencies of the moment. The whole country, indeed, cherished such a horror of armies that it was unjust even to the necessary instrument by which its independence was to be won; and it sympathized with Congress in the niggardly policy which, by discouraging pensions, endangered the future of brave and skillful officers who were devoting the best years of their lives to the public service. Washington's earnest efforts to secure for retired officers the promise of half pay for life succeeded only in obtaining it for the term of seven years. The excessive dread of a standing army made it difficult to procure long enlistments, and the frequent changes in the militia, besides being ruinous to discipline, entailed a sad waste of equipments and an interruption of agriculture which added much to the burdens of the people.

Besides these evils, for which no one in particular was to blame, since they resulted so directly from the general state of the country, the army suffered under other drawbacks, which were immediately traceable to the incapacity of Congress. Just as afterwards, in the War of Secession, the soldiers had often to pay the penalty for the sins of the politicians. A single specimen of the ill-timed meddling of Congress may serve as an example. At one of the most critical moments of the year 1777, Congress made a complete change in the commissariat, which had hitherto been efficiently managed by a single officer, Colonel Joseph Trumbull. Two commissary-generals were now appointed, one of whom was to superintend the purchase and the other the issue of supplies; and the subordinate officers of the department were to be accountable, not

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to their superiors, but directly to Congress. This was done in spite of the earnest opposition of Washington, and the immediate result was just what he expected. Colonel Trumbull, who had been retained as commissary-general for purchases, being unable to do his work properly without controlling his subordinate officers, soon resigned his place. The department was filled up with men selected without reference to fitness, and straightway fell into hopeless confusion, whereby the movements of the armies were grievously crippled for the rest of the season. On the 22d of December Washington was actually prevented from executing a most promising movement against General Howe, because two brigades had become mutinous for want of food. For three days they had gone without bread, and for two days without meat. The quartermaster's department was in no better condition. The dreadful sufferings of Washington's army at Valley Forge have called forth the pity and the admiration of historians; but the point of the story is lost unless we realize that this misery resulted from gross mismanagement rather than from the poverty of the country. As the poor soldiers marched on the 17th of December to their winter quarters, their route could be traced on the snow by the blood that oozed from bare frost-bitten feet; yet at the same moment, says Gordon, "hogsheads of shoes, stockings, and clothing were lying at different places on the roads and in the woods, perishing for want of teams, or of money to pay the teamsters." On the 23d Washington informed Congress that he had in camp 2898 men "unfit for duty, because they are barefoot and otherwise naked." For want of blankets many were fain "to sit up all night by fires, instead of taking comfortable rest in a natural and common way." Cold and hunger daily added many to the sick-list; and in the crowded hospitals, which were for the most part mere log-huts or frail wigwams woven of twisted boughs, men sometimes died for want of straw to put between themselves and the frozen ground on which they lay. In the deficiency of oxen and draft-horses, gallant men volunteered to serve as beasts of burden, and, yoking themselves to wagons, dragged into camp such meagre supplies as they could obtain for their sick and exhausted comrades. So great was the distress that there were times when, in case of an attack by the enemy, scarcely two thousand men could have been got under arms. When one thinks of these terrible consequences wrought by a negligent quartermaster and a deranged commissariat, one is strongly reminded of the remark once made by the eccentric Charles Lee, when with caustic alliteration he described Congress as "a stable of stupid cattle that stumbled at every step."

The mischief did not end, however, with the demoralization of the departments which were charged with supplying the army. In the appointment and promotion of general officers, Congress often acted upon principles which, if consistently carried out, would have deservedly ruined the efficiency of any army that ever existed. For absurdly irrelevant political reasons, brave and well-tried officers were passed by, and juniors, comparatively little known, were promoted over their heads. The case of Benedict Arnold was the most conspicuous and flagrant example of this. After his good name had been destroyed by his treason, it became customary for historians to cite the restiveness of Arnold under such treatment as one more proof of his innate wickedness. But Arnold was not the only officer who was sensitive about his rank. In June, 1777, it was rumored about Washington's camp that a Frenchman named Ducoudray was about to be appointed to the chief command of the artillery, with the rank of major-general. Congress was continually beset with applications from va-

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grant foreign officers in quest of adventure; and such appointments as this were sometimes made, no doubt, in that provincial spirit which it has taken Americans so long to outgrow, and which sees all things European in rose-color. As soon as the report concerning Ducoudray reached the camp, Generals Greene, Sullivan, and Knox each wrote a letter to Congress, proffering their resignations in case the report were true; and the three letters were dated on the same day. Congress was very angry at this, and the three generals were abused without stint. The affair, however, was more serious than Congress had supposed, and the contemplated appointment of Ducoudray was not made. The language of John Adams with reference to matters of this sort was more pungent than wise, and it gave clear expression to the principles upon which Congress too often acted. This "delicate point of honor" he stigmatized as "one of the most putrid corruptions of absolute monarchy." He would be glad to see Congress elect all the general officers annually; and if some great men should be obliged to go home in consequence of this, he did not believe the country would be ruined! The jealousy with which the several States insisted upon "a share of the general officers" in proportion to their respective quotas of troops, he characterized as a just and sound policy. It was upon this principle, he confessed, that many promotions had been made; and if the generals were so unreasonable as not to like it, they must "abide the consequences of their discontent." Such expressions of feeling, in which John Adams found many sympathizers, bear curious testimony to the intense distrust with which our poor little army was regarded on account of the monarchical tendencies supposed to be inherent in a military organization. This policy, which seemed so "sound" to John Adams, was simply an attempt to apply to the regimen of the army a set of principles fit only for the organization of political assemblies; and if it had been consistently adopted, it is probable that Lord George Germaine's scheme of tiring the Americans out would have succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations.

But the most dangerous ground upon which Congress ventured during the whole course of the war was connected with the dark intrigues of those officers who wished to have Washington removed from the chief command that Gates might be put in his place. We have seen how successful Gates had been in supplanting Schuyler on the eve of victory. Without having been under fire or directing any important operation, Gates had carried off the laurels of the Northern campaign. From many persons, no doubt, he got credit even for what had happened before he joined the army, on the 19th of August. His appointment dated from the 2d, before either the victory of Stark or the discomfiture of St. Leger; and it was easy for people to put dates together uncritically, and say that before the 2d of August Burgoyne had continued to advance into the country, and nothing could check him until after Gates had been appointed to command. The very air rang with the praises of Gates, and his weak head was not unnaturally turned with so much applause. In his dispatches announcing the surrender of Burgoyne, he not only forgot to mention the names of Arnold and Morgan, who had won for him the decisive victory, but he even seemed to forget that he was serving under a commander-in-chief, for he sent his dispatches directly to Congress, leaving Washington to learn of the event through hearsay. Thirteen days after the surrender, Washington wrote to Gates, congratulating him upon his success. "At the same time," said the letter, "I cannot but regret that a matter of such magnitude, and so interesting to our general operations,

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should have reached me by report only, or through the channels of letters not bearing that authenticity which the importance of it required, and which it would have received by a line over your signature stating the simple fact." But, worse than this, Gates kept his victorious army idle at Saratoga after the whole line of the Hudson was cleared of the enemy, and would not send reinforcements to Washington. Congress so far upheld him in this as to order that Washington should not detach more than 2500 men from the Northern army without consulting Gates and Governor Clinton. It was only with difficulty that Washington, by sending Colonel Hamilton with a special message, succeeded in getting back Morgan with his riflemen. When reinforcements finally did arrive, it was too late. Had they come more promptly, Howe would probably have been unable to take the forts on the Delaware, without control of which he could not have stayed in Philadelphia. But the blame for the loss of the forts was by many people thrown upon Washington, whose recent defeats at Brandywine and Germantown were now commonly contrasted with the victories at the North. The moment seemed propitious for Gates to try his peculiar strategy once more, and displace Washington as he had already displaced Schuyler. Assistants were not wanting for this dirty work. Among the foreign adventurers then with the army was one Thomas Conway, an Irishman, who had been for a long time in the French service, and, coming over to America, had taken part in the Pennsylvania campaign. Washington had opposed Conway's claim for undue promotion, and the latter at once threw himself with such energy into the faction then forming against the commander-in-chief that it soon came to be known as the "Conway Cabal." The other principal members of the cabal were Thomas Mifflin, the quartermaster-general, and James Lovell, a delegate from Massachusetts, who had been Schuyler's bitterest enemy in Congress. It was at one time reported that Samuel Adams was in sympathy with the cabal, and the charge has been repeated by many historians, but it seems to have originated in a malicious story set on foot by some of the friends of John Hancock. At the beginning of the war, Hancock, whose overweening vanity often marred his usefulness, had hoped to be made commander-in-chief, and he never forgave Samuel Adams for preferring Washington for that position. In the autumn of 1777, Hancock resigned his position as president of Congress, and was succeeded by Henry Laurens, of South Carolina. On the day when Hancock took leave of Congress, a motion was made to present him with the thanks of that body in acknowledgment of his admirable discharge of his duty; but the New England delegates, who had not been altogether satisfied with him, defeated the motion on general grounds, and established the principle that it was injudicious to pass such complimentary votes in the case of any president. This action threw Hancock into a rage, which was chiefly directed against Samuel Adams as the most prominent member of the delegation; and after his return to Boston it soon became evident that he had resolved to break with his old friend and patron. Artful stories, designed to injure Adams, were in many instances traced to persons who were in close relation with Hancock. After the fall of the cabal, no more deadly stab could be dealt to the reputation of any man than to insinuate that he had given it aid or sympathy; and there is good ground for believing that such reports concerning Adams were industriously circulated by unscrupulous partisans of the angry Hancock. The story was revived at a later date by the friends of Hamilton, on the occasion of the schism between Hamilton and John Adams, but

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it has not been well sustained. The most plausible falsehoods, however, are those which are based upon misconstrued facts; and it is certain that Samuel Adams had not only favored the appointment of Gates in the North, but he had sometimes spoken with impatience of the so-called Fabian policy of Washington. In this he was like many other ardent patriots whose military knowledge was far from commensurate with their zeal. His cousin, John Adams, was even more outspoken. He declared himself "sick of Fabian systems." "My toast," he said, "is a short and violent war;" and he complained of the reverent affection which the people felt for Washington as an "idolatry" dangerous to American liberty. It was by working upon such impatient moods as these, in which high-minded men like the Adamses sometimes indulged, that the unscrupulous cabal hoped to attain its ends.

The first-fruits of the cabal in Congress were seen in the reorganization of the Board of War in November, 1777. Mifflin was chosen a member of the board, and Gates was made its president, with permission to serve in the field should occasion require it. Gates was thus, in a certain sense, placed over Washington's head; and soon afterward Conway was made inspector-general of the army, with the rank of major-general. In view of Washington's well-known opinions, the appointments of Mifflin and Conway might be regarded as an open declaration of hostility on the part of Congress. Some weeks before, in regard to the rumors that Conway was to be promoted, Washington had written, "It will be impossible for me to be of any further service, if such insuperable difficulties are thrown in my way." Such language might easily be understood as a conditional threat of resignation, and Conway's appointment was probably urged by the conspirators with the express intention of forcing Washington to resign. Should this affront prove ineffectual, they hoped, by dint of anonymous letters and foul innuendoes, to make the commander's place too hot for him. It was asserted that Washington's army had all through the year outnumbered Howe's more than three to one. The distress of the soldiers was laid at his door; the sole result, if not the sole object, of his many marches, according to James Lovell, was to wear out their shoes and stockings. An anonymous letter to Patrick Henry, then governor of Virginia, dated from York, where Congress was sitting, observed: "We have wisdom, virtue, and strength enough to save us, if they could be called into action. The Northern army has shown us what Americans are capable of doing with a general at their head. The spirit of the Southern army is no way inferior to the spirit of the Northern. A Gates, a Lee, or a Conway would in a few weeks render them an irresistible body of men. Some of the contents of this letter ought to be made public, in order to awaken, enlighten, and alarm our country." Henry sent this letter to Washington, who instantly recognized the well-known handwriting of Dr. Benjamin Rush. Another anonymous letter, sent to President Laurens, was still more emphatic: "It is a very great reproach to America to say there is only one general in it. The great success to the northward was owing to a change of commanders; and the Southern army would have been alike successful if a similar change had taken place. The people of America have been guilty of idolatry by making a man their God, and the God of heaven and earth will convince them by woful experience that he is only a man; for no good can be expected from our army until Baal and his worshipers are banished from camp." This mischievous letter was addressed to Congress, but, instead of laying it before that body, the high-minded Laurens sent

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it directly to Washington. But the commander-in-chief was forewarned, and neither treacherous missives like these, nor the direct affronts of Congress, were allowed to disturb his equanimity. Just before leaving Saratoga Gates received from Conway a letter containing an allusion to Washington so terse and pointed as to be easily remembered and quoted, and Gates showed this letter to his young confidant and aid-de-camp, Wilkinson. A few days afterward, when Wilkinson had reached York with the dispatches relating to Burgoyne's surrender, he fell in with a member of Lord Stirling's staff, and under the genial stimulus of Monongahela whiskey repeated the malicious sentence. Thus it came to Stirling's ears, and he straightway communicated it to Washington by letter, saying that he should always deem it his duty to expose such wicked duplicity. Thus armed, Washington simply sent to Conway the following brief note: —

"*Sir*, — A letter which I received last night contained the following paragraph: 'In a letter from General Conway to General Gates, he says, *Heaven has determined to save your country, or a weak General and bad counsellors would have ruined it.*' I am, sir, your humble servant, *George Washington.*"

Conway knew not what sort of answer to make to this startling note. When Mifflin heard of it, he wrote at once to Gates, telling him that an extract from one of Conway's letters had fallen into Washington's hands, and advising him to take better care of his papers in future. All the plotters were seriously alarmed; for their scheme was one which would not bear the light for a moment, and Washington's curt letter left them quite in the dark as to the extent of his knowledge. "There is scarcely a man living," protested Gates, "who takes greater care of his papers than I do. I never fail to lock them up, and keep the key in my pocket." One thing was clear: there must be no delay in ascertaining how much Washington knew and where he got his knowledge. After four anxious days it occurred to Gates that it must have been Washington's aid-de-camp, Hamilton, who had stealthily gained access to his papers during his short visit to the Northern camp. Filled with this idea, Gates chuckled as he thought he saw a way of diverting attention from the subject matter of the letters to the mode in which Washington had got possession of their contents. He sat down and wrote to the commander-in-chief, saying he had learned that some of Conway's confidential letters to himself had come into his excellency's hands: such letters must have been copied by stealth, and he hoped his excellency would assist him in unearthing the wretch who prowled about and did such wicked things, for obviously it was unsafe to have such creatures in the camp; they might disclose precious secrets to the enemy. And so important did the matter seem that he sent a duplicate of the present letter to Congress, in order that every imaginable means might be adopted for detecting the culprit without a moment's delay. The purpose of this elaborate artifice was to create in Congress, which as yet knew nothing of the matter, an impression unfavorable to Washington, by making it appear that he encouraged his aids-de-camp in prying into the portfolios of other generals. For, thought Gates, it is as clear as day that Hamilton was the man; nobody else could have done it.

But Gates's silly glee was short-lived. Washington discerned at a glance the treacherous purpose of the letter, and foiled it by the simple expedient of telling the plain truth. "Your letter," he replied, "came to my hand a few days ago, and, to my great surprise, informed me that a copy of it had been sent to Congress, for what reason I find myself unable to account; but as some end was doubtless intended to be answered by it,

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I am laid under the disagreeable necessity of returning my answer through the same channel, lest any member of that honorable body should harbor an unfavorable suspicion of my having practiced some indirect means to come at the contents of the confidential letters between you and General Conway." After this ominous prelude, Washington went on to relate how Wilkinson had babbled over his cups, and a certain sentence from one of Conway's letters had thereupon been transmitted to him by Lord Stirling. He had communicated this discovery to Conway, to let that officer know that his intriguing disposition was observed and watched. He had mentioned it to no one else but Lafayette, for he thought it indiscreet to let scandals arise in the army, and thereby "afford a gleam of hope to the enemy." He had not known that Conway was in correspondence with Gates, and had even supposed that Wilkinson's information was given with Gates's sanction, and with friendly interest to forearm him against a secret enemy. "But in this," he disdainfully adds, "as in other matters of late, I have found myself mistaken."

So the schemer had overreached himself. It was not Washington's aide-de-camp who had pried, but it was Gates's own aid who had blabbed. But for Gates's cowardly letter Washington would not even have suspected him; and, to crown all, he had only himself to thank for rashly blazoning before Congress a matter so little to his credit, and which Washington, in his generous discretion, would forever have kept secret. Amid this discomfiture, however, a single ray of hope could be discerned. It appeared that Washington had known nothing beyond the one sentence which had come to him as quoted in conversation by Wilkinson. A downright falsehood might now clear up the whole affair, and make Wilkinson the scapegoat for all the others. Gates accordingly wrote again to Washington, denying his intimacy with Conway, declaring that he had never received but a single letter from him, and solemnly protesting that this letter contained no such paragraph as that of which Washington had been informed. The information received through Wilkinson he denounced as a villainous slander. But these lies were too transparent to deceive any one, for in his first letter Gates had implicitly admitted the existence of several letters between himself and Conway, and his manifest perturbation of spirit had shown that these letters contained remarks that he would not for the world have had Washington see. A cold and contemptuous reply from Washington made all this clear, and put Gates in a very uncomfortable position, from which there was no retreat. When the matter came to the ears of Wilkinson, who had just been appointed secretary of the Board of War, and was on his way to Congress, his youthful blood boiled at once. He wrote bombastic letters to everybody, and challenged Gates to deadly combat. A meeting was arranged for sunrise, behind the Episcopal church at York, with pistols. At the appointed hour, when all had arrived on the ground, the old general requested, through his second, an interview with his young antagonist, walked up a back street with him, burst into tears, called him his dear boy, and denied that he had ever made any injurious remarks about him. Wilkinson's wrath was thus assuaged for a moment, only to blaze forth presently with fresh violence, when he made inquiries of Washington, and was allowed to read the very letter in which his general had slandered him. He instantly wrote a letter to Congress, accusing Gates of treachery and falsehood, and resigned his position on the Board of War.

These successive revelations strengthened Washington in proportion as they

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showed the malice and duplicity of his enemies. About this time a pamphlet was published in London, and republished in New York, containing letters which purported to have been written by Washington to members of his family, and to have been found in the possession of a mulatto servant taken prisoner at Fort Lee. The letters, if genuine, would have proved their author to be a traitor to the American cause; but they were so bunglingly concocted that every one knew them to be a forgery, and their only effect was to strengthen Washington still more, while throwing further discredit upon the cabal, with which many persons were inclined to connect them.

The army and the people were now thoroughly incensed at the plotters, and the press began to ridicule them, while the reputation of Gates suffered greatly in Congress as the indications of his real character were brought to light. All that was needed to complete the discomfiture of the cabal was a military fiasco, and this was soon forthcoming. In order to detach Lafayette from Washington a winter expedition against Canada was devised by the Board of War. Lafayette, a mere boy, scarcely twenty years old, was invited to take the command, with Conway for his chief lieutenant. It was said that the French population of Canada would be sure to welcome the high-born Frenchman as their deliverer from the British yoke; and it was further thought that the veteran Irish schemer might persuade his young commander to join the cabal, and bring to it such support as might be gained from the French alliance, then about to be completed. Congress was persuaded to authorize the expedition, and Washington was not consulted in the matter.

But Lafayette knew his own mind better than was supposed. He would not accept the command until he had obtained Washington's consent, and then he made it an indispensable condition that Baron de Kalb, who outranked Conway, should accompany the expedition. These preliminaries having been arranged, the young general went to York for his instructions. There he found Gates, surrounded by schemers and sycophants, seated at a very different kind of dinner from that to which Lafayette had lately been used at Valley Forge. Hilarious with wine, the company welcomed the new guest with acclamations. He was duly flattered and toasted, and a glorious campaign was predicted. Gates assured him that on reaching Albany he would find 3000 regulars ready to march, while powerful assistance was to be expected from the valiant Stark with his redoubtable Green Mountain Boys. The marquis listened with placid composure till his papers were brought him, and he felt it to be time to go. Then rising as if for a speech, while all eyes were turned upon him and breathless silence filled the room, he reminded the company that there was one toast which, in the generous excitement of the occasion, they had forgotten to drink, and he begged leave to propose the health of the commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States. The deep silence became still deeper. None dared refuse the toast, "but some merely raised their glasses to their lips, while others cautiously put them down untasted." With the politest of bows and a scarcely perceptible shrug of the shoulders, the new commander of the Northern army left the room, and mounted his horse to start for his headquarters at Albany.

When he got there, he found neither troops, supplies, nor equipments in readiness. Of the army to which Burgoyne had surrendered, the militia had long since gone home, while most of the regulars had been withdrawn to Valley Forge or the highlands of the Hudson. Instead of the 3000 regulars which Gates had promised, barely 1200 could

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be found, and these were in no wise clothed or equipped for a winter march through the wilderness. Between carousing and backbiting, the new Board of War had no time left to attend to its duties. Not an inch of the country but was known to Schuyler, Lincoln, and Arnold, and they assured Lafayette that an invasion of Canada, under the circumstances, would be worthy of Don Quixote. In view of the French alliance, moreover, the conquest of Canada had even ceased to seem desirable to the Americans; for when peace should be concluded the French might insist upon retaining it, in compensation for their services. The men of New England greatly preferred Great Britain to France as a neighbor, and accordingly Stark, with his formidable Green Mountain Boys, felt no interest whatever in the enterprise, and not a dozen volunteers could be got together for love or money. The fiasco was so complete, and the scheme itself so emphatically condemned by public opinion, that Congress awoke from its infatuation. Lafayette and Kalb were glad to return to Valley Forge. Conway, who stayed behind, became indignant with Congress over some fancied slight, and sent a conditional threat of resignation, which, to his unspeakable amazement, was accepted unconditionally. In vain he urged that he had not meant exactly what he said, having lost the nice use of English during his long stay in France. His entreaties and objurgations fell upon deaf ears. In Congress the day of the cabal was over. Mifflin and Gates were removed from the Board of War. The latter was sent to take charge of the forts on the Hudson, and cautioned against forgetting that he was to report to the commander-in-chief. The cabal and its deeds having become the subject of common gossip, such friends as it had mustered now began stoutly to deny their connection with it. Conway himself was dangerously wounded a few months afterward in a duel with General Cadwallader, and, believing himself to be on his deathbed, he wrote a very humble letter to Washington, expressing his sincere grief for having ever done or said anything with intent to injure so great and good a man. His wound proved not to be mortal, but on his recovery, finding himself generally despised and shunned, he returned to France, and American history knew him no more.

Had Lord George Germaine been privy to the secrets of the Conway Cabal, his hope of wearing out the American cause would have been sensibly strengthened. There was really more danger in such intrigues than in an exhausted treasury, a half-starved army, and defeat on the field. The people felt it to be so, and the events of the winter left a stain upon the reputation of the Continental Congress from which it never fully recovered. Congress had already lost the high personal consideration to which it was entitled at the outset. Such men as Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Henry, Jay, and Rutledge were now serving in other capacities. The legislatures of the several States afforded a more promising career for able men than the Continental Congress, which had neither courts nor magistrates, nor any recognized position of sovereignty. The meetings of Congress were often attended by no more than ten or twelve members. Curious symptoms were visible which seemed to show that the sentiment of union between the States was weaker than it had been two years before. Instead of the phrase "people of the United States," one begins, in 1778, to hear of "inhabitants of these Confederated States." In the absence of any central sovereignty which could serve as the symbol of union, it began to be feared that the new nation might after all be conquered through its lack of political cohesion. Such fears came to cloud the rejoicings over the victory of Saratoga, as, at the end of

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1777, the Continental Congress began visibly to lose its place in public esteem, and sink, step by step, into the utter degradation and impotence which was to overwhelm it before another ten years should have expired.

As the defeat of the Conway Cabal marked the beginning of the decline of Congress, it marked at the same time the rise of Washington to a higher place in the hearts of the people than he had ever held before. As the silly intrigues against him recoiled upon their authors, men began to realize that it was far more upon his consummate sagacity and unselfish patriotism than upon anything that Congress could do that the country rested its hopes of success in the great enterprise which it had undertaken. As the nullity of Congress made it ever more apparent that the country as a whole was without a government, Washington stood forth more and more conspicuously as the living symbol of the union of the States. In him and his work were centred the common hopes and the common interests of all the American people. There was no need of clothing him with extraordinary powers. During the last years of the war he came, through sheer weight of personal character, to wield an influence like that which Perikles had wielded over the Athenians. He was all-powerful because he was "first in the hearts of his countrymen." Few men, since history began, had ever occupied so lofty a position; none ever made a more disinterested use of power. His arduous labors taught him to appreciate, better than any one else, the weakness entailed upon the country by the want of a stable central government. But when the war was over, and the political problem came into the foreground, instead of using this knowledge to make himself personally indispensable to the country, he bent all the weight of his character and experience toward securing the adoption of such a federal constitution as should make anything like a dictatorship forever unnecessary and impossible.

John Fiske.

THE GERMAN BOY AT LEISURE.

THE greatest sympathy has often been expressed for the German boy in the gymnasium, as if he were much to be pitied on account of the heavy burdens placed upon him by too high requirements at a very early age. Having been myself one of those much-overworked boys, I may claim a certain right to assert that, at least in many instances, such sympathy is founded on a misunderstanding of facts. I admit that the conditions under which a boy passes his school life must naturally lend a varied aspect to it, but I know that in my own experience, as well as in that of many others, the time spent in the gymnasium will ever remain the subject of fondest recollections. There were, besides earnest tasks, a great many joys and delights. May be they gained a special charm because they were preceded by so much work. We are all aware how even small pleasures receive a delicious seasoning when they are well earned, and when we have won the privilege of entering into them fully and exclusively. Whatever you find to do, do with all your might, is a maxim which lends success not only to work, but also to enjoyment; and closely connected with this golden rule of the old covenant is the one of the new, that we cannot serve two masters, which is a watchword of the German pedagogue. Either work

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or play, but do not try to do both at the same time, was a law with which we became early acquainted. Consequently, there was no intermingling of study and sport in the gymnasium. When we attended to our lessons, we were expected to do so *tota mente;* and when we were at leisure, the privilege of heartily enjoying ourselves was likewise granted to us. The way in which we spent our free time may differ from the customs of other boys; it may appear more tame on the surface. This, however, does not exclude the possibility of real pleasure; and of the latter we had, indeed, a great deal, whatever may be said to the contrary by such as never participated in it.

To be sure, we never were entirely at liberty, even when we were completely at leisure. How, where, and with whom we spent our free hours was regulated to a certain extent by teachers and guardians, — a practice perhaps not altogether to be condemned. Our sports were, therefore, more or less withdrawn from public gaze, and an acquaintance with them presupposed a certain intimacy with the student's private life. We did not make any display of our games. We did not play on the streets nor in public places, which, as far as the gymnasiast was concerned, were intended solely for walking, driving, or riding. We did not associate, as a rule, with boys who did not belong to the gymnasium, for the simple reason that the majority came from a different sphere in life, and had different interests and tastes. No one will deny that all over the world distinctions of this kind exist which must naturally exclude congeniality. The college student in this country does not seek his friendships outside of the college, but among those who are already closely united with him by common work and pursuit, indeed by the very spirit which prevails in any institution that can lay claim to having a well-defined character of its own. The fact that he does not have intercourse with boys of other schools is by no means always a proof of unwarranted assumption and pride on his part. The certain exclusiveness for which the gymnasiast is often blamed is not only befitting the spirit of the school, but also helpful for maintaining it. The masters know all the boys with whom he comes in intimate contact, and they take the greatest pains in guarding him against vitiating influences to which he is more likely to be exposed if he chooses his friends among such as may not be under good influences. Even if such methods should tend to affect some students with an undue amount of *esprit de corps*, the inestimable benefits resulting from them are self-evident.

We used to rise at five o'clock in the morning during the summer, and at half past five during the winter. A light breakfast was taken promptly half an hour later. The first hour of the day was spent quietly in the family circle, so as to keep the mind fresh and undisturbed. No play was allowed, nor were newspapers put at our disposal during the morning. The forenoon sessions were broken by half an hour's recess for a light luncheon and an outing. The hours from eleven or twelve o'clock to two were free, a simple but substantial dinner being served at half past twelve. At four there was another recess of thirty minutes for a light refreshment. Then came study-hour from half past four to half past five or six. The rest of the day was given to recreation. Tea was served at seven. The longer twilight in Germany permitted out-of-door sports until quite late. The meals, as appears from the above, were numerous, but limited in quantity. On two days in the week the afternoons were free, with the exception of two hours for study. This was the regulation of time in the lower forms; in the higher there was a modification in favor of study which depended on the natural ability of the student.

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As to holidays, there were, besides Sundays, a good many other church days universally observed throughout Germany: Epiphany and Shrove Tuesday; Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, and Easter Monday, occurring during Easter vacation; Ascension Day and Monday after Pentecost, the latter falling in the Whitsuntide vacation; Reformation Day, October 31st, in remembrance of Luther's nailing the theses on the church door at Wittenberg, and two Fridays set apart by the state for repentance; the 25th and 26th of December and New Year's Day, being included in the Christmas vacation. The birthday anniversaries of the Emperor and of the prince who presided over the state in which the gymnasium was located were considered national holidays; also October 18th, the day on which Napoleon I. was defeated at Leipzig. These days, together with an anniversary of the establishment of the gymnasium and a graduation day, broke the sessions of the school.

We had five regular vacations during the year: two weeks at Christmas, two weeks at Easter, one week at Whitsuntide, four weeks from the middle of July to the middle of August, and one week about the first of October, when the summer semester ended which began after Easter. There were, therefore, in all about ten weeks of vacation throughout the year, and one or two weeks were given to single holidays. Now, how did we spend all this free time, which ought to be a sufficient allowance for any boy?

As to gymnastics, we went to the gymnasium twice a week, and practiced there for an hour in the presence of an expert, who gave us such aid as we needed in our exercises. He divided the whole number of students into sections. Every division had its captain, who led his comrades. While we were forming into groups, the various apparatus were assigned on which we were to practice; a certain amount of time being allowed to each kind of exercise, and each student taking his turn in quick succession according to his position in line. The captains, who were the strongest and best athletes, had full authority over their divisions, and were required to keep order, so that there should be no lack of system and regularity. The honor of becoming a captain was, at the same time, a great incentive for doing good work. In summer the principal apparatus were placed out-of-doors, and remained at the disposal of any one who desired to use them outside of the regular hours. A good many students had, moreover, facilities for carrying on athletic sports at home.

The games which we played were chiefly of the running order. In these the German boy seems to take greater delight than in any other. There was a variety of them, including one called *Barre*, which resembled somewhat the English hare and hound. Ball-playing did not form a regular game. Bowling was another sport which we enjoyed very much. We had also a game which answered almost the same purpose. Nine-pins were placed under a sort of high gallows, from which a ball was suspended by a rope. From a distance in front of the pins, this ball was thrown around a post so as to reach the pins in a circle. This arrangement did away with the greater expense an alley would have caused. We also derived great pleasure from hurling spears at an iron post with a helmet on the top, which, being movable and fastened to the post by hinges, fell back when struck in the centre. The spear was made of hard wood, about eight feet long and two inches thick, with an iron knob on the top. We commenced by throwing these lances from a moderate distance, which we increased by degrees. It was excellent practice, strengthening chest and arms, and setting, in fact, the whole body in motion River-bathing was a favorite amusement during the summer, just as skating was in winter. We went with our tutors, who

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regulated the time for our bath according to principles of health. Boys who did not readily acquire skill in swimming received instruction in it. The teachers joined us likewise in our sport on the ice. For coasting we had an artificial coasting-hill built every year. It was covered with snow, and watered in the evening so as to freeze over during the night. Thus we were not tempted to coast with the rough boys of the town, — of whom there were, indeed, plenty, — and to fall into habits similar to theirs. Another sport consisted of shooting with cross-bows. This was, however, indulged in on special occasions only, under the supervision of some authoritative person who would take proper care that no harm should result from it. An eagle, made of pieces of colored wood and fastened to a high pole, was the target. It held in its claws sceptre and globe, and wore a crown on its head. Neck, feathers, and all its parts came down in pieces, until the master-shot laid low the trunk, which sat firmest, and made the archer the king of the day. For each piece that fell a prize was assigned.

We had, indeed, plenty of inducements for play on our private grounds, and did not feel the restriction under which we were placed in regard to playing out of sight of guardians and tutors who adhered and made us adhere to the maxim of Horace: "Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines;" that is, There is moderation in things, there are finally certain boundary lines. Walks were taken almost every day. Sometimes a holiday was set apart for a walking excursion with our masters, and these were most delightful days; there was so much pure happiness and mirth, and, owing to the good influences under which we spent them, there was no excess, and consequently no cause for regret. Indeed, no exercise can be more healthful and elevating than a good walk through fine country, and of this exercise we had plenty during our course in the gymnasium.

On Sunday, attendance at church was required, an hour or two were given to letter-writing, and the rest of the day was spent in walking, reading, and resting. Church holidays were observed in the same way. The other holidays were celebrated by public speaking in the hall of the gymnasium. The opening of the day set apart for celebrating the anniversary of the foundation of the *Fürstenschule* was noteworthy for its impressiveness. An hour before sunrise we all marched, headed by our teachers, to a high rock, the *Götterfelsen* of mythological reminiscence, situated two or three miles from the town. There we saw the sun rise above the quiet valley at our feet, and, removed from the world below us, we offered, with heads uncovered under heaven's free dome, our morning hymn of praise and prayer to God on high. The hill was, if I remember rightly, owned by the school, and a cross had been planted where once the heathen gods were supposed to have been worshiped. In the afternoon and early evening of these holidays a ball was held in the hall of the gymnasium. To these entertainments were invited the parents and relatives of the students, the families of the teachers, and the *élite* of the town. Only the students of the upper forms danced, while the rest looked on with the guests. The dancers had passed through a course of lessons approved of by the faculty. In fact, all amusements of this kind were subject to the approval of the president and teachers. A student could not attend any dancing-class he chose, nor could he go to any ball he pleased, without exposing himself to censure, warning, and final dismissal if he persisted in seeking such forbidden pleasures. Special permission was always required, and was not seldom refused, if the order of the amusement was in any way objectionable, if the applicant had only a short time be-

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fore attended a similar entertainment, or if he showed by his work that he needed his time for the purpose of maintaining good standing in the class. The theatre, which, as we all know, ranks very high in Germany as an institution for moral, intellectual, and æsthetic education, was, of course, open at times to the students; but discretion was exercised by our superiors as to the plays we might attend, and too frequent visits were not considered as being in keeping with faithful application to school duties. I shall ever remember the words of a venerable teacher of mine, who, refusing my petition, added: "Constant gratification of one's wishes is by no means the surest road to happiness. Wait until to-morrow morning, and you will find that greater satisfaction is often won from quiet resignation."

Irksome as this constant supervision and control might appear, it tended after all to keep the student from being at an early age satiated with the joys of this world; and, moreover, the judgment to which he was compelled to submit could not but leave behind a lasting impression. Early he learned to take an elevated view of life, and a high sense of duty grew to be second nature with him at an age when heart, mind, and soul are most receptive and flexible.

During our vacations we enjoyed our rest at home. We were, however, not allowed to spend our time entirely in idleness. In fact, we had become accustomed to some mental occupation every day, had by constant habit learned to appreciate the satisfaction which a certain daily employment lends to life in general, and thus did not desire to abandon all intellectual pursuits. At all events, two or three hours during the morning were required by all judicious parents for reading, provided the day was not set apart for some special purpose. In the long summer vacation we took, as a rule, a fortnight's trip. As these journeys were made with some reliable person of mature age, with relatives or parents, they were not only enjoyable, but instructive at the same time. Our eyes were constantly kept open for the beauties of scenery, and our hearts were brought under their influence. Indeed, the love of nature is fostered among the young in Germany to such an extent that we rarely meet with an educated German who does not find intense relief from work and toil in intercourse with nature. When we reached localities which were of significance in history, literature, art, and industry, we became acquainted with whatever lent them importance in any of these lines. The historical spirit was kept alive in places where great men had accomplished great deeds, and who can deny that "the spot where a good man has stood is consecrated," and thus is best adapted for conveying impressive lessons? If there were art treasures, our attention was called to them, and artistic taste and judgment were cultivated by introducing us to their merits. Factories where human skill and ingenuity had attained extraordinary results were also visited. In this way our superiors combined for us *utile cum dulci*.

I remember standing, when a gymnasiast, on the famous battle-field of Lützen, near the monument in honor of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, the greatest champion of Protestantism, who fell there for a holy cause; and the visit to this famous spot will ever cling to memory, and bring to mind again the lesson it conveyed. I recall our trip to Mount Gickelhahn in the Thuringian forest, where Goethe conceived his exquisite poem The Wanderer's Nightsong (*Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh*), the very lines of which he wrote on the wall of the pavilion which, until 1876, when it was burned, crowned that peak. Our attention was directed to the magnificent treetops which inspired that immortal song, and seemed to breathe forth to us the very spirit of the poet. Why is it that

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such moments are never forgotten? Because they have their intrinsic worth. The boy may not become entirely conscious of their force and bearing, but the man looks back upon them and cherishes them throughout life; he rises again and again with them, as he did in early years, and strives never to lose the susceptibility for living them over and over, just as, in his very last days, Goethe could return to Mount Gickelhahn and read with deep emotion the words of his youth: "*Warte nur, balde ruhest du auch*" (Wait, soon thou too shalt rest). I shall never forget my first visit to Weimar. At sunrise we went to the beautiful park to hear the finest singers among the birds, the nightingales, in places where one of the greatest singers of mankind had conceived many of his songs. We passed along the avenues which had been the favorite walks of Goethe, while many a line closely associated with those very spots was brought to our notice; and stopping, on our return to the city, before the nobly wrought bronze group of Goethe and Schiller in Theatre Square, we felt much inclined to think that the artist, Rietschel, had not been wrong in allowing Goethe to hold the laurel wreath, while Schiller is simply grasping after it. The day we spent at the Wartburg, near Eisenach, will ever remain the subject of fondest recollection. There we went to the small cell in which Luther, during strict confinement, translated the Bible; a narrow space indeed for so broad a mind! Close by, across the court-yard, stood the spacious halls befitting high and mighty knights. But these, too, had become associated with the world of thought. The walls had been covered with exquisite frescos by Schwind, representing the famous Sängerkrieg; for Landgrave Hermann assembled here the singers of his time, just as six hundred years later his successor, Duke Augustus of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, did at the court of Weimar. Calling such events vividly before the minds of the young means inspiring them with an appreciation, reverence, and love for what is noble and high in human life.

The manner in which we spent our leisure lacked freedom and independence, but it abounded in regularity and good influences. The German gymnasiast does not appear to be as spirited in his plays as he might; he is often charged with too great seriousness and dignity, and this criticism is not unjust. I admit that he is, on the whole, not as boy-like as we should want him to be. But he is, on the other hand, apt to be exceedingly childlike, in the good sense of the word; he is, as a rule, reverential and submissive, simple and uncontaminated by the ways of the world, with which he has come little in contact. In spite of the large amount of work he accomplishes, he is after all a pretty hardy specimen of a boy. The one hundred and eighth regiment, which had enlisted the flower of the Saxon youth from the University at Leipzig, counting hundreds of students in its lines, excelled by its vigorous marches and valiant deeds in the war of 1870. In the history of this war we read of regiments that marched for twenty-three successive hours only to fall in line of battle at the end of such a march; and the students covered themselves with glory in this campaign.

I doubt, however, whether the German gymnasiast could do the work he does, and preserve his good health, if it were not for the judicious disposition of his leisure hours, during which he is not unduly indulged, but carefully guarded in all the details of life. Moreover, he is thus fitted to withstand the great amount of liberty that is bestowed upon him when he is graduated and enters the university. Among the thousands of university students, there are very few who succumb to university freedom. The habits according to which the gymnasiast was compelled to regulate his free hours, the self-control, the sense of

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duty and love for higher aims, which he gained not only in the class-room, but also during his leisure, prevail in the end, and, as a rule, he makes a final success of his university course, and becomes a useful citizen. For he who has learned to obey in all things is most likely to command in all things.

George Moritz Wahl.

THE TRAGIC MUSE.

XX.

As many people know, there are not, in the famous Théâtre Français, more than a dozen good seats accessible to ladies. The stalls are forbidden them, the boxes are a quarter of a mile from the stage, and the balcony is a delusion save for a few chairs at either end of its vast horseshoe. But there are two excellent *baignoires* close to the stage, which indeed are by no means always to be had. It was, however, into one of them that, immediately after his return to Paris, Sherringham ushered Mrs. Rooth and her daughter, with the further escort of Basil Dashwood. He had chosen the evening of the reappearance of the celebrated Mademoiselle Voisin (she had been enjoying a *congé* of three months), an actress whom Miriam had seen several times before and for whose method she professed a high though somewhat critical esteem. It was only for the return of this charming performer that Sherringham had been waiting to respond to Miriam's most ardent wish — that of spending an hour in the *foyer des artistes* of the great theatre. She was the person whom he knew best in the house of Molière; he could count upon her to do them the honors, some night when she was in the "bill," and make the occasion sociable. Miriam had been impatient for it — she was so convinced that her eyes would be opened in the holy of holies; but wishing particularly, as he did, to participate in her impression, he had made her promise that she would not taste of this experience without him — not let Madame Carré, for instance, take her in his absence. There were questions the girl wished to put to Mademoiselle Voisin — questions which, having admired her from the balcony, she felt she was exactly the person to answer. She was more "in it" now, after all, than Madame Carré, in spite of her slenderer talent: she was younger, fresher, more modern and (Miriam found the word) less academic. Sherringham perfectly foresaw the day when his young friend would make indulgent allowances for poor Madame Carré, patronizing her as an old woman of good intentions.

The play, to-night, was six months old, a large, serious, successful comedy, by the most distinguished of authors, with a thesis, a chorus, embodied in one character, a *scène à faire* and a part full of opportunities for Mademoiselle Voisin. There were things to be said about this artist, strictures to be dropped as to the general quality of her art, and Miriam leaned back now, making her comments as if they cost her less; but the actress had knowledge and distinction and pathos, and our young lady repeated several times, "How quiet she is, how wonderfully quiet! Scarcely anything moves but her face and her voice. *Le geste rare*, but really expressive when it comes. I like that economy; it 's the only way to make the gesture significant."

"I don't admire the way she holds her arms," Basil Dashwood said: "like

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a *demoiselle de magasin* trying on a jacket."

"Well, she holds them, at any rate. I dare say it 's more than you do with yours."

"Oh, yes, she holds them; there 's no mistake about that. 'I hold them, I hope, *hein?*' she seems to say to all the house." The young English professional laughed good-humoredly, and Sherringham was struck with the pleasant familiarity he had established with their brave companion. He was knowing and ready, and he said, in the first entr'acte (they were waiting for the second, to go behind), amusing, perceptive things. "They teach them to be ladylike, and Voisin is always trying to show that. 'See how I walk, see how I sit, see how quiet I am and how I have le geste rare. Now can you say I ain't a lady?' She does it all as if she had a class."

"Well, to-night I 'm her class," said Miriam.

"Oh, I don't mean of actresses, but of *femmes du monde*. She shows them how to act in society."

"You had better take a few lessons," Miriam retorted.

"You should see Voisin in society," Sherringham interposed.

"Does she go into it?" Mrs. Rooth demanded, with interest.

Sherringham hesitated. "She receives a great many people."

"Why should n't they, when they 're nice?" Mrs. Rooth continued.

"When the people are nice?" Miriam asked.

"Now don't tell me *she* 's not what one would wish," said Mrs. Rooth to Sherringham.

"It depends upon what that is," he answered, smiling.

"What I should wish if she were my daughter," the old woman rejoined, blandly.

"Ah, wish your daughter to act as well as that and you 'll do the handsome thing for her!"

"Well, she *seems* to feel what she says," Mrs. Rooth murmured, piously.

"She has some stiff things to say. I mean about her past," Basil Dashwood remarked. "The past — the dreadful past — on the stage!"

"Wait till the end, to see how she comes out. We must all be merciful," sighed Mrs. Rooth.

"We 've seen it before; you know what happens," Miriam observed to her mother.

"I 've seen so many, I get them mixed."

"Yes, they 're all in queer predicaments. Poor old mother — what we show you!" laughed the girl.

"Ah, it will be what *you* show me, something noble and wise!"

"I want to do this; it 's a magnificent part," said Miriam.

"You could n't put it on in London; they would n't swallow it," Basil Dashwood declared.

"Are n't there things they do there, to get over the difficulties?"

"You can't get over what *she* did," the young man replied.

"Yes, we must pay, we must expiate!" Mrs. Rooth moaned, as the curtain rose again.

When the second act was over our friends passed out of their baignoire into those corridors of tribulation where the bristling *ouvreuse*, like a pawnbroker driving a roaring trade, mounts guard upon piles of heterogeneous clothing, and, gaining the top of the fine staircase which forms the state entrance and connects the statued vestibule of the basement with the grand tier of boxes, opened an ambiguous door, composed of little mirrors, and found themselves in the society of the initiated. The janitors were courteous folk who greeted Sherringham as an acquaintance, and he had no difficulty in marshaling his little troop toward the foyer. They traversed a low, curving lobby, hung with pictures and furnished with velvet-

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covered benches, where several unrecognized persons, of both sexes, looked at them without hostility, and arrived at an opening, on the right, from which, by a short flight of steps, there was a descent to one of the wings of the stage. Here Miriam paused, in silent excitement, like a young warrior arrested by a glimpse of the battle-field. Her vision was carried off, through a lane of light, to the point of vantage from which the actor held the house; but there was a hushed guard over the place, and curiosity could only glance and pass.

Then she came with her companions to a sort of parlor with a polished floor, not large and rather vacant, where her attention flew delightedly to a coat-tree, in a corner, from which three or four dresses were suspended — dresses that she immediately perceived to be costumes in that night's play — accompanied by a saucer of something and a much-worn powder-puff casually left upon a sofa. This was a familiar note in a general impression (it had begun at the threshold) of high decorum — a sense of majesty in the place. Miriam rushed at the powder-puff (there was no one in the room), snatched it up and gazed at it with droll veneration, then stood rapt a moment before the charming petticoats ("That 's Dunoyer's first underskirt," she said to her mother), while Sherringham explained that in this apartment an actress traditionally changed her gown, when the transaction was simple enough, to save the long ascent to her *loge*. He felt like a cicerone showing a church to a party of provincials; and indeed there was a grave hospitality in the air, mingled with something academic and important, the tone of an institution, a temple, which made them all, out of respect and delicacy, hold their breath a little and tread the shining floors with care.

These precautions increased (Mrs. Rooth crept in like a friendly but undomesticated cat), after they entered the foyer itself, a square spacious saloon, covered with pictures and relics and draped in official green velvet, where the *genius loci* holds a reception every night in the year. The effect was freshly charming to Sherringham; he was fond of the place, always saw it again with pleasure, enjoyed its honorable look and the way, among the portraits and scrolls, the records of a splendid history, the green velvet and the waxed floors, the genius loci seemed to be "at home" in the quiet lamplight. At the end of the room, in an ample chimney, blazed a fire of logs. Miriam said nothing; they looked about, noting that most of the portraits and pictures were "old-fashioned," and Basil Dashwood expressed disappointment at the absence of all the people they wanted most to see. Three or four gentlemen, in evening dress, circulated slowly, looking, like themselves, at the pictures, and another gentleman stood before a lady, with whom he was in conversation, seated against the wall. The foyer, in these conditions, resembled a ball-room, cleared for the dance, before the guests or the music had arrived.

"Oh, it 's enough to see *this;* it makes my heart beat," said Miriam. "It 's full of the vanished past, it makes me cry. I feel them here, the great artists I shall never see. Think of Rachel (look at her grand portrait there!) and how she stood on these very boards and trailed over them the robes of Hermione and Phèdre!" The girl broke out theatrically, as on the spot was right, not a bit afraid of her voice as soon as it rolled through the room; appealing to her companions as they stood under the chandelier and making the other persons present, who had already given her some attention, turn round to stare at so unusual a specimen of the English miss. She laughed, musically, when she noticed this, and her mother, scandalized, begged her to lower her tone. "It 's all right. I produce an effect," said

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Miriam: "it sha'n't be said that I too have n't had my little success in the *maison de Molière.*" And Sherringham repeated that it was all right — the place was familiar with mirth and passion, there was often wonderful talk there, and it was only the setting that was still and solemn. It happened that this evening — there was no knowing in advance — the scene was not characteristically brilliant; but to confirm his assertion, at the moment he spoke, Mademoiselle Dunoyer, who was also in the play, came into the room attended by a pair of gentlemen.

She was the celebrated, the perpetual, the necessary *ingénue,* who with all her talent could not have represented a woman of her actual age. She had the gliding, hopping movement of a small bird, the same air of having nothing to do with time, and the clear, sure, piercing note, a miracle of exact vocalization. She chaffed her companions, she chaffed the room; she seemed to be a very clever little girl trying to personate a more innocent big one. She scattered her amiability about (showing Miriam how much the children of Molière took their ease), and it quickly placed her in the friendliest communication with Peter Sherringham, who already enjoyed her acquaintance and who now extended it to his companions, and in particular to the young lady *sur le point d'entrer au théâtre.*

"You deserve a happier lot," said the actress, looking up at Miriam brightly, as if to a great height, and taking her in; upon which Sherringham left them together a little and led Mrs. Rooth and young Dashwood to consider further some of the pictures.

"Most delightful, most curious," the old woman murmured, about everything; while Basil Dashwood exclaimed, in the presence of most of the portraits: "But their ugliness — their ugliness: did you ever see such a collection of hideous people? And those who were supposed to be good-looking — the beauties of the past — they are worse than the others. Ah, you may say what you will, *nous sommes mieux que ça!*" Sherringham suspected him of irritation, of not liking the theatre of the great rival nation to be thrust down his throat. They returned to Miriam and Mademoiselle Dunoyer, and Sherringham asked the actress a question about one of the portraits, to which there was no name attached. She replied, like a child who had only played about the room, that she was *toute honteuse* not to be able to tell him the original: she had forgotten, she had never asked — "*Vous allez me trouver bien légère.*" She appealed to the other persons present, who formed a gallery for her, and laughed in delightful ripples at their suggestions, which she covered with ridicule. She bestirred herself; she declared she would ascertain, she should not be happy till she did, and swam out of the room, with the prettiest paddles, to obtain the information, leaving behind her a perfume of delicate kindness and gayety. She seemed above all things obliging, and Sherringham said that she was almost as natural off the stage as on. She did n't come back.

XXI.

Whether Sherringham had prearranged it is more than I can say, but Mademoiselle Voisin delayed so long to show herself that Mrs. Rooth, who wished to see the rest of the play, though she had sat it out on another occasion, expressed a returning relish for her corner of the baignoire and gave her conductor the best pretext he could have desired for asking Basil Dashwood to be so good as to escort her back. When the young actor, of whose personal preference Sherringham was quite aware, had led Mrs. Rooth away with an absence of protest which showed that his

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striking analogy with a gentleman was not kept for the footlights, the two others sat on a divan in the part of the room furthest from the entrance, so that it gave them a degree of privacy, and Miriam watched the coming and going of their fellow-visitors and the indefinite people, attached to the theatre, hanging about, while her companion gave a name to some of the figures, Parisian celebrities.

"Fancy poor Dashwood, cooped up there with mamma!" the girl exclaimed, whimsically.

"You are awfully cruel to him; but that 's of course," said Sherringham.

"It seems to me I 'm as kind as you; you sent him off."

"That was for your mother; she was tired."

"Oh, gammon! And why, if I *were* cruel, should it be of course?"

"Because you must destroy and torment and consume — that 's your nature. But you can't help your type, can you?"

"My type?" the girl repeated.

"It 's bad, perverse, dangerous. It 's essentially insolent."

"And pray what is yours, when you talk like that? Would you say such things if you did n't know the depths of my good-nature?"

"Your good-nature all comes back to that," said Sherringham. "It 's an abyss of ruin — for others. You have no respect. I 'm speaking of the artistic character, in the direction and in the plenitude in which you have it. It 's unscrupulous, nervous, capricious, wanton."

"I don't know about respect; one can be good," Miriam reasoned.

"It does n't matter, so long as one is powerful," answered Sherringham. "We can't have everything, and surely we ought to understand that we must pay for things. A splendid organization for a special end, like yours, is so rare and rich and fine that we ought n't to grudge it its conditions."

"What do you call its conditions?" Miriam demanded, turning and looking at him.

"Oh, the need to take its ease, to take up space, to make itself at home in the world, to square its elbows and knock others about. That 's large and free; it 's the good-nature you speak of. You must forage and ravage and leave a track behind you; you must live upon the country you traverse. And you give such delight that, after all, you are welcome — you are infinitely welcome!"

"I don't know what you mean. I only care for the idea," Miriam said.

"That 's exactly what I pretend; and we must all help you to it. You use us, you push us about, you break us up. We are your tables and chairs, the simple furniture of your life."

"Whom do you mean by 'we'?"

Sherringham gave a laugh. "Oh, don't be afraid — there will be plenty of others."

Miriam made no rejoinder to this, but after a moment she broke out again: "Poor Dashwood, immured with mamma — he 's like a lame chair that one has put into the corner."

"Don't break him up before he has served. I really believe that something will come out of him," her companion went on. "However, you 'll break me up first," he added, "and him probably never at all."

"And why shall I honor you so much more?"

"Because I 'm a better article, and you 'll feel that."

"You have the superiority of modesty — I see."

"I 'm better than a young mountebank — I 've vanity enough to say that."

She turned upon him with a flush in her cheek and a splendid dramatic face. "How you hate us! Yes, at bottom, below your little taste, you *hate* us!" she repeated.

He colored too, met her eyes, looked into them a minute, seemed to accept

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the imputation, and then said, quickly, "Give it up; come away with me."

"Come away with you?"

"Leave this place; give it up."

"You brought me here, you insisted it should be only you, and now you must stay," she declared, with a head-shake and a laugh. "You should know what you want, dear Mr. Sherringham."

"I do — I know now. Come away, before she comes."

"Before she comes?"

"She 's success — this wonderful Voisin — she 's triumph, she 's full accomplishment: the hard, brilliant realization of what I want to avert for you." Miriam looked at him in silence, the angry light still in her face, and he repeated, "Give it up — give it up."

Her eyes softened after a moment; she smiled, and then she said, "Yes, you are better than poor Dashwood."

"Give it up, and we 'll live for ourselves, *in* ourselves, in something that can have a sanctity."

"All the same, you do hate us," the girl went on.

"I don't want to be conceited, but I mean that I 'm sufficiently fine and complicated to tempt you. I 'm an expensive modern watch, with a wonderful escapement — therefore you 'll smash me if you can."

"Never — never!" said the girl, getting up. "You tell me the hour too well." She quitted her companion and stood looking at Gérôme's fine portrait of the pale Rachel, invested with the antique attributes of tragedy. The rise of the curtain had drawn away most of the company. Sherringham, from his bench, watched Miriam a little, turning his eye from her to the vivid image of the dead actress and thinking that his companion suffered little by the juxtaposition. Presently he came over and joined her again, and she said to him, "I wonder if that is what your cousin had in his mind."

"My cousin?"

"What was his name? Mr. Dormer; that first day at Madame Carré's. He offered to paint my portrait."

"I remember. I put him up to it."

"Was he thinking of this?"

"I don't think he has ever seen it. I dare say I was."

"Well, when we go to London he must do it," said Miriam.

"Oh, there 's no hurry," Sherringham replied.

"Don't you want my picture?" asked the girl, with one of her successful effects.

"I 'm not sure I want it from him. I don't know quite what he 'd make of you."

"He looked so clever — I liked him. I saw him again at your party."

"He 's a dear fellow; but what is one to say of a painter who goes for his inspiration to the House of Commons?"

"To the House of Commons?"

"He has lately got himself elected."

"Dear me, what a pity! I wanted to sit for him; but perhaps he won't have me, as I 'm not a member of Parliament."

"It 's my sister, rather, who has got him in."

"Your sister, who was at your house that day? What has she to do with it?"

"Why, she 's his cousin, just as I am. And in addition," Sherringham went on, "she 's to be married to him."

"Married — really? So he paints *her*, I suppose?"

"Not much, probably. His talent in that line is n't what she esteems in him most."

"It is n't great, then?"

"I have n't the least idea."

"And in the political line?"

"I scarcely can tell. He 's very clever."

"He does paint, then?"

"I dare say."

Miriam looked at Gérôme's picture

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again. "Fancy his going into the House of Commons! And your sister put him there?"

"She worked, she canvassed."

"Ah, you're a queer family!" the girl exclaimed, turning round at the sound of a step.

"We're lost — here's Mademoiselle Voisin," said Sherringham.

This celebrity presented herself smiling and addressing Miriam. "I acted for *you* to-night — I did my best."

"What a pleasure to speak to you, to thank you!" the girl murmured, admiringly. She was startled and dazzled.

"I could n't come to you before, but now I've got a rest — for half an hour," the actress went on. Gracious and passive, as if she were a little tired, she let Sherringham, without looking at him, take her hand and raise it to his lips. "I'm sorry I make you lose the others — they are so good in this act," she added.

"We have seen them before, and there is nothing so good as you," Miriam replied.

"I like my part," said Mademoiselle Voisin, gently, smiling still at our young lady with clear, charming eyes. "One is always better, in that case."

"She's so bad sometimes, you know!" Sherringham jested, to Miriam; leading the actress to glance at him kindly and vaguely, with a little silence which, with her, you could not call embarrassment, but which was still less a want of resource.

"And it's so interesting to be here — *so* interesting!" Miriam declared.

"Ah, you like our old house? Yes, we are very proud of it." And Mademoiselle Voisin smiled again at Sherringham, good-humoredly, as if to say: "Well, here I am, and what do you want of me? Don't ask me to invent it myself, but if you'll tell me I'll do it." Miriam admired the note of discreet interrogation in her voice — the slight suggestion of surprise at their "old house" being liked. The actress was already an astonishment to her, from her seeming still more perfect on a nearer view, which was not, she had an idea, what actresses usually did. This was very encouraging to her; it widened the programme of a young lady about to embrace the scenic career. To have so much to show before the footlights and yet to have so much left when you came off — that was really wonderful. Mademoiselle Voisin's eyes, as one looked into them, were still more agreeable than the distant spectator would have supposed; and there was in her appearance an extreme finish which instantly suggested to Miriam that she herself, in comparison, was big and rough and coarse.

"You're lovely to-night — you're particularly lovely," said Sherringham, very frankly, translating Miriam's own impression and at the same time giving her an illustration of the way that, in Paris at least, gentlemen expressed themselves to the stars of the drama. She thought she knew her companion very well, and had been witness of the degree to which, under these circumstances, his familiarity could increase; but his address to the slim, distinguished, harmonious woman before them had a different quality, the note of a special usage. If Miriam had had any apprehension that such directness might be taken as excessive, it was removed by the manner in which Mademoiselle Voisin returned —

"Oh, one is always well enough when one is made up; one is always exactly the same." That served as an example of the good taste with which a star of the drama could receive homage that was wanting in originality. Miriam determined, on the spot, that this should be the way *she* would receive it. The grace of her new acquaintance was the greater as the becoming bloom which she alluded to as artificial was the re-

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sult of a science so consummate that it had none of the grossness of a mask. The perception of all this was exciting to our young aspirant, and her excitement relieved itself in the inquiry, which struck her as rude as soon as she had uttered it —

"You acted for me? How did you know? What am I to you?"

"Monsieur Sherringham has told me about you. He says we are nothing beside you; that you are to be the great star of the future. I 'm proud that you 've seen me."

"That of course is what I tell every one," Sherringham said, a trifle awkwardly, to Miriam.

"I can believe it when I see you. *Je vous ai bien observée*," the actress continued, in her sweet, conciliatory tone.

Miriam looked from one of her interlocutors to the other, as if there was a joy to her in this report of Sherringham's remarks, accompanied, however, and partly mitigated, by a quicker vision of what might have passed between a secretary of embassy and a creature so exquisite as Mademoiselle Voisin. "Ah, you are wonderful people — a most interesting impression!" she sighed.

"I was looking for you; he had prepared me. We are such old friends!" said the actress, in a tone courteously exempt from intention: upon which Sherringham again took her hand and raised it to his lips, with a tenderness which her whole appearance seemed to bespeak for her, a sort of practical consideration and carefulness of touch, as if she were an object precious and frail, an instrument for producing rare sounds, to be handled, like a legendary violin, with a recognition of its value.

"Your dressing-room is so pretty — show her your dressing-room," said Sherringham.

"Willingly, if she 'll come up. *Vous savez, c'est une montée.*"

"It 's a shame to inflict it on *you*," Miriam objected.

"*Comment donc?* If it will interest you in the least!" They exchanged civilities, almost caresses, trying which could have the nicest manner to the other. It was the actress's manner that struck Miriam most; it denoted such a training, so much taste, expressed such a ripe conception of urbanity.

"No wonder she acts well when she has that tact — feels, perceives, is so remarkable, *mon Dieu, mon Dieu!*" Miriam said to herself as they followed their conductress into another corridor and up a wide, plain staircase. The staircase was spacious and long, and this part of the establishment was sombre and still, with the gravity of a college or a convent. They reached another passage, lined with little doors, on each of which the name of a comedian was painted; and here the aspect became still more monastic, like that of a row of solitary cells. Mademoiselle Voisin led the way to her own door, obligingly, as if she wished to be hospitable, dropping little subdued, friendly attempts at explanation on the way. At her threshold the monasticism stopped. Miriam found herself in a wonderfully upholstered nook, a nest of lamplight and delicate cretonne. Save for its pair of long glasses it looked like a tiny boudoir, with a water-color drawing of value in each panel of stretched stuff, its crackling fire, its charming order. It was intensely bright and extremely hot, singularly pretty and exempt from litter. Nothing was lying about, but a small draped doorway led into an inner sanctuary. To Miriam it seemed royal; it immediately made the art of the comedian the most distinguished thing in the world. It was just such a place as they *should* have, in the intervals, if they were expected to be great artists. It was a result of the same evolution as Mademoiselle Voisin herself — not that our young lady found this particular

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term to her hand, to express her idea. But her mind was flooded with an impression of style, of refinement, of the long continuity of a tradition. The actress said, "*Voilà, c'est tout!*" as if it were little enough, and there were even something clumsy in her having brought them so far for nothing and in their all sitting there waiting and looking at each other till it was time for her to change her dress. But to Miriam it was occupation enough to note what she did and said: these things and her whole person and carriage struck her as exquisite in their adaptation to the particular occasion. She had had an idea that foreign actresses were rather of the *cabotin* order; but her hostess suggested to her much more a princess than a *cabotine*. She would do things as she liked, and straight off: Miriam could n't fancy her in the gropings and humiliations of rehearsal. Everything in her had been sifted and formed, her tone was perfect, her amiability complete, and she might have been the charming young wife of a secretary of state receiving a pair of strangers of distinction. Miriam observed all her movements. And then, as Sherringham had said, she was particularly lovely.

Suddenly she told Sherringham that she must put him *à la porte* — she wanted to change her dress. He retired and returned to the foyer, where Miriam was to rejoin him after remaining the few minutes more with Mademoiselle Voisin and coming down with her. He waited for his companion, walking up and down and making up his mind; and when she presently came in he said to her —

"Please don't go back for the rest of the play. Stay here." They now had the foyer virtually to themselves.

"I want to stay here. I like it better." She moved back to the chimney-piece, from above which the cold portrait of Rachel looked down, and as he accompanied her he said —

"I meant what I said just now."

"What you said to Voisin?"

"No, no; to you. Give it up and live with me."

"Give it up?" And she turned her stage face upon him.

"Give it up, and I'll marry you to-morrow."

"This is a happy time to ask it!" she mocked. "And this is a good place."

"Very good indeed, and that 's why I speak: it 's a place to make one choose — it puts it all before one."

"To make *you* choose, you mean. I 'm much obliged, but that 's not my choice," laughed Miriam.

"You shall be anything you like — except this."

"Except what I most want to be? I *am* much obliged."

"Don't you care for me? Have n't you any gratitude?" Sherringham asked.

"Gratitude for kindly removing the blessed cup from my lips? I want to be what *she* is — I want it more than ever."

"Ah, what she is!" he replied impatiently.

"Do you mean I can't? We 'll see if I can't. Tell me more about her — tell me everything."

"Have n't you seen for yourself, and can't you judge?"

"She 's strange, she 's mysterious," Miriam declared, looking at the fire. "She showed us nothing — nothing of her real self."

"So much the better, all things considered."

"Are there all sorts of other things in her life? That 's what I believe," Miriam went on, raising her eyes to him.

"I can't tell you what there is in the life of such a woman."

"Imagine — when she 's so perfect!" the girl exclaimed, thoughtfully. "Ah, she kept me off — she kept me off! Her charming manner is in itself a kind

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of contempt. It's an abyss — it's the wall of China. She has a hard polish, an inimitable surface, like some wonderful porcelain that costs more than you'd think."

"Do you want to become like that?" Sherringham asked.

"If I could I should be enchanted. One can always try."

"You must act better than she," said Sherringham.

"Better? I thought you wanted me to give it up."

"Ah, I don't know what I want, and you torment me and turn me inside out! What I want is you yourself."

"Oh, don't worry," said Miriam kindly. Then she added that Mademoiselle Voisin had asked her to come to see her; to which Sherringham replied, with a certain dryness, that she would probably not find that necessary. This made Miriam stare, and she asked, "Do you mean it won't do, on account of mamma's prejudices?"

"Say, this time, on account of mine."

"Do you mean because she has lovers?"

"Her lovers are none of our business."

"None of mine, I see. So you have been one of them?"

"No such luck."

"What a pity! I should have liked to see that. One must see everything, to be able to do everything." And as he inquired what she had wished to see she replied, "The way a woman like that receives one of the old ones."

Sherringham gave a groan at this, which was at the same time partly a laugh, and, turning away and dropping upon a bench, ejaculated, "You'll do — you'll do!"

He sat there some minutes, with his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands. Miriam remained looking at the portrait of Rachel, after which she demanded, "Does n't such a woman as that receive — receive every one?"

"Every one who goes to see her, no doubt."

"And who goes?"

"Lots of men — clever men, eminent men."

"Ah, what a charming life! Then does n't she go out?"

"Not what we Philistines mean by that — not into society, never. She never enters a lady's drawing-room."

"How strange, when one is as distinguished as that; except that she must escape a lot of stupidities and *corvées*. Then where does she learn such manners?"

"She teaches manners, *à ses heures;* she does n't need to learn them."

"Oh, she has given me ideas! But in London actresses go into society," Miriam continued.

"Oh, in London *nous mêlons les genres!*"

"And sha'n't *I* go — I mean if I want?"

"You'll have every facility to bore yourself. Don't doubt of it."

"And does n't she feel excluded?" Miriam asked.

"Excluded from what? She has the fullest life."

"The fullest?"

"An intense artistic life. The cleverest men in Paris talk over her work with her; the principal authors of plays discuss with her subjects and characters and questions of treatment. She lives in the world of art."

"Ah, the world of art — how I envy her! And you offer me Dashwood!"

Sherringham rose in his emotion. "I offer you" —

Miriam burst out laughing. "You look so droll! You offer me yourself, then, instead of all these things."

"My child, I also am a very clever man," he said, smiling, and conscious that for a moment he had stood gaping.

"You are — you are; I delight in you. No ladies at all — *no* femmes comme il faut?" Miriam began again.

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"Ah, what do *they* matter? Your business is the artistic life!" he broke out, with inconsequence and with a little irritation at hearing her sound that trivial note again.

"You 're a dear — your charming good sense comes back to you! What do you want of me, then?"

"I want you for myself — not for others; and now, in time, before anything 's done."

"Why, then, did you bring me here? Everything 's done; I feel it to-night."

"I know the way you should look at it — if you do look at it at all," Sherringham conceded.

"That 's so easy! I thought you liked the stage so," Miriam said, artfully.

"Don't you want me to be a great swell?"

"And don't you want *me* to be?"

"You will be — you 'll share my glory."

"So will you share mine."

"The husband of an actress? Yes, I 'm that!" Sherringham cried, with a frank ring of disgust.

"It 's a silly position, no doubt. But if you 're too good for it, why talk about it? Don't you think I 'm important?" Miriam inquired. Her companion stood looking at her, and she suddenly said, in a different tone: "Ah, why should we quarrel, when you have been so kind, so generous? Can't we always be friends — the solidest friends?"

Her voice sank to the sweetest cadence and her eyes were grateful and good as they rested on him. She sometimes said things with such perfection that they seemed dishonest, but in this case Sherringham was stirred to a strong response. Just as he was making it, however, he was moved to utter other words — "Take care, here 's Dashwood!" Mrs. Rooth's companion was in the doorway. He had come back to say that they really must relieve him.

XXII.

Mrs. Dallow came up to London soon after the meeting of Parliament; she made no secret of the fact that she liked London, and naturally, in present conditions, it would not have become less attractive to her. But she prepared to withdraw from it again for the Easter vacation, not to return to Harsh, but to pay a couple of country visits. She did not, however, leave town with the crowd — she never did anything with the crowd — but waited till the Monday after Parliament rose; facing with composure, in Great Stanhope Street, the horrors, as she had been taught to consider them, of a Sunday out of the session. She had done what she could to mitigate them, by asking a handful of "stray men" to dine with her that evening. Several members of this disconsolate class sought comfort in Great Stanhope Street in the afternoon, and them, for the most part, she also invited to come back at eight o'clock. There were, therefore, almost too many people at dinner — there were even a couple of wives. Nick Dormer came to dinner, but he was not present in the afternoon. Each of the persons who were had said on coming in, "So you 've not gone — I 'm awfully glad." Mrs. Dallow had replied, "No, I 've not gone," but she had in no case added that she was glad, nor had she offered an explanation. She never offered explanations: she always assumed that no one could invent them so well as those who had the florid taste to desire them.

And in this case she was right, for it is probable that few of her visitors failed to say to themselves that her not having gone would have had something to do with Dormer. That could pass for an explanation with many of Mrs. Dallow's visitors, who, as a general thing, were not morbidly analytic; especially with those who met Nick as a matter of

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course at the dinner. His being present at this lady's entertainments, being in her house whenever, as the phrase was, a candle was lighted, was taken as a sign that there was something rather particular between them. Nick had said to her, more than once, that people would wonder why they did n't marry; but he was wrong in this, inasmuch as there were many of their friends to whom it would not have occurred that his position could be improved by it. That they were cousins was a fact not so evident to others as to themselves, in consequence of which they appeared remarkably intimate. The person seeing clearest in the matter was Mrs. Gresham, who lived so much in the world that being alone had become her idea of true sociability. She knew very well that if she had been privately engaged to a young man as amiable as Nick Dormer, she would have managed that publicity should not play such a part in their intercourse; and she had her secret scorn for the stupidity of people whose conception of Nick's relation to Julia Dallow rested on the fact that he was always included in her parties. "If he never was there, then they might talk," she said to herself. But Mrs. Gresham was supersubtle. To her it would have appeared natural that Julia should celebrate the parliamentary recess by going down to Harsh and securing Nick's company there for a fortnight; she recognized Mrs. Dallow's actual plan as a comparatively poor substitute — the project of spending the holidays in other people's houses, to which Nick had also promised to come. Mrs. Gresham was romantic; she wondered what was the good of mere snippets and snatches, the chances that any one might have, when large, still days *à deux* were open to you — chances of which half the sanctity was in what they excluded. However, there were more unsettled matters between Mrs. Dallow and her queer kinsman than even Mrs. Gresham's fine insight could embrace. She was not present, on the Sunday before Easter, at the dinner in Great Stanhope Street; but if she had been, Julia's singular indifference to observation would have stopped short of encouraging her to remain in the drawing-room, with Nick, after the others had gone. I may add that Mrs. Gresham's extreme curiosity would have emboldened her as little to do so. She would have taken for granted that the pair wished to be alone together, though she would have regarded this only as a snippet.

The guests stayed late, and it was nearly twelve o'clock when Nick, standing before the fire in the room they had quitted, broke out to his companion —

"See here, Julia, how long do you really expect me to endure this kind of thing?" Mrs. Dallow made him no answer; she only leaned back in her chair with her eyes upon his. He met her gaze for a moment; then he turned round to the fire, and for another moment looked into it. After this he faced Mrs. Dallow again, with the exclamation, "It 's so foolish — it 's so damnably foolish!"

She still said nothing, but at the end of a minute she spoke without answering him: "I shall expect you on Tuesday, and I hope you 'll come by a decent train."

"What do you mean by a decent train?"

"I mean I hope you 'll not leave it till the last thing before dinner, so that we can have a little walk, or something."

"What 's a little walk, or something? Why, if you make such a point of my coming to Griffin, do you want me to come at all?"

Mrs. Dallow hesitated an instant; then she exclaimed, "I knew you hated it!"

"You provoke me so," said Nick. "You try to, I think."

"And Severals still worse. You 'll

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get out of that if you can," Mrs. Dallow went on.

"If I can? What's to prevent me?"

"You promised Lady Whiteroy. But of course that's nothing."

"I don't care a straw for Lady Whiteroy."

"And you promised me. But that's less still."

"It *is* foolish — it's quite idiotic," said Nick, with his hands in his pockets and his eyes on the ceiling.

There was another silence, at the end of which Mrs. Dallow remarked, "You might have answered Mr. Macgeorge when he spoke to you."

"Mr. Macgeorge — what has he to do with it?"

"He has to do with your getting on a little. If you think that's the way!"

Nick broke into a laugh. "I like lessons in getting on — in other words, I suppose you mean in urbanity — from you, Julia!"

"Why not from me?"

"Because you can do nothing base. You're incapable of putting on a flattering manner, to get something by it: therefore, why should you expect me to? You are unflattering — that is, you are austere — in proportion as there may be something to be got."

Mrs. Dallow sprang up from her chair, coming towards him. "There is only one thing I want in the world — you know very well."

"Yes, you want it so much that you won't even take it when it's pressed upon you. How long do you, seriously, expect me to bear it?" Nick repeated.

"I never asked you to do anything base," she said, standing in front of him. "If I'm not clever about throwing myself into things, it's all the more reason you should be."

"If you're not clever, my dear Julia?" Nick, standing close to her, placed his hands on her shoulders and shook her a little, with a mixture of tenderness and passion. "You're clever enough to make me furious, sometimes!"

She opened and closed her fan, looking down at it while she submitted to this affectionate violence. "All I want is that when a man like Mr. Macgeorge talks to you, you should n't appear to be bored to death. You used to be so charming, in that sort of way. And now you appear to take no interest in anything. At dinner, to-night, you scarcely opened your lips; you treated them all as if you only wished they 'd go."

"I did wish they 'd go. Have n't I told you a hundred times what I think of your *salon?*"

"How then do you want me to live?" Mrs. Dallow asked. "Am I not to have a creature in the house?"

"As many creatures as you like. Your freedom is complete, and as far as I am concerned always will be. Only when you challenge me and overhaul me — not justly, I think — I must confess the simple truth, that there are many of your friends I don't delight in."

"Oh, *your* idea of pleasant people!" Julia exclaimed. "I should like once for all to know what it really is."

"I can tell you what it really is n't: it is n't Mr. Macgeorge. He's a being almost grotesquely limited."

"He 'll be where you 'll never be — unless you change."

"To be where Mr. Macgeorge is not would be very much my desire. Therefore, why should I change?" Nick demanded. "However, I had n't the least intention of being rude to him, and I don't think I was," he went on. "To the best of my ability I assume a virtue if I have it not; but apparently I am not enough of a comedian."

"If you have it not? It's when you say things like that that you are so dreadfully tiresome. As if there were anything that you have n't, or might n't have!"

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Nick turned away from his hostess; he took a few impatient steps in the room, looking at the carpet, with his hands in his pockets again. Then he came back to the fire, with the observation, "It's rather hard to be found so wanting when one has tried to play one's part so beautifully." He paused, with his eyes on Mrs. Dallow's; then continued, with a vibration in his voice: "I've imperiled my immortal soul, or at least I've bemuddled my intelligence, by all the things I don't care for that I've tried to do, and all the things I detest that I've tried to be, and all the things I never can be that I've tried to look as if I were — all the appearances and invitations, the pretenses and hypocrisies, in which I've steeped myself to the eyes; and at the end of it (it serves me right!) my reward is simply to learn that I'm still not half humbug enough!"

Mrs. Dallow looked away from him as soon as he had spoken these words; she attached her eyes to the clock which stood behind him, and observed irrelevantly —

"I'm very sorry, but I think you had better go. I don't like you to stay after midnight."

"Ah, what you like and what you don't like, and where one begins and the other ends — all that is an impenetrable mystery!" the young man declared. But he took no further notice of her allusion to his departure, adding, in a different tone, "'A man like Mr. Macgeorge'! When you say a thing of that sort, in a certain particular way, I should rather like to suffer you to perish."

Mrs. Dallow stared; it might have seemed for an instant that she was trying to look stupid. "How can I help it if a few years hence he is certain to be at the head of any Liberal government?"

"We can't help it, of course, but we can help talking about it," Nick smiled. "If we don't mention it, it may not be noticed."

"You're trying to make me angry. You're in one of your vicious moods," observed Mrs. Dallow, blowing out, on the chimney-piece, a guttering candle.

"That I am exasperated I have already had the honor very positively to inform you. All the same I maintain that I was irreproachable at dinner. I don't want you to think I shall always be so good as that."

"You looked so out of it; you were as gloomy as if every earthly hope had left you, and you didn't make a single contribution to any discussion that took place. Don't you think I observe you?" Mrs. Dallow asked, with an irony tempered by a tenderness that was unsuccessfully concealed.

"Ah, my darling, what you observe!" Nick exclaimed, laughing, and stopping. But he added the next moment, more seriously, as if his tone had been disrespectful, "You probe me to the bottom, no doubt."

"You needn't come either to Griffin or to Severals if you don't want to."

"Give them up yourself; stay here with me!"

She colored quickly, as he said this, and broke out, "Lord! how you hate political houses!"

"How can you say that, when from February till August I spend every blessed night in one?"

"Yes, and hate that worst of all."

"So do half the people who are in it. You must have so many things, so many people, so much *mise-en-scène*, and such a perpetual spectacle, to live," Nick went on. "Perpetual motion, perpetual visits, perpetual crowds! If you go into the country, you'll see forty people every day and be mixed up with them all day. The idea of a quiet fortnight in town, when by a happy if idiotic superstition everybody goes out of it, disconcerts and frightens you. It's the

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very time, it 's the very place, to do a little work and possess one's soul."

This vehement allocution found Mrs. Dallow evidently somewhat unprepared; but she was sagacious enough, instead of attempting for the moment a general rejoinder, to seize on a single phrase, and say: "Work? What work can you do in London at such a moment as this?"

Nick hesitated a little. "I might tell you that I wanted to get up a lot of subjects, to sit at home and read blue-books; but that would n't be quite what I mean."

"Do you mean you want to paint?"

"Yes, that 's it, since you drag it out of me."

"Why do you make such a mystery about it? You 're at perfect liberty," said Mrs. Dallow.

She extended her hand to rest it on the mantel-shelf, but her companion took it, on the way, and held it in both his own. "You are delightful Julia, when you speak in that tone — then I know why it is I love you; but I can't do anything if I go to Griffin, if I go to Severals."

"I see — I see," said Julia, reflectively and kindly.

"I 've scarcely been inside of my studio for months, and I feel quite homesick for it. The idea of putting in a few quiet days there has taken hold of me; I rather cling to it."

"It seems so odd, your having a studio!" Julia dropped, speaking so quickly that the words were almost incomprehensible.

"Does n't it sound absurd, for all the good it does me, or I do in it? Of course one can produce nothing but rubbish on such terms — without continuity or persistence, with just a few days here and there. I ought to be ashamed of myself, no doubt; but even my rubbish interests me. '*Guenille si l'on veut, ma guenille m'est chère.*' But I 'll go down to Harsh with you, in a moment, Julia," Nick pursued: "that would do as well, if we could be quiet there, without people, without a creature; and I should really be perfectly content. You 'd sit for me; it would be the occasion we 've so often wanted and never found."

Mrs. Dallow shook her head slowly, with a smile that had a meaning for Nick. "Thank you, my dear; nothing would induce me to go to Harsh with you."

The young man looked at her. "What 's the matter, whenever it 's a question of anything of that sort? Are you afraid of me?" She pulled her hand quickly out of his, turning away from him; but he went on: "Stay with me here, then, when everything is so right for it. We shall do beautifully — have the whole place, have the whole day to ourselves. Hang your engagements! Telegraph you won't come. We 'll live at the studio — you 'll sit to me every day. Now or never is our chance — when shall we have so good a one? Think how charming it will be! I 'll make you want awfully that I shall do something."

"I can't get out of Griffin — it 's impossible," returned Mrs. Dallow, moving further away, with her back presented to him.

"Then you *are* afraid of me — simply!"

She turned quickly round, very pale. "Of course I am; you are welcome to know it."

He went toward her, and for a moment she seemed to make another slight movement of retreat. This, however, was scarcely perceptible, and there was nothing to alarm in the tone of reasonable entreaty in which Nick said to her, as he went toward her: "Put an end, Julia, to our absurd situation — it really can't go on; and you have no right to expect a man to be happy or comfortable in so false a position. We are talked of odiously — of that we may

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be sure; and yet what good have we of it?"

"Talked of? Do I care for that?"

"Do you mean you are indifferent because there are no grounds? That 's just why I hate it."

"I don't know what you are talking about!" exclaimed Mrs. Dallow, with quick disdain.

"Be my wife to-morrow — be my wife next week. Let us have done with this fantastic probation and be happy."

"Leave me now — come back to-morrow. I 'll write to you." She had the air of pleading with him at present as he pleaded with her.

"You can't resign yourself to the idea of one's looking 'out of it'!" laughed Nick.

"Come to-morrow, before lunch," Mrs. Dallow continued.

"To be told I must wait six months more, and then be sent about my business? Ah, Julia, Julia!" murmured the young man.

Something in this simple exclamation — it sounded natural and perfectly unstudied — evidently, on the instant, made a great impression on his companion. "You shall wait no longer," she said, after a short silence.

"What do you mean by no longer?"

"Give me about five weeks — say till the Whitsuntide recess."

"Five weeks are a great deal," smiled Nick.

"There are things to be done — you ought to understand."

"I only understand how I love you."

"Dearest Nick!" said Mrs. Dallow; upon which he folded her in his arms.

"I have your promise, then, for five weeks hence, to a day?" he demanded, as she released herself.

"We 'll settle that — the exact day: there are things to consider and to arrange. Come to luncheon, to-morrow."

"I 'll come early — I 'll come at one," Nick said; and for a moment they stood smiling at each other.

"Do you think I *want* to wait, any more than you?" Mrs. Dallow asked.

"I don't feel so much out of it now!" he exclaimed, by way of answer. "You 'll stay, of course, now — you 'll give up your visits?"

She had hold of the lappet of his coat; she had kept it in her hand even while she detached herself from his embrace. There was a white flower in his buttonhole which she looked at and played with a moment before she said: "I have a better idea — you need n't come to Griffin. Stay in your studio — do as you like — paint dozens of pictures."

"Dozens? You barbarian!" Nick ejaculated.

The epithet apparently had an endearing suggestion to Mrs. Dallow; at any rate it led her to allow him to kiss her on her forehead — led her to say, "What on earth do I want but that you should do absolutely as you please and be as happy as you can?"

Nick kissed her again, in the same place, at this; but he inquired, "What dreadful proposition is coming now?"

"I 'll go off and do up my visits and come back."

"And leave me alone?"

"Don't be affected!" said Mrs. Dallow. "You know you 'll work much better without me. You 'll live in your studio — I shall be well out of the way."

"That 's not what one wants of a sitter. How can I paint you?"

"You can paint me all the rest of your life. I shall be a perpetual sitter."

"I believe I could paint you without looking at you," said Nick, smiling down at her. "You do excuse me, then, from those dreary places?"

"How can I insist, after what you said about the pleasure of keeping these days?" Mrs. Dallow asked sweetly.

"You 're the best woman on earth; though it does seem odd you should rush away as soon as our little business is settled."

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"We shall make it up. I know what I 'm about. And now go!" Mrs. Dallow terminated, almost pushing her visitor out of the room.

XXIII.

It was certainly singular, under the circumstances, that on sitting down in his studio, after Julia had left town, Nick Dormer should not, as regards the effort to reproduce some beautiful form, have felt more chilled by the absence of a person so suggestive of beauty. She was away, and he longed for her, and yet without her the place was more filled with what he wanted to find in it. He turned into it with confused feelings, the most definite of which was a sense of release and recreation. It looked blighted and lonely and dusty, and his old studies, as he rummaged them out, struck him as more helpless even than the last time he had ventured to drop his eyes upon them. But amid this neglected litter, in the colorless and obstructed light of a high north window which needed washing, he tasted more sharply the possibility of positive happiness; it appeared to him that, as he had said to Julia, he was more in possession of his soul. It was frivolity and folly, it was puerility, to spend valuable hours pottering over the vain implements of an art he had relinquished; and a certain shame that he had felt in presenting his plea to Julia Dallow that Sunday night arose from the sense not of what he clung to, but of what he had given up. He had turned his back upon serious work, so that pottering was now all he could aspire to. It could n't be fruitful, it could n't be anything but ridiculous, almost ignoble; but it soothed his nerves, it was in the nature of a secret dissipation. He had never suspected that he was encumbered with nerves; but this luxury had been revealed to him on the day it became clear that he was letting something precious go. He was glad he had not to justify himself to the critical, for this might have been a delicate business. The critical were mostly absent; and besides, shut up all day in his studio, how should he ever meet them? It was the place in the world where he felt furthest away from his constituents. That was a part of the pleasure — the consciousness that for the hour the coast was clear and his mind was free. His mother and his sister had gone to Broadwood: Lady Agnes (the phrase sounds brutal, but it represents his state of mind) was well out of the way. He had written to her as soon as Julia left town — he had apprised her of the fact that his wedding-day was fixed: a relief, for poor Lady Agnes, to a period of intolerable mystification, of taciturn wondering and watching. She had said her say the day of the poll at Harsh; she was too proud to ask and too discreet to "nag," and she could only wait for something that did n't arrive. The unconditioned loan of Broadwood had of course been something of a bribe to patience: she had at first felt that on the day she should take possession of that capital house Julia would indeed seem to have come into the family. But the gift had confirmed expectations just enough to make disappointment more bitter; and the discomfort was greater in proportion as Lady Agnes failed to discover what was the matter. Her daughter Grace was much occupied with this question, and brought it up in conversation, in a manner irritating to her ladyship, who had a high theory of being silent about it, but who, however, in the long run, was more unhappy when, in consequence of a reprimand, the girl suggested no reasons at all than when she suggested stupid ones. It eased Lady Agnes a little to discuss the mystery, when she could have the air of not having begun.

The letter Nick received from her the first day of Passion Week, in reply to his important communication, was the

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only one he read at that moment; not counting, of course, several notes that Mrs. Dallow addressed to him from Griffin. There were letters piled up, as he knew, in Calcutta Gardens, which his servant had strict orders not to bring to the studio. Nick slept now in the bedroom attached to this retreat; got things, as he wanted them, from Calcutta Gardens; and dined at his club, where a stray surviving friend or two, seeing him prowl about the library in the evening, was free to suppose that such eccentricity had a subtly political basis. When he thought of his neglected letters he remembered Mr. Carteret's convictions on the subject of not "getting behind;" they made him laugh, in the slightly sonorous painting-room, as he bent over one of the old canvases that he had ventured to turn to the light. He was fully determined, however, to master his correspondence before going down, the last thing before Parliament should reassemble, to spend another day at Beauclere. Mastering his correspondence meant, in Nick's mind, breaking open envelopes; writing answers was scarcely involved in the idea. But Mr. Carteret would never guess that. Nick was not moved even to write to him that the affair with Mrs. Dallow was on the point of taking the form he had been so good as to desire: he reserved the pleasure of this announcement for a personal interview.

The day before Good Friday, in the morning, his stillness was broken by a rat-tat-tat on the outer door of his studio, administered apparently by the knob of a walking-stick. His servant was out, and he went to the door, wondering who his visitor could be, at such a time, especially of the familiar class. The class was indicated by the visitor's failure to look for the bell; for there was a bell, though it required a little research. In a moment the mystery was solved: the gentleman who stood smiling at him from the threshold could only be Gabriel Nash. Dormer had not seen this whimsical personage for several months, and had had no news of him beyond the general intimation that he was abroad. His old friend had sufficiently prepared him, at the time of their reunion in Paris, for the idea of the fitful in intercourse: and he had not been ignorant, on his return from Paris, that he would have had an opportunity to miss him if he had not been too busy to take advantage of it. In London, after the episode at Harsh, Gabriel had not reappeared: he had redeemed none of the pledges given the night they walked together to Notre Dame and conversed on important matters. He was to have interposed in Nick's destiny, but he had not interposed; he was to have dragged him in the opposite sense from Mrs. Dallow, but there had been no dragging; he was to have saved him, as he called it, and yet Nick was lost. This circumstance, indeed, constituted his excuse: the member for Harsh had rushed so to perdition. Nick had, for the hour, seriously wished to keep hold of him; he valued him as a salutary influence. Yet when he came to his senses, after his election, our young man had recognized that Nash might very well have reflected on the thanklessness of such a slippery subject — might have considered that he was released from his vows. Of course it had been particularly in the event of a Liberal triumph that he had threatened to make himself felt; the effect of a brand plucked from the burning would be so much greater if the flames were already high. Yet Nick had not held him to the letter of this pledge, and had so fully admitted the right of a properly constituted æsthete to lose patience with him that he was now far from greeting his visitor with a reproach. He felt much more thrown upon his defense.

Gabriel did not attack him, however. He brought in only blandness and benevolence and a great content at having

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obeyed the mystic voice — it was really a remarkable case of second sight — which had whispered to him that the recreant comrade of his prime was in town. He had just come back from Sicily, after a southern winter, according to a custom frequent with him, and had been moved by a miraculous prescience, unfavorable as the moment might seem, to go and ask for Nick in Calcutta Gardens, where he had extracted from his friend's servant an address not known to all the world. He showed Nick what a mistake it had been to fear a reproach from Gabriel Nash, and how he habitually ignored all lapses and kept up the standard only by taking a hundred fine things for granted. He also abounded more than ever in his own sense, reminding his friend how no recollection of him, no evocation of him in absence, could do him justice: you could n't recall him without seeming to exaggerate him, and then recognized, when you saw him, that your exaggeration had fallen short. He emerged out of vagueness (his Sicily might have been the Sicily of A Winter's Tale), and would evidently be reabsorbed in it; but his presence was positive and pervasive enough. He was very lively while he lasted. His connections were with beauty, urbanity, and conversation, as usual, but it was a circle you could n't find in the Court Guide. Nick had a sense that he knew "a lot of æsthetic people," but he dealt in ideas much more than in names and addresses. He was genial and jocose, sunburnt and romantically illusive. Nick gathered that he had been living for many days in a Saracenic tower, where his principal occupation was to watch for the flushing of the west. He had retained all the serenity of his opinions, and made light, with a candor of which the only defect was apparently that it was not quite enough a conscious virtue, of many of the objects of common esteem. When Nick asked him what he had been doing he replied, "Oh, living, you know;" and the tone of the words seemed to offer them as a record of magnificent success. He made a long visit, staying to luncheon and after luncheon, so that the little studio heard, all at once, more conversation, and of a larger kind, than in the several previous years of its history. With much of our story left to tell, it is a pity that so little of this rich colloquy may be transcribed here; because, as affairs took their course, it marked really (if it be a question of noting the exact point) a turn of the tide in Nick Dormer's personal situation. He was destined to remember the accent with which Nash exclaimed, on his drawing forth sundry specimens of amateurish earnestness, "I say — I say — I say!"

Nick glanced round, with a heightened color. "They are pretty bad, eh?"

"Oh, you 're a deep one," Nash went on.

"What 's the matter?"

"Do you call your conduct that of a man of honor?"

"Scarcely, perhaps. But when no one has seen them!"

"That 's your villainy. *C'est de l'exquis, du pur exquis.* Come, my dear fellow, this is very serious — it 's a bad business," said Gabriel Nash. Then he added, almost with austerity, "You 'll be so good as to place before me every patch of paint, every sketch and scrap, that this room contains."

Nick complied in great good-humor. He turned out his boxes and drawers, shoveled forth the contents of bulging portfolios, mounted on chairs to unhook old canvases that had been severely "skied." He was modest and docile and patient and amused, and above all quite thrilled — thrilled with the idea of eliciting a note of appreciation so late in the day. It was the oddest thing how, at present, in fact, he found himself attributing value to Gabriel Nash — attributing to him, among attributions more confused, the dignity of judgment,

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the authority of intelligence. Nash was an ambiguous being, but he was an excellent touch-stone. The two said very little for a while, and they had almost half an hour's silence, during which, after Nick had hastily improvised a little exhibition, there was only a puffing of cigarettes. The visitor walked about, looking at this and that, taking up rough studies and laying them down, asking a question of fact, fishing with his umbrella, on the floor, amid a pile of unarranged sketches. Nick accepted, jocosely, the attitude of suspense, but there was even more of it in his heart than in his face. So few people had seen his young work — almost no one who really counted. He had been ashamed of it, never showing it, to bring on a conclusion, inasmuch as it was precisely of a conclusion that he was afraid. He whistled now while he let his companion take time. He rubbed old panels with his sleeve, and dabbed wet sponges on surfaces that had sunk. It was a long time since he had felt so gay, strange as such an assertion sounds in regard to a young man whose bridal-day had, at his urgent solicitation, lately been fixed. He had stayed in town to be alone with his imagination, and suddenly, paradoxically, the sense of that result had arrived with Nash.

"Nicholas Dormer," this personage remarked at last, "for grossness of immorality I think I have never seen your equal."

"That sounds so well that I hesitate to risk spoiling it by wishing it explained."

"Don't you recognize in *any* degree the fine idea of duty?"

"If I don't grasp it with a certain firmness I am a great failure, for I was quite brought up in it," Nick said.

"Then you are the wretchedest failure I know. Life *is* ugly, after all."

"Do I gather that you yourself recognize obligations of the order you allude to?" asked Nick.

"Do you 'gather'?" Nash stared. "Why, are n't they the very flame of my faith, the burden of my song?"

"My dear fellow, duty is doing, and I inferred that you think rather poorly of doing — that it spoils one's style."

"Doing wrong, assuredly."

"But what do you call right? What's your canon of certainty there?"

"The conscience that's in us — that charming, conversible, infinite thing which alone would make me think well of the world. But you must treat the oracle civilly if you wish to make it speak. You must n't stride into the temple in muddy jack-boots, with your hat on your head, as the Puritan troopers tramped into the dear old abbeys. One must do one's best to find out the right, and your criminality appears to be that you have not taken common trouble."

"I had n't you to ask," smiled Nick. "But duty strikes me as doing something. If you are too afraid it may be the wrong thing, you may let everything go."

"Being is doing, and if doing is duty, being is duty. Do you follow?"

"At a great distance."

"To be what one *may* be, really and efficaciously," Nash went on, "to feel it and understand it, to accept it, adopt it, embrace it — that's conduct, that's life."

"And suppose one's a brute or an ass, where's the efficacy?"

"In one's very want of intelligence. In such cases one is out of it — the question does n't exist; one simply becomes a part of the duty of others. The brute, the ass, neither feels, nor understands, nor accepts, nor adopts. Those fine processes in themselves classify us. They educate, they exalt, they preserve; so that, to profit by them, we must be as intelligent as we can. We must recognize our particular form, the instrument that each of us — each of us who carries anything — carries in his being.

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Mastering this instrument, learning to play it in perfection — that 's what I call duty, what I call conduct, what I call success."

Nick listened with friendly attention, and the air of general assent was in his face as he said, "Every one has it, then, this individual pipe?"

"'Every one,' my dear fellow, is too much to say, for the world is full of the crudest *remplissage*. The book of life is padded, ah but padded — a deplorable want of editing. I speak of every one that is any one. Of course there are pipes and pipes — little quavering flutes for the concerted movements and big *cornets-à-piston* for the great solos."

"I see, I see. And what might your instrument be?"

Nash hesitated not a moment; his answer was radiantly ready. "To speak to people just as I am speaking to you. To prevent, for instance, a great wrong being done."

"A great wrong?"

"Yes — to the human race. I talk — I talk; I say the things that other people don't, that they can't, that they won't," Gabriel continued, with his inimitable candor.

"If it 's a question of mastery and perfection, you certainly have them," his companion replied.

"And you have n't, alas; that 's the pity of it, that 's the scandal. That 's the wrong I want to set right, before it becomes too public a shame. I called you just now grossly immoral, on account of the spectacle you present — a spectacle to be hidden from the eye of ingenuous youth: that of a man neglecting his own fiddle to blunder away on that of one of his fellows. We can't afford such mistakes, we can't tolerate such license."

"You think, then, I *have* a fiddle?" asked Nick.

"A regular Stradivarius! All these things you have shown me are singularly interesting. You have a talent of a wonderfully pure strain."

"I say — I say — I say!" Nick exclaimed, standing in front of his visitor with his hands in his pockets and a blush on his smiling face, and repeating, with a change of accent, Nash's exclamation of half an hour before.

"I like it, your talent; I measure it, I appreciate it, I insist upon it," Nash went on, between the whiffs of his cigarette. "I have to be intelligent to do so, but fortunately I am. In such a case that 's my duty. I shall make you my business for a while. Therefore," Nash added, blandly, "don't say I 'm unconscious of the moral law."

"A Stradivarius?" said Nick, interrogatively, with his eyes wide open, and the thought in his mind of how different this was from having gone to Griffin.

Henry James.

THE "BLACK-CAPPED" BALTIMORE.

To have his own way was the object in life of a certain small personage in black and gold who lived in my bird-room last winter. Of course he secured it. Dogged persistence in the degree he possessed that quality could not fail. Without once descending to the vulgarity of a fight, he reduced a roomful of birds, one after the other, to submission to his imperious will, and established upon firm foundation his right to the first and the best of anything he desired. He would have been autocrat in that small colony, but fortunately he was not the only one of his self-willed family in the room. He had a mate.

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At first, after I had introduced them — Baltimore orioles they were — by the rather summary process of thrusting both into one cage, I feared the stranger would but add one to the list of his subjects. She had not been well treated, and her plumage was in a terribly draggled state; and clothes have as much to do with self-respect in the feathered world as in our own. Her condition of general wreck was so complete as to leave her without a tail, in the last stage of respectability. She was depressed in spirits, and at first did not gainsay the dictation of the small tyrant of the household. He drove her away from the food-dishes, denied her a place on his perch, and in fact set up for lord and master, and she submitted for a time.

It was amusing to see these birds trying, on the first evening, to settle the question of sleeping-quarters. As usual, the mind of the male was made up, and he planted himself in the darkest corner of the upper perch away from the window, shook himself out, and considered the matter decided. The meek little dame did not aspire to his corner, but she ardently desired a place on that farther perch, and after he became quiet she resolved to try for it. Too modest to approach it in the natural way, from the lower perches, she scrambled up the wires of the cage, and shyly came on from the back. The autocrat was not asleep, and the instant her foot touched it he bounced across the cage to the other upper perch. He evidently expected that she would be put to shame in her surreptitious attempt to share his perch, and would at once retire to her proper sphere; but he was mistaken. So far from being embarrassed by his displeasure, she calmly accepted the relinquished position, and prepared for sleep. This was far from satisfactory to his majesty, and he jumped back as suddenly as he had gone; whereupon madam dropped to the floor. But, with true oriole persistence, in a moment she tried it again, going as before up the wires. Again the annoyed oriole deserted his post, and, disappointed in the effect, returned; once more, also, rather disconcerted, she descended to the floor. Not to stay, however. She was as set in her way as he was, and to sleep in that corner was her determination. This curious see-saw performance was reënacted far into the twilight with amusing regularity, but how they finally settled it I could not stay to see.

The unfortunate condition of the female kept her in subjection a few days, and then she rose superior to clothes, and quietly rebelled. The possession of the bath was the first disputed point. There she took her stand, bowed and postured on the edge, while he splashed unconcernedly in the tub; and the next time she went so far as to remain in the water and keep on bathing, while he assumed the offensive on the edge, After trying in vain to awe or terrify her, he actually plumped in beside her, and they spattered and fluttered side by side, as if they were inseparable friends. The oriole, however, had learned a lesson. He recognized a kindred spirit, and henceforth they lived peaceably together, in a sort of armed neutrality. No quarreling disgraced their house; each went on in his own way, and the other did not interfere.

With outsiders the case was different. The first to come into collision with the "black-cap" was a Brazilian cardinal, a loud-voiced, self-assertive bird, who also fully expected to have his own way, but, unfortunately for himself, had not the "staying qualities" of the native bird. Hostilities began with a bit of impertinence on the part of the oriole, who, as I said, seldom quarreled, but coolly went wherever he wished, and helped himself to anything he desired. In his travels around the room, one morning, he was attracted to the empty cage of the cardinal, went in, and fell to eating. From afar the owner saw

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this intrusion, and hastily returned to defend his hearth-stone. He alighted at the door; the oriole went on eating. He rushed in, all bristled up for war; still the enemy remained busy at the food-dish, actually ignoring the presence of the outraged proprietor, who stood three inches away, in dumb amazement at such assurance. The oriole finished his repast at his leisure, and in the most natural way hopped to the upper perch as though at home, apparently not having once seen the foe. These peculiar tactics so impressed the cardinal that he meekly left the cage, and when fully ready the oriole did the same. Not for long, however; he evidently decided to take up his residence there, where no other oriole would disturb, for in a little while he returned. This time the Brazilian was at home. When the intruder reached the middle perch, the insulted resident dropped upon him, — or upon the spot where he had been; for quick as thought the oriole flung himself over backward, still holding to the perch, and hung below it, quite ready to fight upside down, while the cardinal stood exactly over him, snapping his beak. In that strange position the two birds remained a few seconds; then the oriole dropped to the floor, and proceeded to help himself to a luncheon, not in the least subdued.

Nor did this rebuff alter the oriole's intention regarding the cage. In an hour he again appeared on the step. At this moment the Brazilian was close beside the door, eating. Seeing his enemy approach, he gave one spring to the other side of the door, and there stood, ready for war, uttering his most savage cry. The oriole also was ready, in his peculiar attitude, crouching, with feathers erected, especially over the shoulders, which made him look hump-backed. The cardinal "huffed" and blustered, but the patient foe still remained motionless, and relentlessly determined to go in. Now appeared a supreme effort on the part of the householder, his master stroke: he bowed with great dignity, moving his head slowly, and when at its lowest deliberately scraped his beak on the perch, as if sharpening it for the coming contest; then drew his body up to its greatest height, and bowed again, repeating the performance. This he kept up till the oriole decided to take a more favorable time for his entrance, and for that once left the owner in possession.

The next encounter was over the bath-tub, where the cardinal was spattering the water, when the oriole came down and alighted on the edge. The only thing he did was to crouch and hold his face to the foe; the cardinal bowed, scolded, circled around the dish, and met his antagonist on the edge; he hopped into the water, and tried to be brave enough to go on, then retreated a moment to the edge; lastly he flew to a perch close by and back again, snapping his beak and doing the whole thing over; but of course he gave up in the face of his tireless persecutor, when the oriole went in and took a deliberate bath.

Matters were settled between them, and their relative positions forever adjusted, by contention over some fruit. Dried currants soaked soft were the oriole's favorite dainty, and when half a dozen were thrown out for him, one morning, he hurried to the feast. He had eaten all but one, and when about to add that to the goodly number already disposed of, the cardinal alighted before it, with the evident intention of appropriating it to his own use, though he did not care for currants. Not at all flurried, but firmly resolved to secure that bit of fruit, the oriole crouched so flat that he looked as if he had no legs, shoulder feathers erected, and beak turned towards his antagonist, while the cardinal stretched up very tall, feathers puffed out, wings opened, and almost leaning over his rival. After a little of this

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attitudinizing the cardinal picked up the object of dispute. Seeing it about to disappear, the oriole suddenly lost his calmness, and snatched at it. Both held on, and there was a droll tug of war for a few seconds, till the oriole carried off the trophy.

In a similar manner this bird vanquished a big blustering robin, and won the freedom of his cage. The robin clattered his beak at his motionless, persistent foe, and looked as savage as he could, but after a few demonstrations retired to the upper perches, while the interloper ate and drank as he liked. On his second visit he mounted the middle perch, and stood for a moment quiet, while the robin jumped back and forth on the upper perches with cries and hostile actions, then sprang up and seized the perch close to the feet of the robin, hanging back down, quite ready to fight — if fight it must be — in that attitude. This unnatural performance so startled the robin that he at once departed, while the impish oriole swung there several seconds before he assumed a proper position.

I was no more successful than the indignant householders in getting this mischief-maker out of a cage he wished to be in. None of the usual devices had the smallest effect, and I had to catch him in my hand, or remove the food. He had a very tender care of his stomach, and never stayed long where there was nothing to eat. It was curious that the oriole's peculiar attitude was so impressive that, although he did absolutely nothing, no bird ventured to touch him. The robin could have hurt him badly with his strong beak, but he never seemed to dare attack him.

The dignity of this bird deserted him, however, when he saw another oriole in the looking-glass. This was plainly a foeman worthy of his steel; he instantly pounced upon it, driving furiously at the enemy, and uttering a harsh "churr-r." Again and again he hopped upon the cushion, stretched up, promenaded the whole length of the glass, and hurled himself savagely against it. The second time he noticed the glass, his reception of the stranger he saw there was different. He saluted it with the sweet, low oriole call, lifted the feathers on his shoulders, spread wide his tail, and shook out all his plumage. Finding that neither scolding nor coaxing had any effect, he met the tantalizing figure in still another way: he grieved over it, laid his wings upon his back, spread his tail like a fan, and swelled out his breast feathers. After a few moments he turned as if to go away, wings drooping, and all the time breathing a low, plaintive cry that was really mournful to hear. Finally he drew his head down into his shoulders, and stood silent and motionless. Thus he remained a half hour or more, and then tore himself away with difficulty, looking back, and calling every step or two as he went.

All the time that the oriole had occupied himself establishing his rights in the room, his cage-mate had been settling her own troubles. Though not exactly in his way, her tactics were equally successful.

One had no right to expect sociability between a pair living in mere tolerance of each other, and yet I was disappointed that they did not talk together. I wanted to hear them, but I listened in vain for weeks. In sight or out of sight, it made no difference; they were the same taciturn couple, each occupied in its own way, and never exchanging a note. But at last I caught them. At night, during the winter, each cage was closely wrapped in a thick, warm cover, and before this was taken off in the morning I began to hear low murmurs from the orioles. One spoke in a complaining tone, as if it said, "Why do you treat me thus?" and the other uttered a regular oriole "chur-r-r." In time the sounds grew louder, and I noticed in the querulous tone great variety

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of pitch, inflection, and duration of note, accompanied often by a hopping back and forth, as if the listener were inattentive. Wishing to see as well as hear this little domestic drama, I took care to arrange the covering in such a way that I could peep in without disturbing it. Then I saw the lordly Baltimore on the middle perch, leaning over and looking at his mate on the floor. He addressed her in a tone so low that it was scarcely audible at the distance of one foot, and she replied in the fretful voice I have spoken of. Then he began hopping from perch to perch, occasionally pausing to take his part in the conversation, which was kept up till they saw me.

Not all the time of the beautiful orioles was passed in contentions; once having placed themselves on what they considered their proper footing in the family, they had leisure for other things. No more entertaining birds ever lived in the room; full of intelligent curiosity as they were, and industriously studying out the idiosyncrasies of human surroundings in ways peculiarly their own, they pried into and under everything, — opened the match-safe and threw out the contents, tore the paper off the wall in great patches, pecked the backs of books, and probed every hole and crack with their sharp beaks. They ate very daintily, and, as mentioned above, were exceedingly fond of dried currants. For this little treat the male soon learned to tease, alighting on the desk, looking wistfully at the little china box whence he knew they came, wiping his bill, and, in language plain enough to a bird-student, asking for some. He even went so far, when I did not at once take the hint, as to address me in low, coaxing talk of very sweet and varied tones. Still I was deaf, and he came within two feet of me, uttering the half-singing talk, and later burst into song as his supreme effort at pleasing or propitiating the dispenser of dainties. I need not say that he had his fill after that.

On the 24th of April, spring emotions began to work in the oriole family. The first symptom was a song, so low it was scarcely heard, though the agitation of the singer, with head thrown up and tail quivering, was plainly enough seen. As it grew in volume from day to day, it proved to be totally different from the beautiful oriole strain of four or six notes so familiar during the nesting season. It was a long-continued melody, of considerable variety, with an occasional interpolation of the common scolding "chur-r-r." After a month (lacking three days) of this lovely chant, the usual June carol was added, and from this time he sang the two. Both birds also treated us to the several calls we are accustomed to hear in the orchard in that perfect month.

Shortly following the beginning of the second and more familiar song, a change appeared in the relations of the pair. The male assumed the aggressive, and became rather violent in his attentions. He drove his mate around the room, and when he cornered her they indulged in what must be called a "clawing match," upon which he flew away with a loud song, as though he had won a victory. When this performance had gone on a few days, she began to show a disinclination to go home, took possession of another cage whose owner was amiable, and finally turned upon her rough wooer, as I suppose he must be named, though if I had not seen a similar style of courtship in the oriole family — the orchard orioles — I should hesitate to give it that name. One morning she rose in her might to put an end to all this persecution, and I saw her on the war-path, pursuing him with open beak; but after fleeing a moment, he turned and flung himself upon her so savagely that both flew violently against the window, which they had not touched for months, being perfectly aware of the

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obstacle there. However, he changed his manners, and I heard much low, sweet talk in the cage, such as he had used to coax me for currants. She listened, but said nothing. I neglected to say that meanwhile she had replaced her scraggy feathers and grown a fine tail.

Another time I saw the two orioles on top of a cage, six or eight inches apart. First she stretched up and faced him, uttering a peculiar cry, a single note of rich but mournful tone, and then she bowed again and again, constantly repeating the call. He posed, turned this way and that, evidently aching to fly at her. At last she flew, and he followed to another cage, where the performance was repeated. Then came a mad chase around the room, which she ended by slipping behind a large cage.

For some days these scenes were frequent, and I began to feel myself a jailer; so one morning they were carried to the country, where sparrows would not mob them, and set at liberty to pursue their wooing, if such it were, in freedom.

Olive Thorne Miller.

EMERSON'S CONCORD LIFE.

THIS personal history of Emerson by his son[1] brings biography back to that old simpler form in which it is most interesting; for though the study of a man's works reveals his character, it is the description of himself and his ways which is the heart of a memoir. In Mr. Cabot's admirable Life there was a lack of this latter element. Emerson appeared in it in a most abstract form, almost a spirituality. Here he is the citizen, neighbor, and friend, the son, husband, and father; and while his specific character as a literary man and the tone of his thinking are continually present even in this memoir, they are not allowed to usurp the first place.

The volume is made up mostly of anecdotes and quotations from the journals which he so faithfully kept, — a mosaic of reminiscences; but a certain order has been observed, which gives unity to the story, and carries it on regularly from boyhood to age. The earlier portion of his life — the childhood in a home of narrow and sometimes insufficient means, the youth of struggle in company with his brothers for a foothold in the intellectual life of the world — is rapidly passed over, but not without affording a complete picture of a characteristic home of the old time. The Spartan severity of these days is most powerfully illustrated by the letter which Emerson's mother wrote to him on the occasion of his telling her that he was comfortably situated at college. "My dear son," she says, "you did right to give me so early a proof of your affection as to write me the first week of your college life. Everything respecting you is doubtless interesting to me, but your domestic arrangements the least of anything, as these make no part of the man or the character, any further than he learns humility from his dependence on such trifles as *convenient* accommodations for his happiness." She goes on to inculcate the necessity of moral improvement and progress in virtue as the one thing needful. This was heroic treatment, but was undoubtedly the habitual tone of thought in which the family was reared. The success of the children in maintaining high aims and ever pressing forward toward their

[1] *Emerson in Concord.* A Memoir written for the "Social Circle" in Concord, Massachusetts. By EDWARD WALDO EMERSON. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

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achievement is the justification for such education, though in our days it would be accounted unnecessarily harsh and ascetic.

The character of Emerson, however, as we know him, was not fully declared until his fortunate settlement in Concord. There he began to form the ties and enter into those relations with men which made up his social life. He felt his scholarly solitariness, but he did not fail to form such connections as were possible with the life of the community. He easily took a certain position as a speaker and lecturer, and it was by virtue of his capacities in this direction that he came nearest to his fellow-townsmen. He was, by that touch of broad humor often to be found in rural places, first made hog-reeve, an office bestowed, it is said, on the newly married man. He was doubtless more useful upon the school board and as a member of the village club. He naturally could have little part in the church life, but he began by attending church with his neighbors; and he had but small share in the town-meeting, which nevertheless he always participated in as an interested and appreciative spectator. A certain "divinity" hedged him in, and kept him aloof from that common life and conversation which usually were interrupted by his entrance among the group at the grocery or the blacksmith's; he might talk with stage-drivers and fishermen, and his companions in travel to the city, as he liked to do, but he could not be among them on the same footing. "Fools and clowns and sots make the fringe of every one's tapestry of life, and give a certain reality to the picture. What could we do in Concord without Bigelow's and Mason's bar-rooms and their dependencies? What without such fixtures as Uncle Sol, and old Moore who sleeps in Dr. Hurd's barn, and the red charity-house over the brook?" But these were more attractive to him at a distance, and through the medium, as it were, of Wordsworth's poetry, than they would have been on closer acquaintance. He did not often come in contact with this side of life. Once, indeed, his son relates, when the bar-room wits hung a sign out at the Middlesex stable, insulting to an esteemed doctor of the town who was a temperance advocate, Emerson beat it down with his cane; and he goes on, "In the afternoon when I went to school, I remember my mortification at seeing a new board hanging there, with a painting of a man with a tall hat, long nose, and hooked cane raised aloft; and lest the portrait might not be recognized, the inscription, 'Rev. R. W. E. knocking down the sign.'" This, he says, was the only incivility ever shown his father. He tells, however, of a bad neighbor who moved an unsightly building on to the lot before Emerson's house, to blackmail him; but this was quickly removed by a band of young "White-Caps," — an organization always potential in an Anglo-Saxon community, — who, "uniformed in green baize jackets lent from Mrs. Rice's store, silently marched in the night to the spot, pulled the old frame down with a crash, and withdrew with some speed, vainly pursued by the enraged owner." These occasional glimpses of the village are interesting, and at times, in connection with them, one comes on a fine country anecdote. There is nothing better in this way than George Minot's excuse to Emerson for not going to town-meeting in abolition times: "No, I ain't goin'. It 's no use a-ballotin', for it won't stay. What you do with a gun will stay so."

Besides Emerson's general townspeople, we find mention of his literary friends, Alcott, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and William Ellery Channing, and of course the whole race of nameless long-haired reformers who were always trooping in and out. The more entertaining portion is that which has to do with the work of the garden. In tilling his acres

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Emerson was in need of more skilled assistance, and although he kept up the pretense of caring for his pear-trees he soon relinquished the homelier implements; his farming was on the whole poetical, and played a larger part in his thoughts and verses than in his income. The history of his garden, however, illustrates his habits; and it was but a step from the plot about his door to the wild woodlands, the pastures, and Walden ledge, without an account of which the story of his life with nature would be incomplete. It must be said that he liked in nature the abundance and the vast scope of the elements rather than the beauty of landscape. In it he found a different solitude from that of his books, and it rested him at the same time that it refreshed and stimulated his thoughts. There are many fine sentences from the journals which show just in what way he felt these influences.

It is rather within doors that we see him most near in this memorial. The management of his household so far as it concerned the training of the children is very openly told. He was by no means so severe as to impose the rules in which he had himself been bred. He held cards in disfavor, and permitted them only after nightfall; he would allow no games on the Sabbath, but he took the children to walk after the Bible lessons and other duties of the day were done; he disapproved the light talk usual with the young, and himself set an example in seriousness, not permitting himself to laugh aloud; he greatly prized the reading of good books, insisted on study, gave attention to the reading and declamation of poetry, and took an immediate interest and oversight in the children's affairs. He did not neglect sports. He was an excellent walker, skated and swam; and he taught his boy, not apparently with the greatest dexterity, how to shoot with a gun. He showed no sign of physical weakness, but had left the invalidism of his early manhood behind him; on his Western journeys he met with conditions that would have tried strong constitutions, but did not suffer; and it is even said that he "throve on physical hardship." He was a frugal man in smoking, and would lay aside an unfinished cigar till another time. He had no liking for pet animals, and would not willingly touch them; on the other hand, he was fond of very small children, and had a nurse's skill in handling them. He was, as all know, hospitable to young men, and forgot, he says, his greater age in talking with them. Indeed, his son thinks he made too much of his supposed inability to be sociable, but was both accessible and agreeable; this, nevertheless, is a different thing from bare accessibility to others. He was a constant worker, doing usually, it appears, more than eight hours of writing and reading daily; and he had abundant leisure, being uninterrupted by other affairs than his own.

His son denies to him the Yankee shrewdness with which, principally because of his negotiations in behalf of Carlyle, he has been credited. He understood ordinary accounts only with great difficulty, and was, in fact, deficient in all such matters. It is true he arranged for the delivery of his lectures, but without any system or proper plan beyond what circumstances enforced of themselves; and in later life the rise of the lyceum bureaus must have been a material assistance. He took advice from his friends in regard to investments; and he was much surprised to find how much more profitable his property proved when his son-in-law, Mr. Forbes, took charge of it. Shrewdness in business must, on this evidence, be left out of his character; and yet in his essays one finds a quality of mind which is not so well expressed by any other word, an acute sense which seems at times to modify the Old World mysticism of his mind with a certain Yankee

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restraint. Sometimes, it is true, this springs rather from his diction than from his temperament.

The volume does not readily lend itself to condensed notice, as the portrait it gives is composed so closely of details, line on line. Any who wish to see Emerson as he lived, in the common relations of ordinary men, must read it, as being by far the most complete and valuable source of such information. The manner in which the memoir has been written is altogether admirable, and the description it incidentally gives of life in a New England community is not the least part of its charm. Emerson himself is never lost sight of, — he is the central figure on every page; but he is painted on a background of Concord scenes and people which yields his environment, and puts the whole story upon the common footing of life. The discussions at the close in regard to the growth of his poetic faculty of expression, the reality of his solutions of the problem of life for himself, and the harmony of his insights make a fitting end to a delightfully familiar book.

MADAME DE STAEL.

THREE octavo volumes about Madame de Staël[1] might be full of interest and entertainment; the canvas is none too large for the subject, and the subject is still unhackneyed. Notwithstanding the countless pages that have now for a hundred years made her name famous, Madame de Staël has not even yet had her place as a woman and as a writer definitely and irrevocably assigned to her, and those who are most familiar with what has been said are the most ready to listen to one more criticism of her, whether it be eulogistic or condemnatory. But in these volumes there is little original criticism of any weight, and consequently they have small interest for previous students of the subject, while the structure of the work is such as to make it of not much use to any one who is not already well informed. It is a large, clumsy, and heavy accumulation of more or less valuable material, little of it new, and most of it well known. Written in German by a German lady, the original work is neither biographic, historic, nor philosophic in quality; it lacks homogeneousness; it has an over-abundance of episodical excursions; it is a sort of encyclopædia of Madame de Staël's "period;" it is crowded with more information than any reader cares to learn from one work alone (since what covers so much ground must of necessity be incomplete); but it wins the reader's respectful regard from the careful preparation it indicates in the author, and from the evident pains she has taken to be trustworthy.

This praise cannot be bestowed on the translator, an Englishwoman, who, unfortunately, gives proof of insufficient knowledge of German and of English, of history, of Madame de Staël's personal career and circumstances and her writings, and of literature in general.

Lady Blennerhassett's failure to communicate to the reader of these volumes an interest in their subject corresponding to that which must have induced the writing of them is an injustice to Madame de Staël. The prevailing tone

[1] *Madame de Staël: her Friends and her Influence in Politics and Literature.* By LADY BLENNERHASSETT. Translated by J. E. GORDON CUMMING. Three volumes. London: Chapman & Hall. 1889.

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of the book is excellently quiet and impartial. The facts are laid before the reader in the manner neither of defense nor attack, and there is perhaps only too little clue given to the interpretation of them. The historical importance of Madame de Staël is adequately set forth, and her literary value, but the strength of her personal charm is not indicated with sufficient sympathy. Yet this is what needs to be most insisted on in any large estimate of her, and should be the more emphasized the more the tradition of it dies out. An almost repellent conception now attaches in many minds to Madame de Staël's name, — physical ugliness, mental assumption, social fatiguingness, personal ill-temper, looseness of life, artificiality of sentiment, vanity, and selfishness. But in truth, if some of these faults were at times hers, she possessed no less some very high, very noble, very charming qualities, rarer than such defects.

Little that she has written will be much read by later generations; it has the temporary character of talk, of words spoken on occasion and in haste; but those whom she may continue to interest, any one who is touched by what she says, will be moved to noble thoughts. To be responsive to her is to recognize the essential value of generous enthusiasm, the essential harm of cynical or contemptuous views of human existence. Her flaming and flashing eloquence was one with the fire that warmed her heart, and made her life ardent throughout. The sincerity of her expressions of personal sensibility is self-evident; even the extravagance of her love and admiration for her father is not greater than that of Madame de Sévigné for her daughter, and is more justifiable. Her other passionate attachments, though they were chiefly visible in her intellectual sympathies, involved her whole nature; and if there were no other testimony to her familiarity with delicate as well as strong emotions, her creation of the character of Delphine — a character that in its sweet womanliness has few rivals in fiction — would be a sufficient proof of the deep and generous tenderness Madame de Staël was capable of feeling.

But other witnesses abound. Madame de Beaumont, the embodiment of purely feminine qualities, wrote to Joubert, in 1795: "Were Madame de Staël less remarkable intellectually than she is, one still could not but honor and love her for her kindness and her noble, lofty, large soul, capable of courageous emotions of self-sacrifice; for she is what Madame Roland thought herself to be, and without the least self-conceit, and with the conviction that all the world is as good and generous as herself."

Sainte-Beuve has admirably described "the need of self-devotion and of expansion, the pity born of suffering endured, the eager desire to solace, if it might be, the sorrows of all and of each, — as it were the maternal compassion of genius for all the misfortunes of men," — that breaks forth from her at times in a tone and an accent that appeals to our most beneficent impulses, and draws us nearer to our fellows.

Lady Blennerhassett has not dwelt very much on this high humanity of Madame de Staël, but she has defined very well her historical position in these few words: "She was a spiritual link in the chain of a great transmission, and she imparted to a younger generation, bred up under despotic pressure, the liberal opinions which she had with masculine courage preserved through twelve years of persecution."

It is to be regretted that our author shows a lack of appreciation of the other illustrious woman, the contemporary of Madame de Staël, whose political illusions were more noble and her devotion to liberty more personal. Begging pardon of Madame de Beaumont,

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Madame de Staël was *not* what Madame Roland *wished*, at least, to be. But the serious simplicity, the grave sincerity, of the one nature detracts nothing, in contrast, from the value of the vastly wider and more various, more complicated, and more vehement character of the other; and it would have been not only just, but graceful, to have depicted Madame Roland more truly here than by such lines as these: "She desired the overthrow of the existing state of things, not only because it offended her sense of justice, but because it offended her vanity. Social conditions in which there was no place for her must for that reason be immediately destroyed, and in their stead must stand the ideal republic, the chimera of her solitary dreams."

Lady Blennerhassett makes no mention of the somewhat curious fact that Madame de Staël and Madame Roland are not known ever to have met; that in only one letter of Madame Roland's, written before she came to Paris, does she mention Madame de Staël, and Madame Roland's name never once occurs in Madame de Staël's writings. It is conspicuously absent in her chapters (in the Considérations) on the Girondins.

There is no attempt in these volumes to delineate any but the external conditions of the personage they treat of. The author does not analyze, and comments on but little, the various relations in which Madame de Staël stood to the many distinguished men who were her friends or her lovers, her guests or her hosts, or to the not remarkable men who were her husbands. In this respect she follows the lines marked out by Madame de Staël's first and perhaps best biographer, her devotedly attached cousin, the thoughtful Madame Necker de Saussure. This reticence of her cousin was also in sympathy with the wishes and the practice of her children, who were guided by her own delicacy of feeling in such matters. Her son, the editor of her works, in explaining the omission from them of her letters, said, "The custom which has been introduced of printing the letters of celebrated persons without consideration for their memory, and of seizing upon their moral possessions, is a disgrace to our age, of which I have always heard my mother speak with the utmost disapproval." The few letters to her friends that have been here and there published would indicate that Madame de Staël's moral position has suffered rather than gained by this dignified silence on the part of her family. And those who care for her reputation have especially regretted, within the last year or two, that there was nothing from her own hand to oppose to the extraordinarily disagreeable representations contained in the Journal Intime of Benjamin Constant, of which many portions were published in the Revue Internationale in 1887. Her would-be defenders comfort themselves with the remembrance that Joubert said of him, "This man is to me

'Comme un violon faux qui jure sous l'archet;'

all that he says jars on me [*me blesse l'esprit*];" while, on the other hand, Joubert declared, in regard to Madame de Staël, "Of all the women who have appeared in print, I like only her and Madame de Sévigné." In full sympathy with him, Madame de Beaumont, writing to him, expresses the painful truth in the words, "I am unhappy from being forced to see how the lot of the woman whom I so deeply love is entangled with that of a man really deserving to be hated."

If Lady Blennerhassett glides smoothly over this part of Madame de Staël's life, she somewhat lingers over her religious attitude in her last days. But these indefinite indications of the absence and presence of personal sympathy in the author are agreeable rather than otherwise to the reader.

In the qualities that mark the transla-

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tion there is nothing that is agreeable to the reader; and for the sake of those who have already become owners of the English volumes, as well as of those intending to purchase them, it may be well to note a few of the countless mistakes which (beside the fifty-two more insignificant ones mentioned in the Errata) greatly diminish their value. The following have been observed only in a casual examination of the book; very many more, of course, would be discovered in a careful comparison of the original with the translation.

To the simple errata may be added that in the Translator's Note (of only four lines) "ehre" should be *ihre*. In an Italian quotation "guidecar" should be *giudicar*. In a French quotation "une voile" (a sail) should be *un voile* (a veil). The reference, in a note, on the second page of the second volume, to Joubert should be nine lines higher. It is curiously misleading as it now stands. "Rachel," who is constantly mentioned, is known in English as well as German literature as Rahel, — Rahel Levin, the wife of Varnhagen von Ense. "Lettres des Provinces" should be *Les Provinciales*, of Pascal ("Lettres écrites . . . *à* un provinciale"). The royal family were not "released from the logographer's box," but *from the box* (loge) *of the Logographe* (a journal of the day). The Marquis d'Agoult did not demand that a major of the guards should be admitted into the hall where the Parliament was sitting, but he himself, major of the guards, demanded admission. The Princesse de Poix was not the "god-daughter" of the Maréchale de Beauvau. She was her *step*-daughter (*Stieftochter*), her husband's daughter. The Marquise de Créqui did not doubt the "sanity," but the *intelligence*, of Madame de Staël. On page 208 of the second volume, "everything that teaches experience" should be *everything that experience teaches*. On page 218, "sport" should be *the right of hunting*. The name of Dupont de Nemours is exchanged, in a well-known story, by mistranslation, for that of La Harpe. A very remarkable statement is made that a criticism (written about 1799) "ascribes the merit to Sainte-Beuve of," etc. The truth is that *to this criticism Sainte-Beuve ascribes the merit of*, etc. The translator has the air of being familiar with "the poetry of Aristotle," but not with his *Poetics*. "The marine school, which gave to English romance the stamp," etc., is a delightfully original way of speaking of *the Lake school*.

Of mistranslations which completely obscure the sense, the following may be cited as specimens: —

On the first page of the Preface it is stated that Madame de Staël was "in active intercourse with all the celebrated people of her day, from Voltaire to Mirabeau, from Turgot to Bonaparte, [and] she never concealed her predilection for them." Her "predilection" for Bonaparte was certainly but short-lived! What Lady Blennerhassett says is that she always avowed her liking for animated relations — "active intercourse" (*lebendiger Berührung*) — with others.

In the critical period preceding Necker's first exile from Paris, Miss Gordon Cumming says, unintelligibly (and rendered still more unintelligible by the context): "Necker had now to choose between obeying the king (and thus closing his public career) and the probability of a recall to the ministry if he should pay no heed to the royal command. He chose the latter course, now the less dangerous of the two." The true translation is: "Necker therefore saw before him the two alternatives: either, by obeying the king, to bar himself from access to the public; or, by paying no attention to this royal command, to put in jeopardy, in all probability, the prospect of his recall to the position of minister. He decided on the latter course, though he was assured it

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was the *most* perilous one." Lady Blennerhassett does not explain why, with this assurance, he chose it, but the circumstances are matter of history, and Miss Gordon Cumming ought to have known them.

On an earlier page she represents Madame de Staël as saying, "The presence of ambitious men was [is] unbearable to my father [during his first retirement to Coppet]. The words 'Only those who will return shall receive shelter' ought to be written over our door." This sentence really reads, "Over the entrance to our house should be the words, 'Here are lodged only those whose faces are turned to the past.'"

In describing Calonne's proposals in 1786, the translation says, "Necker's project for an assembly in all the provinces, which had been rejected by each successive government, was to be put into practice." Lady Blennerhassett states the facts thus: "Necker's programme of provincial assemblies in all those provinces which had preserved no standing constitution was enlarged."

After the first mention of the Comte Louis de Narbonne, whom Madame de Staël spoke of in later years as having been loved by her before her marriage, and as having nevertheless sued at that time in vain for her hand, Lady Blennerhassett continues, "His betrothal, in 1782, to another lady put an end to this episode of Mademoiselle Necker's sixteenth year." Miss Gordon Cumming says, "His betrothal to another lady was already decided in 1782, when she [Mademoiselle Necker] first met him, in her sixteenth year;" which is an untruthful complication of the well-known, sufficiently complicated, and long-continued relations between Narbonne and Madame de Staël.

Later she makes the extraordinary statement that (as it was believed that Madame Adelaide was his mother) "no one thought it strange that he shared the position of the young king's aunts at court"! The truth, as Lady Blennerhassett states, is that this brilliant young officer was made one of "the household" (*der Hofstaat*) of the princesses.

On the next page, speaking of his wife, the translation says, "At the time of her marriage the young girl was only fourteen years old. She presented her husband with two daughters, and died, at Macon, at the age of eighteen." Lady Blennerhassett says, "She presented her husband with two daughters, and died, long after him, at Macon, an eighty-year old woman." Miss Gordon Cumming, having killed her, does not hesitate to bring her to life again a few pages afterward and a few years later.

The translations of the often long quotations from French authors — Madame de Staël herself, Rousseau, etc. — are made through the German. Lady Blennerhassett's translations are fairly good, but not perfectly literal, nor always suggestive of the full meaning, so that they lend themselves, in Miss Gordon Cumming's hands, to extraordinary perversions of the meaning. For example, a passage from Rousseau, which, when carefully rendered, reads, "They [women] need great strength of soul. Their passions and their destiny are antagonistic to each other in a country where fate often imposes on women the law of never loving," is thus given: "They require great self-control. Their passions and their impulses are always in opposition to the customs of a country where they are, as a rule, forbidden to give expression to their affections."

Again: "I could wish," said Madame de Staël, — Miss Gordon Cumming thinks, — "I could wish that Rousseau had described Julie as the victim of her kind heart." What Madame de Staël really wished was that Rousseau "had depicted Julie as guilty only of the passion of her heart."

Some of the opening sentences of

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Madame de Staël's Considérations sur la Révolution Française run thus: "Those who consider it [the Revolution] as an accidental event have regarded neither the past nor the future. They have confused the actors with the play, and to satisfy their passions they have attributed to men of the moment that which centuries had prepared." Miss Gordon Cumming has this, "They have . . . ascribed the work of centuries to the passions of men of the moment."

But the complications of a double translation are not necessary for the exhibition of a really remarkable ability in modification of the original thought and expression. The cleverness of such work as this is great: "When Nature strikes a chord," as Herder says, "the secret growth of talent produces scarcely understood or recognized storms and visions, which, at the appointed hour, take the form of ideals, which then become Werther, Posa, Réné, Delphine, or Corinne." There is a little less confusion of metaphors if we thus "english" poor Herder: "From the secret places of a gifted soul, when Nature sounds an accord, pour forth rushing, visionary crowds that cannot be clearly understood or recognized until they shape themselves, in after hours, into ideal forms, which then receive the names of Werther," etc.

Elsewhere there is a serious confusion produced by an erroneous placing of quotation marks, so that one is led to read Lady Blennerhassett's observations as proceeding from Madame de Staël. A somewhat similar carelessness is shown in the retention (in notes) of references belonging to omitted passages.

Mistakes and misrepresentations of a different kind may be typified by this passage: "It has been advanced that the words at the close of Delphine [some lines are then quoted] were also the last words of Gwendolen in Daniel Deronda." The reference is to Lord Acton, who has said, in speaking of the sources of George Eliot's thoughts, "She [George Eliot] had read Delphine, and the conclusion of Delphine [that is, the *moral* "conclusion"] is the conclusion of the story of Gwendolen." And he then quotes the passage from Delphine given by Lady Blennerhassett. This passage is not "at the close" of Delphine, and is not referred to, quoted, nor imitated in Daniel Deronda. But, unluckily, Miss Gordon Cumming was not saved by familiarity with either the English or French novel from translating "das letze Wort von Gwendolen" literally, and she did not take the trouble to look up the citation from Lord Acton. A wonderful completeness of ignorance and carelessness is shown in her representing poor Delphine as "once more *proposing*," instead of once more *refusing* ("sie ein letztes mal anschlägt"), to be the wife of M. de Valorbe.

The statement that this work is only "slightly abridged" from the original should be controverted. It may be judged, from a hasty calculation, that perhaps a sixth is omitted, and not unfrequently the omission is five or six or more pages of considerable importance. But the often injudicious omission of sentences and half sentences is almost more annoying as being less easily traced, since no indication is given of the place of any omissions. The admirable index of the original is contracted from sixty-five pages to twenty.

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LETTERS OF THOMAS CARLYLE.[1]

It was a misfortune for Carlyle's memory that his literary executor, aided by the old man's saddened and pathetic autobiography, should have popularized at once an erroneous and unfavorable view of him, which by the very vigor and distinction of its traits will yield very slowly, and perhaps not at all in this generation, to a truer and less sensational estimate; but it is also great good fortune that among his friends there was one, sufficiently assured of Carlyle's own worthiness and careful for its public repute and sufficiently wise not to enter into unprofitable controversy, who was willing to give time to the somewhat thankless task of reëditing the important parts of mangled documents, and of adding such a fuller selection from the materials of biography as would place the reader in a position to correct for himself the mistaken impressions already current. The lines of character, it is true, are the same; they could not fail to declare themselves in any biography made from the original matter. The difference in the rendering is one of degree, of contrast and relief, of the relation of the parts among themselves; and this is as important in literary characterization as the modeling of the face in portrait-busts. The features may be large and bold, even coarse in mass, and yet be so touched by indescribable minute changes of the moods that have swept over the face in a lifetime as to have refinement and impressiveness, and be as attractive as more formal beauty; and the editor of these letters has given just that correction of proportion in Carlyle's traits as to transform a sensational and almost theatrical figure into a true picture. Any one, therefore, who by a pardonable mistake might think this new volume upon Carlyle a continuation and dilution of a twice-told tale would be greatly in error; it, together with the other volumes from the same hand, is the surest source of knowledge in respect to Carlyle, the authentic record and original for the beginning of any just opinion with regard to the man as he in fact was.

The present volume covers the second period of Carlyle's career, after his first apprenticeship was served, from his marriage to the establishment of his London reputation. This extends from his thirty-first to his forty-first year. They were not years of formation, but of the finding and slow mastery of his vehicle of expression, in the more striking of his miscellanies, the Sartor Resartus, and the French Revolution. Some portions of a few of these letters have already appeared, with material errors, in Froude's work; but as a whole they are new, and practically they are his family correspondence. They contain references to all his literary affairs, whether of business or of composition, and one finds in them about all that is known of those experiments — such as his novel, Reinfred Wooton — which came to naught. They describe incidentally the acquaintances he made with literary men, editors, publishers, and admirers. They give details of his daily life in Edinburgh, at Craigenputtock and London, with the fullness that is natural in home letters. They are rich in local allusions, in sketches of the characters of the country, peculiarities of waifs and stragglers in life's progress, and generally in the picturesque and homely trifles which a keen eye sees by the way in humble affairs. They are interesting in themselves in their several ways; but the main point is the ample and convincing

[1] *Letters of Thomas Carlyle.* 1826–1836. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

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illustration they afford of the kindliness of Carlyle's heart, his close attachment to his blood-kindred, and his thoughtful helpfulness to all with whom he came into friendly relations. A more beautiful family life in the moral sense seldom gets into the records of literature. Carlyle's genius and stronger nature made him the stay of the younger children and an object of the highest interest to his parents; and he felt the duty laid upon him to encourage and sustain the others in what was always a hard struggle either for material or intellectual progress. There was naturally a more intimate bond between himself and his brother John, because both were definitely engaged in the intellectual life. The "Doctor" found it difficult to establish himself in his profession, and would rather have pursued literature as his calling; but Carlyle's advice was always that he should yield that ambition as unprofitable, and devote himself to the practice of his art, and he gives this counsel with constant discretion and sympathy. John Carlyle, too, being so much upon the Continent, was properly the recipient of a large proportion of the letters. But "Alick," who was farming in a hopeless fashion, was also very near in Carlyle's sympathies, and the letters between them, so differently placed as they were in culture and circumstances, are the pure spirit of brotherliness. To his sisters, likewise, he constantly wrote with interest in their welfare and with excellent admonition of the man's kind. The most attractive part of the correspondence, however, is that addressed to his mother. His filial feeling for her was perhaps intensified by that difference in the forms of their apprehension of religious truth, which he endeavored to convince her was superficial and immaterial; but apart from this, his efforts to make her understand him, to have her keep company with him in his literary work and get some sense of what he was trying to do in the world, are at times pathetic. He taught her to write, in order that she might have direct expression for herself in absence from him; he sent her books and magazines, which she read; and in all possible ways he strove to render the necessary difference between them, owing to his education, of no account. There seems to have been little need of this; for she was a trusting soul, and she gave him trust. She was anxious for his worldly affairs and his health in the main, leaving other matters to the counsels of Providence. It was partly this anxiety of his mother, the editor says, which led to Carlyle's undue and disturbing attention to and expression of his bodily ills. One interesting letter, written by his mother, is given here, and it tells us more of her than any indirect words. The relation between the two was well worth bringing out with clearness and fullness.

It is not, however, solely Carlyle's life with his own family, so simply and conscientiously sustained, which discloses the habitual kindness and tenderness of his nature. He was often incompletely appreciative of virtues in others, when they were not the virtues that stood first in his decalogue; he was hasty and rough in words of depreciation when his heart was not touched; but, though this was so, he had readiness to make friends, was hospitable to those who made any appeal to him by intelligence or honorable effort in life or mere affection, and was faithful to his friends. The history of his acquaintance with Jeffrey is a curious illustration of the nature of both men. They were too far apart in age, culture, position, and the business of life to be closely and long allied; but Jeffrey was cordial and helpful, and Carlyle was gratified and grateful, and perhaps the two mutually regretted the impassable barriers between them. The chief of these was that Jeffrey was in a position to be a patron, and Carlyle was very sensitive to the conduct of a man so

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placed. It is more to be wondered at that they did not separate unpleasantly than that they permitted each quietly to go his way, when the most possible had been done. This episode of Jeffrey's life will be an honor to him, and to Carlyle it brings no discredit; better fortune than this was not to be looked for. Edward Irving in some ways was a man to try Carlyle's temperament even more than Jeffrey. He drifted into what was to Carlyle the worst abomination, — self-delusion deluding others with mistakes which were the very spirit of unreason in religious matters; but his early love for his old friend, the old Annandale affection, was sufficient even for this trial. He mourns over Irving's courses; in private he denounces the poor errors, but in the presence of his friend he is charity itself. The anecdotes of their occasional meetings are full of touches of humanity. The worst of it was that Carlyle kept away from him mainly, but under the circumstances that was doubtless the wisest course. His ready appreciation of Mill and Sterling is also proof of his openness to friendship on high terms. The history of the burning of the manuscript of the French Revolution is honorable to both Mill and Carlyle, and it is told here very fully. Carlyle, however, remembered it too much and too long with a sense of injury; he forgave, but he had not the higher virtue to forget. Mill, one would say, was the more attached of the two friends. His constant consideration for and aid to Carlyle are duly recorded by the latter, but there seems to have been more warmth in the giver than the taker. The position was one naturally irksome to a man of Carlyle's stamp, who was least fitted to receive benefits.

It would be wrong to close this list without reference to Carlyle's care for the nameless people who came near to him in one or another way. He was never indifferent to them, though their weakness was painful to him. The instance of the poor creature Glen, who was one of his first disciples and afterward failed in mind, is one which recalls the example of Johnson's care for the outcasts of fortune.

Any book which reveals something new of Carlyle opens many subjects of reflection in respect to his extraordinary life, but it is not needful to follow them out here, for their character and tendency are well known. These letters, which afford a complete history of an important decade in his career, are principally valuable because of the truthfulness with which they render the story; they show that he lived what he taught, and came to his principles by consulting life itself, and not books; they are a useful commentary on his works, but perhaps of more permanent human — we do not say intellectual — interest; the life was the test of all.

We have indicated, however incompletely, the lines in which these letters modify Froude's exaggeration of Carlyle's less pleasant traits, and bring out those which Froude obscured or slurred over. The reader of them will justly think of Carlyle as a kind, generous, and faithful man, with great tenderness of heart, notwithstanding his defects of temper, his complaining and rhetorically desperate moods. He was mixed of great qualities, and in genius such a combination requires careful observation and delicate analysis. The editor's work is too well known to be praised; but it may not be superfluous to remark the tact with which he has treated his task, and the courteous skill with which he has avoided animadverting unnecessarily upon the deficiencies of Carlyle's former editor.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Butterfly Psychology.

It happened to me once to spend a long summer afternoon under a linden-tree, reading Middlemarch. The branches were loaded with blossoms, and the heavy perfume attracted the bees from far and near, insomuch that my ears were all the time full of their humming. Butterflies also came, though in smaller numbers, and silently. Whenever I looked up from my book I was sure to find at least one or two fluttering overhead. They were mostly of three of our larger sorts, — the Turnus, the Troilus, and the Archippus (what noble names!), beautifully contrasted in color. The Turnus specimens were evidently the remnant of a brood which had nearly passed away; their tattered wings showed that they had been exposed to the wear and tear of a long life, as butterflies reckon. Some of them were painful to look at, and I remember one in particular so maimed and helpless that I got up from my seat and stepped upon it. It seemed an act of mercy to send the wretched cripple after its kindred. As I looked at these loiterers, with their frayed and faded wings, — some of them half gone, — I found myself, almost before I knew it, thinking of Dorothea Brooke, of whose lofty ideals, bitter disappointments, and partial joys I was reviewing the story. After all, was there really any wide difference between the two lives? One was longer, the other shorter; but only as one dewdrop outlasts another on the grass.

"A moment's halt, a momentary taste
Of Being from the well amid the waste,
And lo! the phantom caravan has reach'd
The Nothing it set out from."

Then I fell to musing, as I had often done before, upon the mystery of an insect's life and mind.

This tiger swallow-tail, that I had just trodden into the ground, — what could have been its impressions of this curious world whereinto it had been ushered so unceremoniously, and in which its day had been so transient? A month ago, a little more or a little less, it had emerged from its silken shroud, dried its splendid party-colored wings in the sun, and forthwith had gone sailing away, over the pasture and through the wood, in quest of something, it could hardly have known what. Nobody had welcomed it. When it came, the last of its ancestors were already among the ancients. Without father or mother, without infancy or childhood, it was born full-grown, and set out, once for all, upon an independent adult existence. What such a state of being may be like let those imagine who can.

It was born adult, I say; but at the same time it was freer from care than the most favored of human children. No one ever gave it a lesson or set it a task. It was never restrained nor reproved; neither its own conscience nor any outward authority ever imposed the lightest check upon its desires. It had nobody's pleasure to think of but its own; for as it was born too late to know father or mother, so also it died too soon to see its own offspring. It made no plans, needed no estate, was subject to no ambition. Summer was here when it came forth, and summer was still here when it passed away. It was born, it lived upon honey, it loved, and it died. Happy and brief biography!

Happy and brief, but what a multitude of questions are suggested by it! Did the creature know anything of its preëxistence, either in the chrysalis or earlier? If so, did it look back upon that far-away time as upon a golden age? Or was it really as careless as it seemed, neither brooding over the past

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nor dreaming of the future? Was it aware of its own beauty, seeing itself some day reflected in the pool as it came to the edge to drink? Did it recognize smaller butterflies — the white and the yellow, and even the diminutive "copper" — as poor relations; felicitating itself, meanwhile, upon its own superior size, its brilliant orange-red eye-spots, and its gorgeous tails? Did it mourn over its faded broken wings as age came on, or when an unexpected gust drove it sharply against a thorn? Or was it enabled to take every mischance and change in a philosophical spirit, perceiving all such evils to have their place in the order of nature? Was it frightened when the first night settled down upon it, — the horrible black darkness, that seemed to be making a sudden end of all things? As it saw a caterpillar here and there, did it ever suspect any relationship between the hairy crawling thing and itself; or would it have been mortally offended with any profane lepidopteran Darwin who should have hinted at such a possibility?

The Antiopa butterfly, according to some authorities a near relative of the tiger swallow-tail, has long been especially attractive to me because of its habit of passing the winter in a state of hibernation, and then reappearing upon the wing before the very earliest of the spring flowers. A year ago, Easter fell upon the first day of April. I spent the morning out-of-doors, hoping to discover some first faint tokens of a resurrection. Nor was I disappointed. In a sunny stretch of the lonely road, I came suddenly upon five of these large "mourning-cloaks," all of them spread flat upon the wet gravel, sucking up the moisture while the sun warmed their wings. What sight more appropriate for Easter! I thought. These butterflies had died in October, and this very morning had come to life again.

Then, as before under the linden-tree, I fell to wondering. What were they thinking about, these creatures so lately born from the dead? Did they remember their last year's existence? And what could they possibly make of this brown and desolate world, so unlike the lingering autumnal glories amid which, five or six months ago, they had "fallen asleep"? Perhaps they had been dreaming. In any event, they could have no idea of the ice and snow, the storms and the frightful cold, through which they had passed. It was marvelous how such frail atoms had withstood such exposure; yet here they were, as good as new, and so happily endowed that they had no need to wait for blossoms, but could draw fresh life from the very mire of the street.

This last trait, so curiously out of character, as it seems to us, suggests one further inquiry: Have butterflies an æsthetic faculty? They appreciate each other's adornments, of course. Otherwise, what becomes of the accepted doctrine of sexual selection? And if they are pleased with each other's beauty, what is to hinder our believing that they enjoy also the bright colors and dainty shapes of the flowers on which they feed? As I came out upon the veranda of a summer hotel, two or three friends exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. ——, you should have been here a few minutes ago; you would have seen something quite in your line. A butterfly was fluttering over the lawn, and, noticing what it took for a dandelion, it was just settling down upon it, when behold, the dandelion moved, and proved to be a goldfinch!" Evidently the insect had an eye for color, and was quite like one of us in its capacity for being deceived.

To butterflies, as to angels, all things are pure. They extract honey from the vilest of materials. But their tastes and propensities are in some respects the very opposite of angelic; being, in fact, thoroughly human. All observers must have been struck with their quite Hibernian fondness for a shindy. Two

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of the same kind seldom come within hail of each other without a little set-to, just for sociability's sake, as it were; and I have seen a dozen or more gathered thickly about a precious bit of moist earth, all crowding and pushing for place in a manner not to be outdone by the most patriotic of office-seekers.

It is my private heresy, perhaps, this strong anthropomorphic turn of mind which impels me to assume the presence of a soul in all animals, even in these airy nothings; and, having assumed its existence, to speculate as to what goes on within it. I know perfectly well that such questions as I have been raising are not to be answered. They are not meant to be answered. But I please myself with asking them, nevertheless, having little sympathy with those precise intellectual economists who count it a waste to let the fancy play with insoluble mysteries. Why is fancy winged, I should like to know, if it is never to disport itself in fields out of which the clumsy, heavy-footed understanding is debarred?

Discords. — Familiar as is the fact that some persons have no sense of fitness, who does not feel surprise at particular manifestations of this deficiency? We are prepared, indeed, to meet with persons who like vinegar on eggs, or molasses on fried potatoes. Only a highly civilized few question the merit of that strange compound known as strawberry lemonade, and every experienced observer expects red-haired people to wear deep blue. Yet our equanimity is liable to be overthrown by inharmonious combinations which we have never imagined.

Composers of signs, advertisements, etc., evidently lack the sense of fitness as they lack other attributes of a refined mind. Not long ago, I saw inscribed in large letters on a drug-store window: "Given Away. The Popular Novel Robert Elsmere. With a Cake of Fir Balsam Soap." Soon after, another firm, perhaps in emulation, advertised: "Robert Elsmere, Gladstone's Review, and a Cake of Fir Balsam Soap, all for 17 cents." About the same time, I saw hanging in a window the likenesses of Harrison, Morton, Cleveland, Thurman, and Mrs. Cleveland, with a tag attached, — "5 cts. for the whole 5." There was a certain fitness in this, since the presidential election was past; but there was also an undeniable incongruity. Going back to the year of the Pinafore craze, when a quotation from Pinafore was regarded as a charm which would impart virtue to any accompanying words, I recollect that a highly respectable clothing-house displayed a huge sign whereon the inscription ran thus: "Matinée To-Day. Send your Sisters and your Cousins and your Aunts to K——'s for Coats and Pantaloons."

We so often hear extravagant words applied to trifling objects that rhetorical incongruities pass almost unchallenged, save when they take the form of understatement. A teacher, doubtless hardened to school-girl use of "simply awful," "perfectly terrible," and "I thought I should die," was quite taken aback when the story of Brooks's assault on Senator Sumner called forth from one of her class the remark, "Why! I think he was very rude; don't you?" One Christmas time I witnessed an incongruous association which struck me forcibly, because it seemed to exhibit a touch of the irony of Fate. A New England man, having purchased an evergreen cross, and casting about for a place to hang it, ended by suspending it from the frame of The Pilgrims Signing the Compact; which arrangement he then surveyed with innocent complacency.

Why there are so few Mothers in Fiction. — I was struck by that passage in the Contributors' Club in the June Atlantic where it is asked, "Where are the mothers in fiction?" They are certainly conspicuous by their absence. Take the Waverleys, and with the exception of Lady

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Ashton in the Bride of Lammermuir and the Countess of Derby in Peveril, both historical characters by the bye, there is hardly a mother to be found. Rose Bradwardine, Flora MacIvor, Lucy Bertram, Julia Mannering, Isabella Wardour, Die Vernon, Jeanie and Effie Deans, Annot Lyle, Minna and Brenda Troil, Rowena and Rebecca, Mary Avenel, Catherine Seyton, Eveline Beranger, Edith Plantagenet, Clara Mowbray, Alice Bridgenorth, Alice Lee, Isabelle of Croye, Anne of Geierstein, Margaret Ramsay, Lilias Redgauntlet, are every one of them motherless girls. Most of these have fathers, or uncles who are in the place of fathers. I suppose the reason of this to be that fiction delights in the contrast of characters, and if a mother is permitted to a heroine she is a mere foil, — like Mrs. Nickleby to Kate, or Lady Margaret Bellenden to Edith, — while the father is like the "parient" of Dinah, the beloved of Willikens, the obstacle, fatal or to be vanquished as the story demands tragedy or comedy. The hero is pictured at that period when the apron-string is cut loose and his action is outside his home. On the other hand, the heroine challenges sympathy by her state of semi-orphanage, and of the two parents the mother is the convenient one to consign to an early grave.

In modern fiction, Thackeray is an exception. Amelia in Vanity Fair, Helen Pendennis, Lady Castlewood in Esmond, and Rachel Esmond Warrington in The Virginians are certainly mothers whose maternal influence is not slight. Then Charles Kingsley's Mrs. Leigh in Westward Ho! and Alton Locke's mother are by no means nonentities.

If we go to the English dramatists, Hamlet and his mother are at once suggested; and there is another very powerful play, the name of which I have forgotten, in which a son rebukes his mother for her sinful plot to sell her daughter's honor. Yet as a rule the drama follows the path of the novel. Why is there not here a new and untried field? In real life the mother is often a very strong factor in a son's career, and this might be used with great effect.

In the daughter's case, the old saw possibly expresses the necessity which fiction has conformed itself to: —

"My son is my son till he gets him a wife,
My daughter 's my daughter all her life."

Therefore the only way to give the daughter fair play and happy matrimony is by the early extinction of the maternal hindrance.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Bibliography and Books of Reference. The third volume of the new edition of Chambers's Encyclopædia (Lippincott) covers Catarrh to Dion. Like its predecessors, it is marked by compactness of statement and range of subject. It was prepared primarily for English readers, and therefore is more or less insular in plan. Thus, as including a gazetteer, it finds a place for Colney Hatch, but not for Charlottesville; as a dictionary of terms, it has Commemoration, but not Commencement; it has four columns on Coal, with the barest mention of coal in the United States. We are bound to say, however, that the American contingent is larger than it is in some foreign works of the kind, and the book certainly meets the needs of a large number of persons. It is a little difficult to understand the principle of selection, but readers can learn about Cracked Heels, though they may get no information, s. v., on Cracked Wheat. — One of the latest issues of the Knickerbocker Nugget Series (Putnam's Sons) is entitled The Ideals of the Republic, and contains the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, Washington's first and second

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inaugural address, his Farewell Address, and Lincoln's first and second inaugural address, with the famous Gettysburg speech. This is good reading, indeed the best, for an American.

Biography. Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola, by Professor Pasquale Villari; translated by Linda Villari; with portraits and illustrations. (Scribner & Welford.) This second edition of a book which made its mark when first published is substantially the same as the first, only strengthened in parts by the author's reassertion of views which had been attacked by historical critics. In his opinion, "Savonarola's historic grandeur consists in his having dared to believe amid general doubt; in having upheld, against the scandals of the Borgia and the skepticism of the philosophers, the derided rights of Christianity, as well as those of liberty and reason." — The Story of William and Lucy Smith, edited by George S. Merriam (Houghton), is the record of two fine natures, husband and wife, who were types of that spiritual protestantism which lived in an atmosphere of doubt and gentle dissent a score or two of years ago in England. Clough was the poet of the class, and it touched literature, philosophy, and religion at many points. There was a slight relationship between it and the Neoplatonists and the Rational theologians of the seventeenth century. It is a class bred by the tolerance of modern life, and it embraces many thoughtful and delightful persons, who under greater stress of external conflict would stand more of a chance of being martyrs than some of tougher fibre. — Emerson in Concord, a Memoir written for the "Social Circle" in Concord, Massachusetts, by Edward Waldo Emerson. (Houghton.) A delightful interior view of Emerson's life; reserved, yet frank. — Macmillan & Co. have added a biography of Lord Lawrence, by Sir Richard Temple, to their interesting series of English Men of Action.

Religion and Ethics. The Ten Commandments, a Course of Lectures delivered before the University of Pennsylvania, by George Dana Boardman. (American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.) Earnest, practical, and often forcible didactic presentation of the subject. Dr. Boardman does not suffer himself to be entangled in any philosophic subtleties, but keeps close to the palpable meaning of his text. — Marriage and Divorce in the United States, as They Are and as They Ought To Be, by D. Convers. (Lippincott.) Mr. Convers writes out of a strong sense of the iniquity of our present want of system, but he writes reasonably, and with a constant eye to the human rather than the merely legal aspect of the subject. He deals with individual cases — and he has a large number to draw from — in an interesting manner; and after the accumulation and arrangement of his facts, he bursts into a long, passionate appeal for reform, not so much in legislation as in the very conception of marriage as it is held by a vast number of his fellow-citizens. — Buddhism, in its Connection with Brahmanism and Hinduism and in its Contrast with Christianity, by Sir Monier Monier-Williams. (Macmillan.) This venerable author crowns a life which has been given to Eastern scholarship with a work comprehensive in scope and built upon the accumulation of years of study. In his own words, he has striven "to combine scientific accuracy with a popular exposition sufficiently readable to satisfy the wants of the cultured English-speaking world;" and he has endeavored "to deal with a complex subject as a whole, and to present in one volume a comprehensive survey of the entire range of Buddhism, from its earliest origin in India to its latest modern developments in other Asiatic countries." He has done all this from the standpoint of a believer in Christianity. — The Immanent God, and Other Sermons, by Abraham W. Jackson. (Houghton.) Hopeful and sympathetic sermons by a preacher who has caught at the new old truth of a God who is "nigh thee, even in thy heart." — We put Mr. W. H. H. Murray's Deacons (Cupples & Hurd) in this category, for lack of a better. It is a lecture which was calculated for the meridian which passed through New England a generation ago. The pictures are something wonderful. We admire the vigor with which the artist has attacked the several types presented to him. We wonder if he had sitters, or did he invent these extraordinary creatures?

History. New Materials for the History of the American Revolution, translated from documents in the French Archives and edited by John Durand. (Holt.) Mr. Durand has dipped into the French Archives to find among its treasures papers not used by Bancroft, nor indeed with any fullness by other students of American history. The result is interesting and illustrative rather than revelatory. Some of the comments on American life and manners are piquant. The book strikes us, however, as lacking the value which it might have derived from an annotation at the hands of one familiar with the subject on all sides. — The Story of Phœnicia, by George Rawlinson. (Putnams.) A volume in the Story of the Nations Series, and one of the freshest; for the subject is unhackneyed, and in spite of the extinction of the nation, its function, when existent, was such as to make its career exceedingly interesting to modern students. Dr. Rawlinson writes out of a full mind and in a simple, straightforward manner.

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— The Constitutional History and Government of the United States, by Judson S. Landon. (Houghton.) Lectures given before classes at Union College. Judge Landon writes a singularly clear and interesting style, and since his lectures are based upon a narrative of the Constitution as seen at work, he is able to treat the whole subject in a more concrete form than is customary. There are many shrewd observations, as when, for instance, he says: "If our national Constitution were to be amended to-day by our wisest men, they would probably write in it more restraints upon the law-making power. Possibly this tendency of the American legislator, to go straightway to the outermost verge of the constitutional limit, has been stimulated by the fact that the limit has been set; and the Englishman's tendency, not to pass beyond the long-respected limits, has been caused by the consciousness that he has the power to do mischief, and may do it if he is not careful." — The History of Ancient Civilization, a hand-book based upon M. Gustave Ducondray's Histoire Sommaire de la Civilisation, edited by Rev. J. Verschoyle. (Appleton.) The first part of a work to be completed by The History of Modern Civilization. The plan pursued is interesting as marking the change which has come over modern scholarship, for in this comprehensive survey the nations of the East and the civilization of Greece and of Rome are all regarded in the same spirit. We observe, by the way, that the downfall of Carthage is referred to internal dissensions, while Rawlinson attributes it to external pressure. The book is somewhat dry, ancient civilization being treated as a cadaverous sort of subject. — The Story of Washington, by Charles Burr Todd. (Putnams.) An interesting sketch of the growth of the national capital. It tapers off somewhat into a journalistic treatment of the Washington of the day, and most of the illustrations are ineffective; but Mr. Todd has collected much entertaining matter, and his book has the field to itself. — History of the People of Israel, from the Reign of David up to the Capture of Samaria, by Ernest Renan. (Roberts.) The second volume of Renan's work. One may take leave to doubt whether Renan, with his polite patronage of Christianity, does not prosecute his inquiries with an absolute *petitio principii* as regards supernaturalism, and his treatment of historic facts is so colored by his belief, or lack of belief, that one is obliged to take the personal equation into account at every turn. Nevertheless, his imaginative faculty is of undeniable service, and the student of the period in question will welcome a work which vivifies historic figures and incidents. All the same, we doubt if the historian is needed so much in the study of Israel as the philosopher, and Renan strikes us as an amateur philosopher, who is impatient of any one's attitude but his own. — Mr. Edmund Gosse's History of Eighteenth Century Literature, which follows Mr. Saintsbury's poorly written study of the Elizabethan period, is exceedingly well done. The chapter devoted to Pope is altogether admirable. (Macmillan & Co.)

Economics and Politics. The fourth volume in the collected edition of Rowland Gibson Hazard's writings (Houghton) contains under the title Economics and Politics a series of papers upon public questions, written on various occasions from 1840 to 1885. Among them is a most interesting letter to President Lincoln, written in the fall of 1864 with reference to the financial situation. One sentence in it we quote for its incisive force and its application to current affairs: "When, one evening, I was pressing upon him [Mr. Fessenden] the necessity of immediate action, he said: 'I feel it all: I have been wanting to attend to it all day, but have not had one minute that I could devote to it.' I was alarmed; I felt as though the financial partner of the house in which I was interested should say, I have not time to pay my notes before three o'clock." — Profit-Sharing between Employer and Employee, a Study in the Evolution of the Wages System, by N. P. Gilman. (Houghton.) Mr. Gilman has rendered a great service both by what he has done and what he has left undone. He has collected from a variety of sources inaccessible to the ordinary student the facts regarding experiments in profit-sharing in Europe and America; he has stated the facts impartially and arranged them in orderly fashion. He has not proceeded from the outset with his mind made up, and thus colored all his observations, and he has not forced any theory of his own, nor given the reader any other generalized results than such as would readily occur to an attentive student after becoming familiar with the facts as presented. We commend Mr. Gilman's mind to the recently appointed head of the Census Bureau. — A patriot, A. H. Laidlaw, Jr., has translated the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States into French and German, and printed the translation in parallel columns with the English, furnishing also notes and appendix, political and historical. (Laidlaw Brothers & Co., New York.) It is interesting to the non-German student to know that the Declaration of Independence is in Germany Die Unabhängigkeitserklärung. No wonder the Germans hesitate to make one as against the imperial government. It is all very well to pronounce for unaetcetera, but to pronounce it, — that is another matter.

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Archæology. The Folk-Lore of Plants, by T. F. Thiselton Dyer (Appleton), is a very attractive collection of the fancies and conceits and mystic notions which have grown up about plants. The headings of some of his chapters indicate the range of his study: Plant Worship; Lightning-Plants; Plants in Witchcraft; Plants in Demonology; Love-Charms; Children's Rhymes and Games; Plants in Folk-Medicine; Plants and the Weather; Doctrine of Signatures.

Hygiene. Home Gymnastics for the Well and the Sick; adapted to all ages and both sexes; with directions how to preserve and increase health; also how to overcome conditions of ill health, by simple movements of the body. Edited by E. Angerstein and G. Echler; translated from the eighth German edition. (Houghton.) A most timely book, for, with the increasing zeal for light gymnastics and for private athletic exercise, there is danger that the unwary will provoke Nature into some rather rude retorts. This work, written by physicians, and abundantly illustrated, will serve as a safe and valuable hand-book for those who plunge into physical treatment of themselves; by its hints and plain directions, it will enable many who are conscious of tendencies to ill-health in some form to correct those tendencies without running counter to the laws of health. It is in effect gymnastics without a teacher and without a gymnasium. — American Resorts, with Notes upon their Climate, by Bushrod W. James. (F. A. Davis, Philadelphia.) This is a practical hand-book, for the use of invalids and those who have made up their minds that their health depends on the climate. It deals with the seaside, the mountains, fresh-water resorts, mineral springs, winter resorts, and takes a survey from Alaska to Terra del Fuego. It is for the most part somewhat hasty and superficial, and the nervous invalid will have, after fixing upon the general location, to refer to the works of specialists.

Humor and Sport. The Story of the Puritans, a go-as-you-please history (part fact, part fiction) from the first leeway voyage of the Mayflower down to the close of the doughnut dynasty, by Wallace Peck. (Charles T. Walker, St. Johnsbury, Vt.) A skit which is intermittently funny, but the cleverest things about it are the illustrations by Kemble and Herford. After all, it is rather small fun to sarse history. Poor A Becket did his best, but Leech's pictures alone redeemed that dreary waste of puns. — The Sleeping Car, and Other Farces, by William D. Howells. (Houghton.) The other farces are The Parlor Car, The Register, and The Elevator, each of which has in turn entertained readers and served capitally the needs of amateur theatrical managers. On the whole, we think the readers have the best of it. It is not difficult for them to imagine the surroundings, and the quick give-and-take of the dialogue is a little beyond the capacity of most amateur actors; the voice, indeed, seems to be a slow vehicle for these flying arrows of badinage. — Solid for Mulhooly, a Political Satire, by Rufus E. Shapley. (Gebbie & Co., Philadelphia.) Provoked by the contest with the ring in Philadelphia a few years since. Satire is rather a fine name for it, but perhaps there are skins which will feel nothing except a sharpened crowbar. — The Laughing Philosopher, edited by Alfred Crowquill. (Gebbie.) Is it possible that our sense of humor has already undergone a sea-change? To be sure, one can still extract amusement from the book by judicious selection; one or two things are very good, and we have Cruikshank effectively, but the book as a whole seems strangely antiquated.

Education and Text-Books. Die Jungfrau von Orleans of Schiller has been edited by B. W. Wells. (Heath.) We are glad to see that the editor has directed the student's attention so frequently to the historic basis of the drama, for that is in accord with the poet's intention. — How to Study Geography, by Francis W. Parker, is the tenth volume of the International Education Series. (Appleton.) The release of the study of geography from its mere topographical aspect is but beginning in our school courses, and this book, by an enthusiast and practical reformer, will be valuable for its stimulating power. At this stage it is more important to disengage the mind of the teacher from the old cramped views than it is to formulate the new with precision; and if the critic is disposed to say that geography upon the scale of this book would exclude or finally comprehend all other studies, we can only reply that it is better to make the teacher think for the moment that geography does embrace biology, physical science, and history.

Art. Chopin (Scribners), and Other Musical Essays, by Henry T. Finck. Mr. Fink writes for cultivated readers who have some knowledge of music, and a great interest in it as an element of civilized life. Thus he treats his subjects in an untechnical way, but his knowledge and his taste save him from a merely gossipy or fragmentary treatment. As a general thing musical essays have an unsubstantiality about them, as if the writers had either nothing in common with other men, or really knew nothing about music, and merely chattered. This book can be commended to a self-respecting lover of music.

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